Collier's

APRIL 29, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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By BILL DAVIDSON

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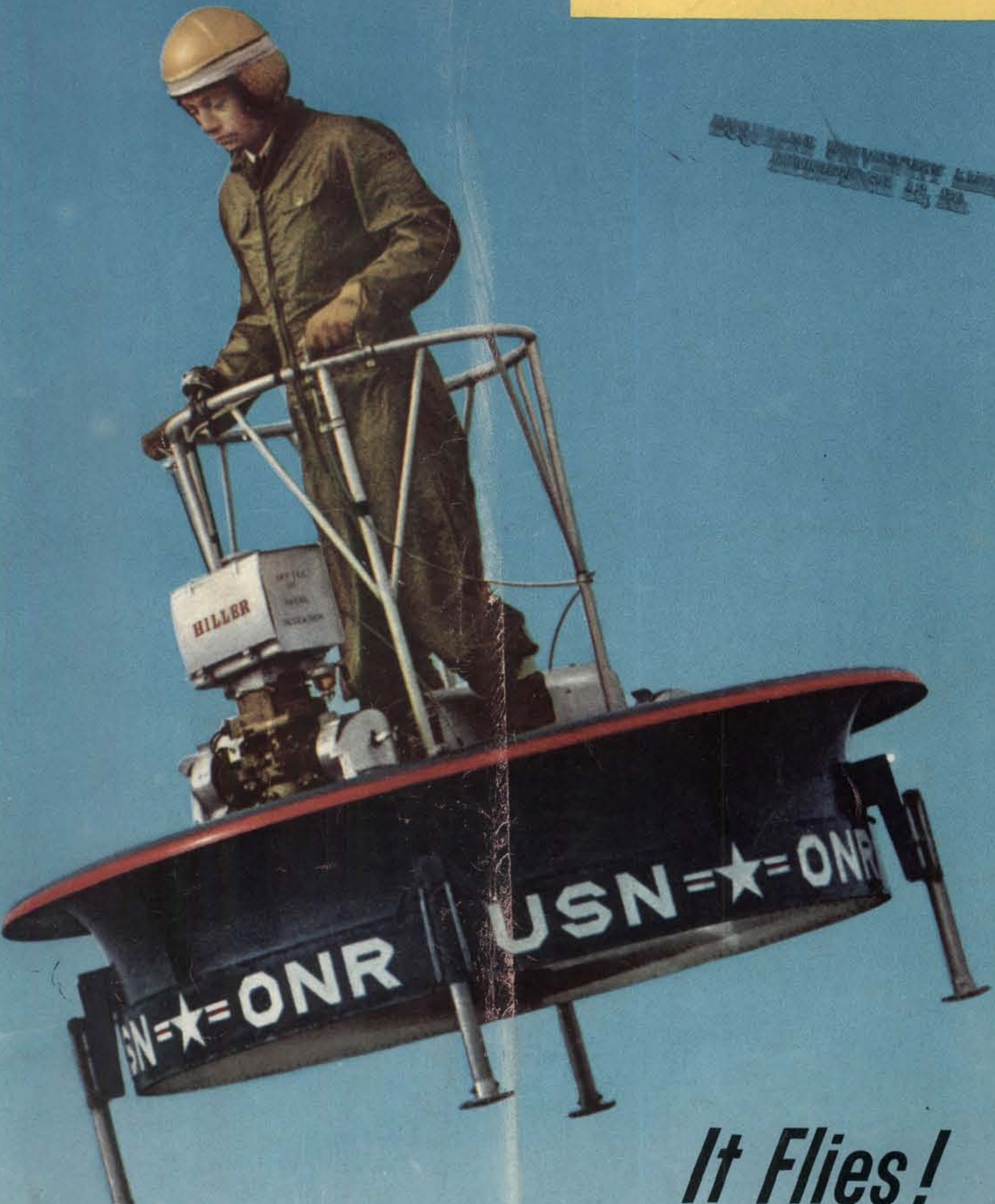
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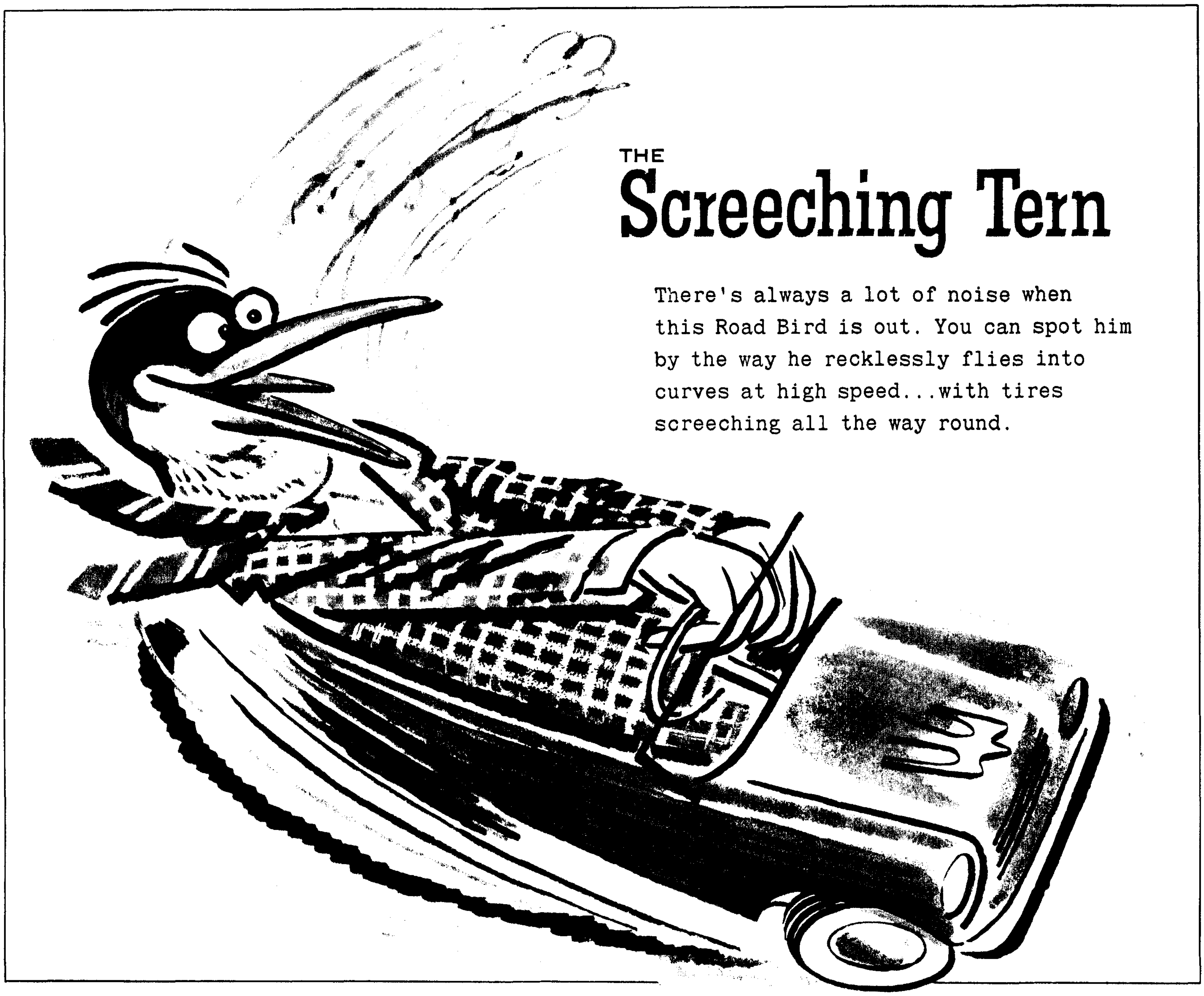

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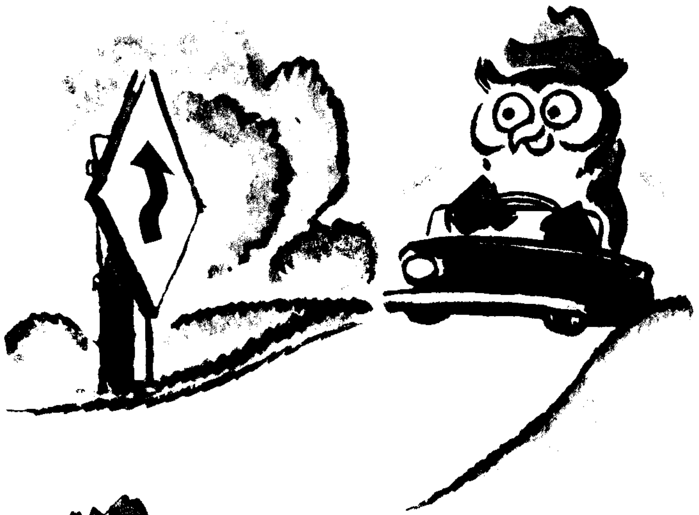

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M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color, "THE PRODIGAL", starring LANA TURNER, EDMUND PURDOM, LOUIS CALHERN, with Audrey Dalton, James Mitchell, Neville Brand, Walter Hampden, Taina Elg, Francis L. Sullivan, Joseph Wiseman, Sandra Descher. Screen play by Maurice Zimm. Adaptation from the Bible story by Joe Breen, Jr., and Samuel James Larsen. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Charles Schnee. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

APRIL 29, 1955

[illegible] E. STOUCH [illegible]

PAUL C. SMITH [illegible]

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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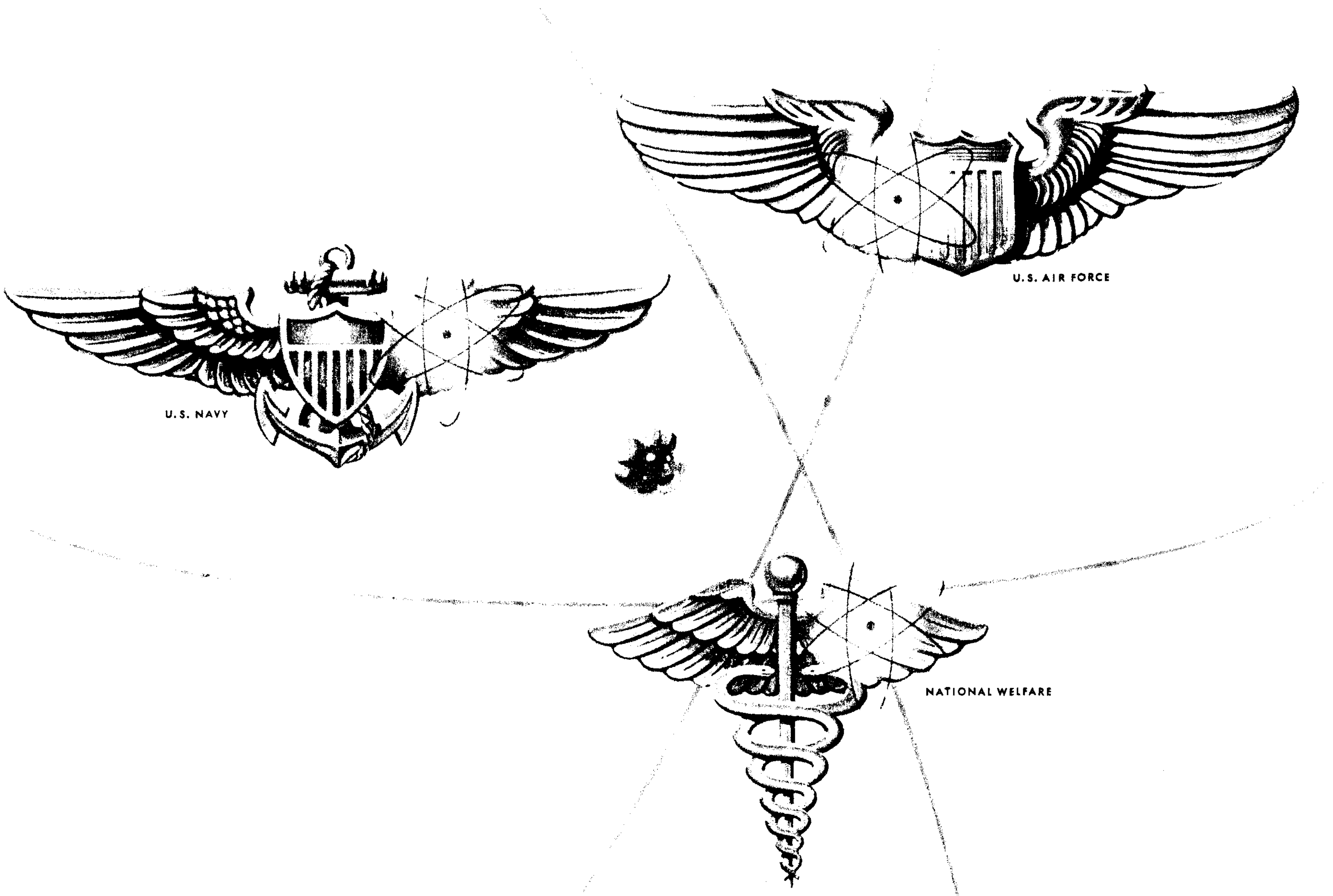

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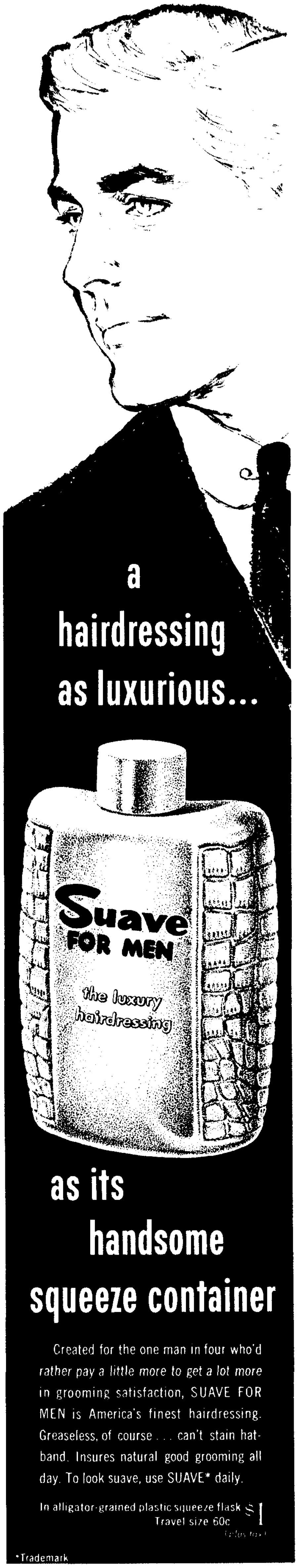

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

WE HONOR today the memory of Matthew Vassar who, had he lived, would have been 163 years old, but who was taken at the age of seventy-six. The young ladies' seminary which he endowed, and which was named after him, seems to have caught on better than the beer he brewed. In my samplings of various batches of the latter Vassar product I have found some mild, and some bitter, and that is a good result, for a brewery or for a female college.

My interest in girls' colleges, or college girls, is I should imagine self-explanatory. My interest in beer goes back beyond my first taste of the stuff. You see, the oldest brewery in the United States, and still in the hands of the founding family, is Yuengling's, of Pottsville, Pa. Not only have the large Yuengling family and the large O'Hara family been friends for fifty and more years; the large O'Hara family lived in a house that was built by the Yuengling family of three generations ago. Some house, too. The electricity had been supplied by the brewery; there was said to be a two-block-long tunnel connecting the brewery and the house, although I never was able to find it; the cut-glass chandelier in the parlor was delicate and beautiful; the speaking tube from the third floor to the kitchen was a nice thing to pour a pitcher of water down; some of the stair landings were so dark that you could stand in a corner of one of them and not be seen by a person a foot away. I am putting these recollections on paper because I know that among my younger readers there are many who never saw the inside of a house like that, let alone lived in one; who have never been told: "You go right upstairs and go to bed."

It is true that the Yuengling family did not found a women's college, but they made another important contribution to American life: they backed the original Roseland Ballroom. And it would be hard to say which had the greater influence, Vassar or Roseland. I know where my vote would go. . . .

* * *

TWICE IN MY LIFE I have been in California without going to Los Angeles, by which of course I mean Hollywood. The first time was in 1944, when I passed through San Francisco after visiting friends who were cruising in the Pacific Ocean Area. The second time was last December, when I stopped off for tea at the Burlingame Country Club on my way to a fast look at Reno. Now I am making plans for a trip to California that will exclude San Francisco and embrace, if that is quite the word, Hollywood.

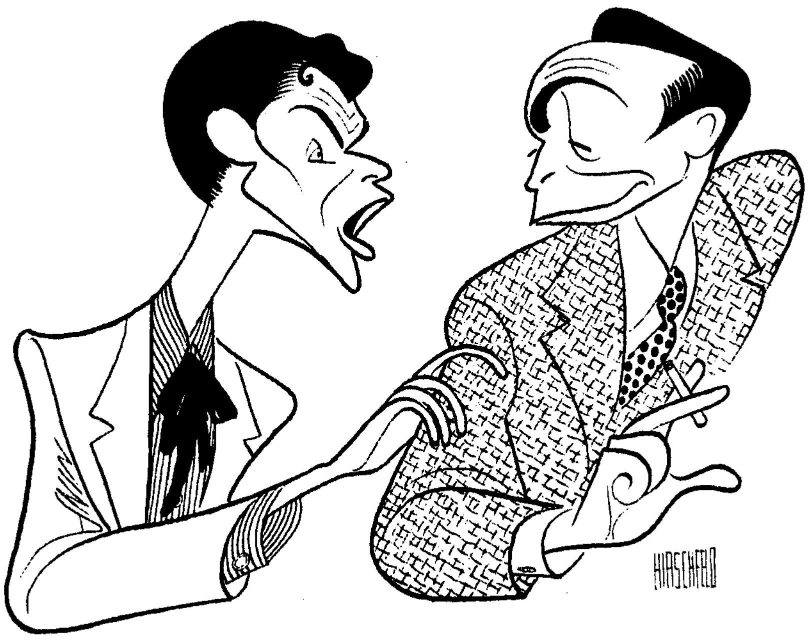
Almost every time I have left Hollywood, by plane or train or gasoline buggy, I have pretended to myself that it was my final farewell. And yet for 21 years I have kept a small checking account in a Hollywood bank, so small that sometimes a year would go by without my drawing on it; then I would get awfully broke and remember that I had a few bucks out West, enough to pay the laundry bill or buy a new pair of shoes. The moment has come to put a little more money in that account, and I have always made a point to deposit only Western money there, hence my coming visit. The old reliable report will be forthcoming as usual. When you have spent as much time in that place as I have, you know where to look and where to listen.

PERHAPS IT IS just as wrong for me to repeat this gossip as it was for the columnist to print it in the first place, but since it has been printed I feel I ought to comment on it. The gossip was to the effect that Frank Sinatra was feeling very antagonistic toward Franchot Tone because of remarks Tone allegedly made about Gloria Vanderbilt DiCicco Stokowski's ability as an actress. There were, it was reported, mutterings of violence in store for Tone unless he ceased and desisted.

Well, I am all for gallantry. If Sinatra feels that Tone's alleged criticism was unjustified, and that he, Sinatra, is the logical man to defend Mrs. Stokowski's professional status, he has a right to make his championship known. But, at least officially, I deplore violence. I cannot advocate rough stuff in a national magazine. And finally, if I had to choose between Tone's judgment of acting as against Sinatra's judgment, I would have to take Tone's, Sinatra's Academy Award notwithstanding. Weight for age, I do not know how the two actors would square off, but in the field of acting Sinatra is overmatched.

I HAVE BEEN honored by The New York Times Book Review with a rather curious request. A member of the treasured Times staff writes me that "in a recent issue . . . William Faulkner named five living or recently contemporary American prose writers (fiction) whom he considered to be the most outstanding. His own name was among the five. On the basis of this, the editor of the Book Review has asked me to conduct a symposium on how leading American authors rate themselves and their colleagues. I very much hope that I can persuade you to send me your nominations for the top five, yourself included if you so desire. . . . A supporting statement, giving your reasons for your choices, as well as any other comment you may wish to make on the

AL HIRSCHFELD



The gossip was that Frank Sinatra was feeling antagonistic toward Franchot Tone, that their judgments differed on an actress's ability

The Telephone Pole That Became a Memorial

The cottage on Lincoln Street in Portland, Oregon, is shaded by graceful trees and covered with ivy.

Many years ago the owners, A. H. Feldman and his wife, remodeled the house to fit their dreams . . . and set out slips of ivy around it. And when their son, Danny, came along, he, too, liked to plant things and watch them grow. One day, when he was only nine, he took a handful of ivy slips and planted them at the base of the telephone pole that stood in front of the house.

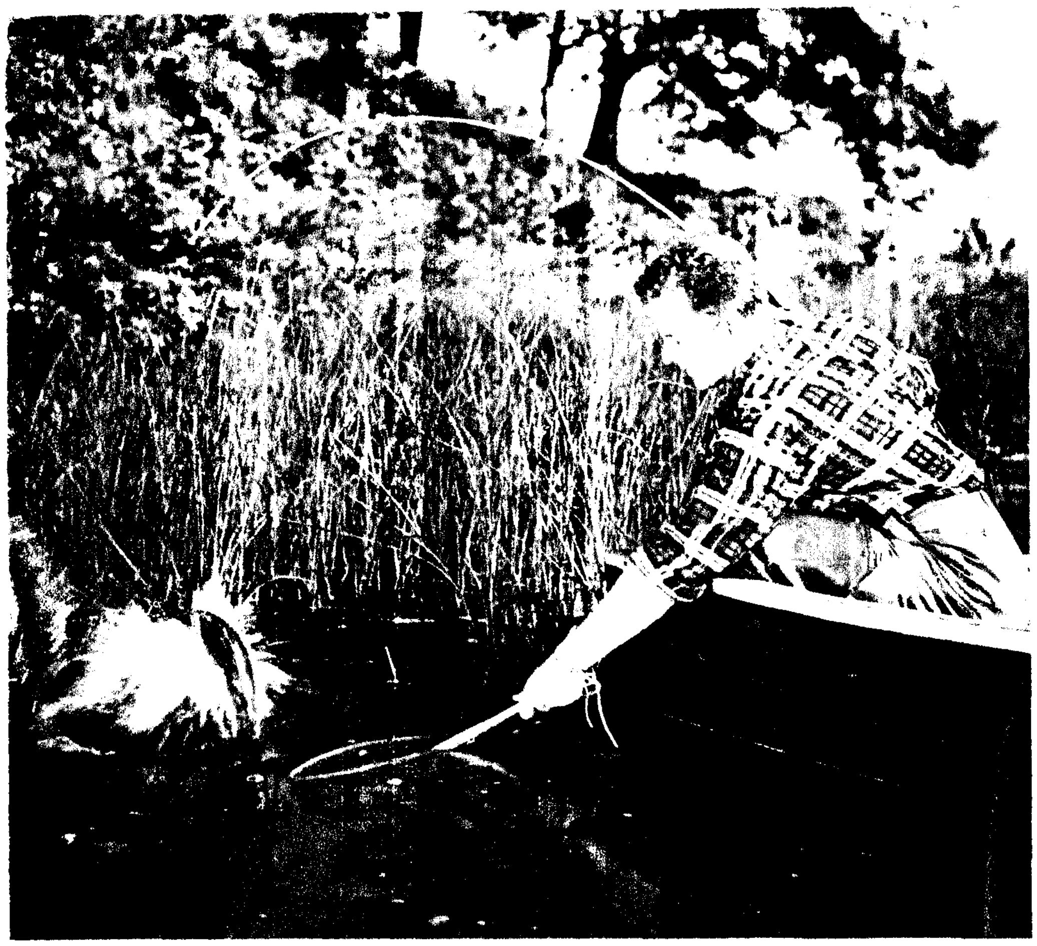
Time passed . . . and the ivy grew, climbing slowly to the top of the pole. Like the ivy, Danny grew too. He finished high school, went to college. The war came along before he finished—and Danny joined the Army and went overseas. And there he gave his life for his country.

Not very long ago the overhead telephone lines were being removed from the poles on Lincoln Street. The ivy-covered telephone pole in front of the Feldman home was about to be taken down. Its work was done.

But, when the telephone crew arrived, Mrs. Feldman came out to meet them. "Couldn't it be left standing?" she asked. And then she told them about her son.

So the pole, although no longer needed, wasn't touched at all. At the request of the telephone company, the Portland City Council passed a special ordinance permitting the company to leave it standing. And there it is today, mantled in ivy, a living memorial to Sergeant Danny Feldman.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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current literary scene, would also be very much appreciated."

It was nice of The Times to include me among leading American authors, although I am going to be disappointed if The Times's own list numbers more than five, and my disappointment will increase in direct ratio to the number of authors. Owing, possibly, to certain intemperate remarks I made in a recent book of mine, I had concluded that my standing at The Times was in jeopardy, if not in fact nonexistent. I am now assured that I am still among the leading American authors and I wish I could comply with The Times request.

But it is a tough spot to put an author on. I would first have to look up Faulkner's list (which I happen to know I am not on) to make sure whom he included besides himself. Then if I differed with his selections, my friend Faulkner and I would have not one but two points of difference. I am not sore that Faulkner didn't have me on his list, even though it is more than conceivable that he would be on mine, but *he* might be sore that I didn't agree with his selections. He is a proud man, conscientious and opinionated, and I do not want to risk a duel with him over literary honors.

Then there is the obvious danger, in picking five, of antagonizing all those I might have to leave out. The men I would mention would not be grateful; they would take for granted that they belonged on the list. But I would have to hurt some feelings just because somebody at The Times wanted to stir up a little controversy, and if I have to hurt some feelings I want to do it out of my own meanness and not because of somebody else's inspiration.

Furthermore, The Times may have put itself on a spot. Suppose they have asked 50 authors to make lists, 50 authors whom The Times considered "leading." Then suppose that, on tabulating the lists, they discover that my name has been mentioned fewer than 49 times. It would mean that The Times was wrong in including me among the "leading" authors, and you know how The Times shudders at the thought of being found inaccurate.

I once wrote a book review for The Times that raised hell just because I said a certain author was *good*. It wasn't a knock review; it was a favorable review, and the author went on to win the Nobel prize and everything else in sight. I fear for The Times and the fuss it is creating with this symposium, and I think I'll have no part of it.

* * *

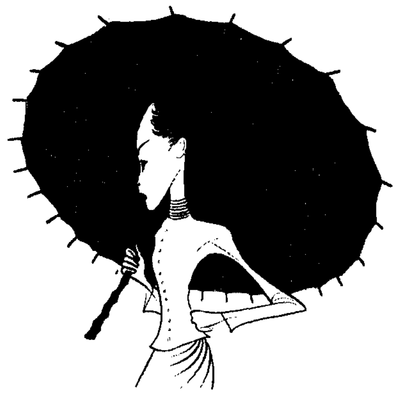
IF YOU HAVE nothing better to do—and I hate to think you haven't—you might from time to time check-on the career of a movie actress called Win Min Than.

Miss Win, or Miss Than, is a lovely young Burmese who is making her picture debut in United Artists' The Purple Plain, which stars Gregory Peck. Suitably chaperoned, I had dinner with her in a public restaurant where I am sure no one inquired as to the identity of the tall gentleman with the distinguished gray at the temples, but where considerable curiosity was created by the presence of the lady in platinum mink, leathern sandals and obviously Oriental coiffure. She ate some split-pea soup and not much else and answered questions in a voice so gentle that I wanted to tell her that no harm was coming to her. Then, somewhat prodded by the press agent, she revealed that her living quarters in Rangoon were shared by a 14-foot king cobra, the property and pet of some elderly female relative of hers. The way I figure, a girl who can live with a king cobra should not be afraid of me at my worst, and my worst was reached quite a few years ago.

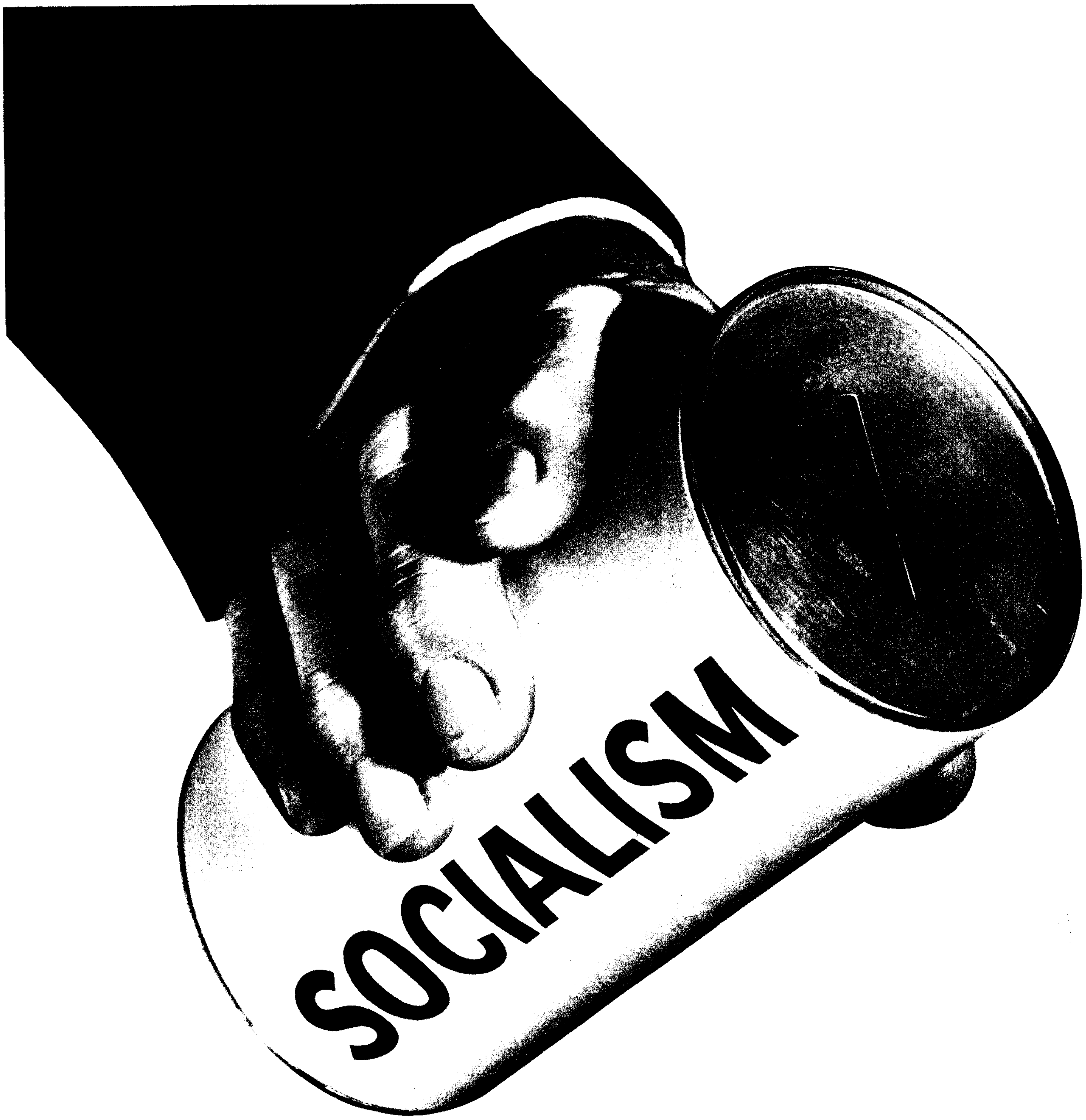
Whenever a new personality is introduced by the movie people, the interviewers try to tell you what she's like by describing her as a Marilyn Monroe type, or a Katharine Hepburn type or whatever type comes to mind. (A million dollars awaits the discoverer of a Monroe-*and*-Hepburn type.) Win Min Than is neither Monroe nor Hepburn in proportions or bone structure or personality, but I can probably confuse you inextricably by reporting that she reminds me of Sylvia Sidney part of the time, Merle Oberon part of the time, and Ruth Sato part of the time that she is reminding me of Merle Oberon. Oddly enough, she did not remind me of Anna May Wong. She learned English from the Irish nuns (I forget what order) in Rangoon, and the distinctiveness of her speech is not so much in accent or arrangement of the words as in a delicate, charming enunciation.

After dinner she went to see Grace Kelly (and William Holden and Bing Crosby) in The Country Girl, and I went to see Win Min Than (and Gregory Peck) in The Purple Plain. I thought I sensed a reluctance on her part to commit herself to any great enthusiasm for the movies as a career, but I stumbled on the information that she had an agent, and an actress who after her first picture has retained an agent is not an actress who is finally renouncing films. And that is how we come to the small game called Watching the Career of Win Min Than. My guess is that the little Burmese beauty was waiting to see how the picture was received, or, more particularly, how *she* was received. My cold-blooded guess also is that her career could take her either way—toward Hollywood, or to Rangoon across many bays.

▲▲▲



You might check occasionally on the film career of Win Min Than



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*Names on request from this magazine

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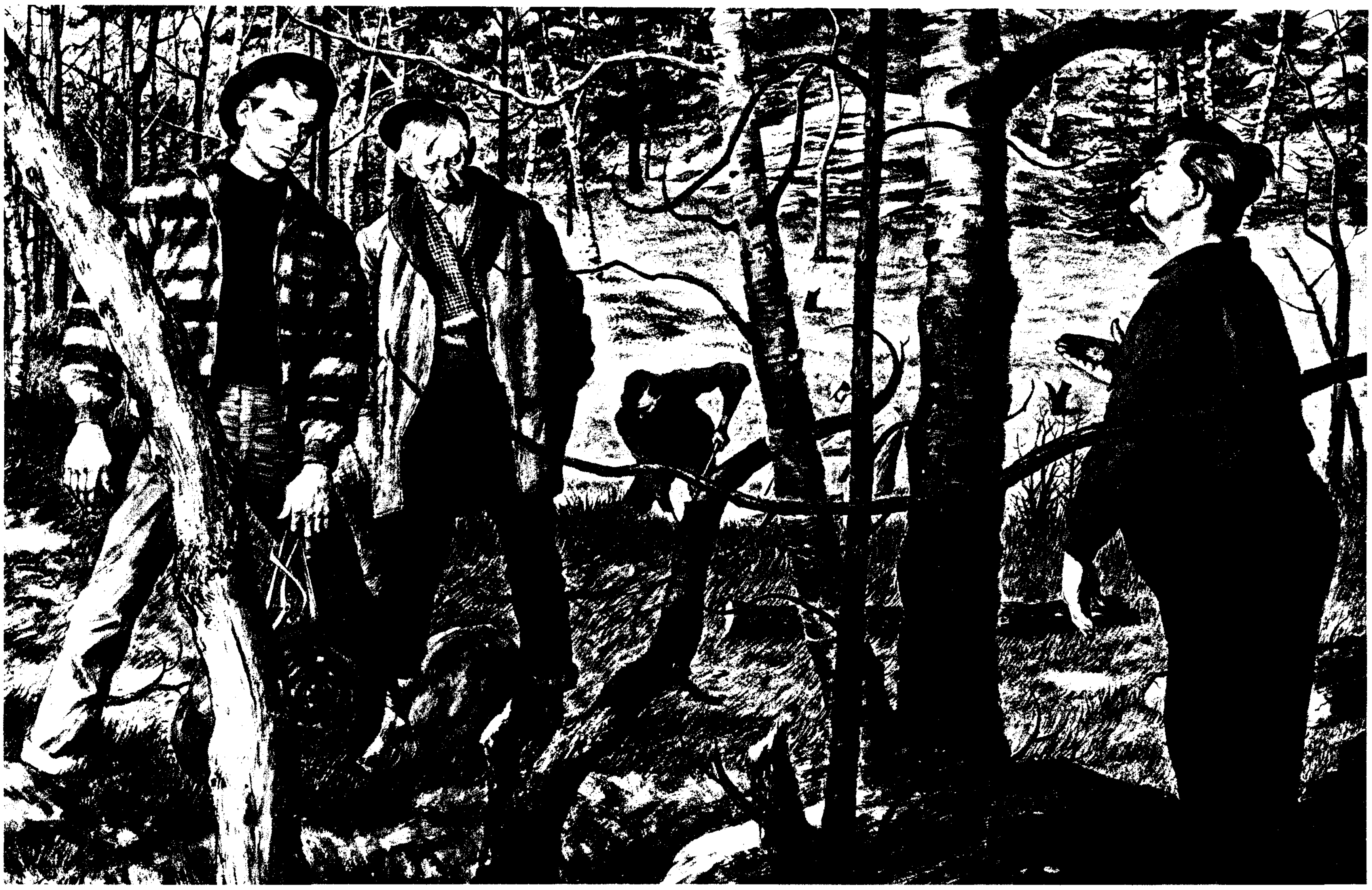
witness history's
great events



“That's not even a living wage, Mr. Wynant,” I said, “but I guess we'll have to take it. But we're not as big fools as we seem”

Yankee Trick

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

By PAUL ANNIXTER

RIGHT from the first, Jase Birdsong mistrusted Wynant, as any New Hampshire man would. Wynant was a Vermonter and he'd come over to the intervale to make him a cleanup cutting timber. Early that spring he'd stopped by and looked at Jase's big log house, which Jase has been working at for five years, off and on; and as soon as Wynant saw the kind of construction Jase did, he asked Jase to build him a company store down in the valley. It was work that would last a solid year, but at noon of the day Jase and me was to start work, we were just getting down off the mountain.

“Who'd ever know we'd get lay-wayed up mountain in a snow, Orville?” Jase said to me. “That streak of bad weather was a plain act of God.”

I didn't answer. What I was thinking of was Mrs. Jase and Zoe, and how they'd feel if we'd lost that job. I had warned Jase against the mountain, but let it come May Day and Jase has got to climb Poke O' Moonshine and gather him a bag of roots and herbs. And I had to admit it was pretty fine up on that mountain. A fellow could see clear off into upstate Maine some days, and that was something. I'm a Maine man myself, and that view made me wonder why I stayed on here.

I'd come down two summers ago, when I was twenty-six, just to see what life was like in the White Mountains. I'd hired myself out to Jase and his wife, Cora, and Jase and I got along fine. He had good land, and I knew how to run a farm.

We got the place on a fair-paying basis and so I stayed on, and sometimes I helped Jase at his building. But the real reason I'd stayed, I don't mind letting on, was Zoe.

Zoe Birdsong was hardly eighteen when I came to the farm, but a fledged woman for all that—and a looker, too. But in all those two years, she'd never once let down to me—'twas as if there was a pane of glass between us.

It was getting dusty-dark when we finally got to the job, and what we saw was three strangers already at work on the foundations, all Vermont men—I knew by the twang. Standing to one side was Wynant, looking at his big pocket watch to make sure the men weren't besting him out of the last minute or two. I'll vow I never set eyes on a harder, closer-looking customer.

Jase set out to make his excuses, but Wynant broke in: “Don't want your misery. I heard all about you, Birdsong. Glad not to have got you.”

Losing jobs was an old story with Jase, but this time, knowing the particulars like I did, it was awful. There was Mrs. Jase and Zoe at home, hoping and praying this job would work out.

“We came to tell you we're sorry anyway,” I said. “Came to ask if there's anything else—”

Jase turned on me, but I tromped on his foot.

Wynant bit the end off a thin black cigar. “Need somebody to stump for me,” he said. “All around my millsite yonder. But you'll take the terms I give: four dollars a day and your noon meal.”

At that Jase started telling off, but I said, “You drive a hard bargain, Mr. Wynant. That's not even a living wage, but I guess we'll have to take it.” Then I added, “But don't take us for as big fools as we seem.”

The minute we were out of earshot, Jase sounded off. He said he had to draw the line when it came to working for a Vermonter at four dollars a day.

“Now look here, Jase,” I said, thinking of Mrs. Jase and Zoe, “I've wrangled one more chance for you. I'm willing to work and sweat it out with you. But if you go and throw it over, I'll start back for upstate Maine in the morning.”

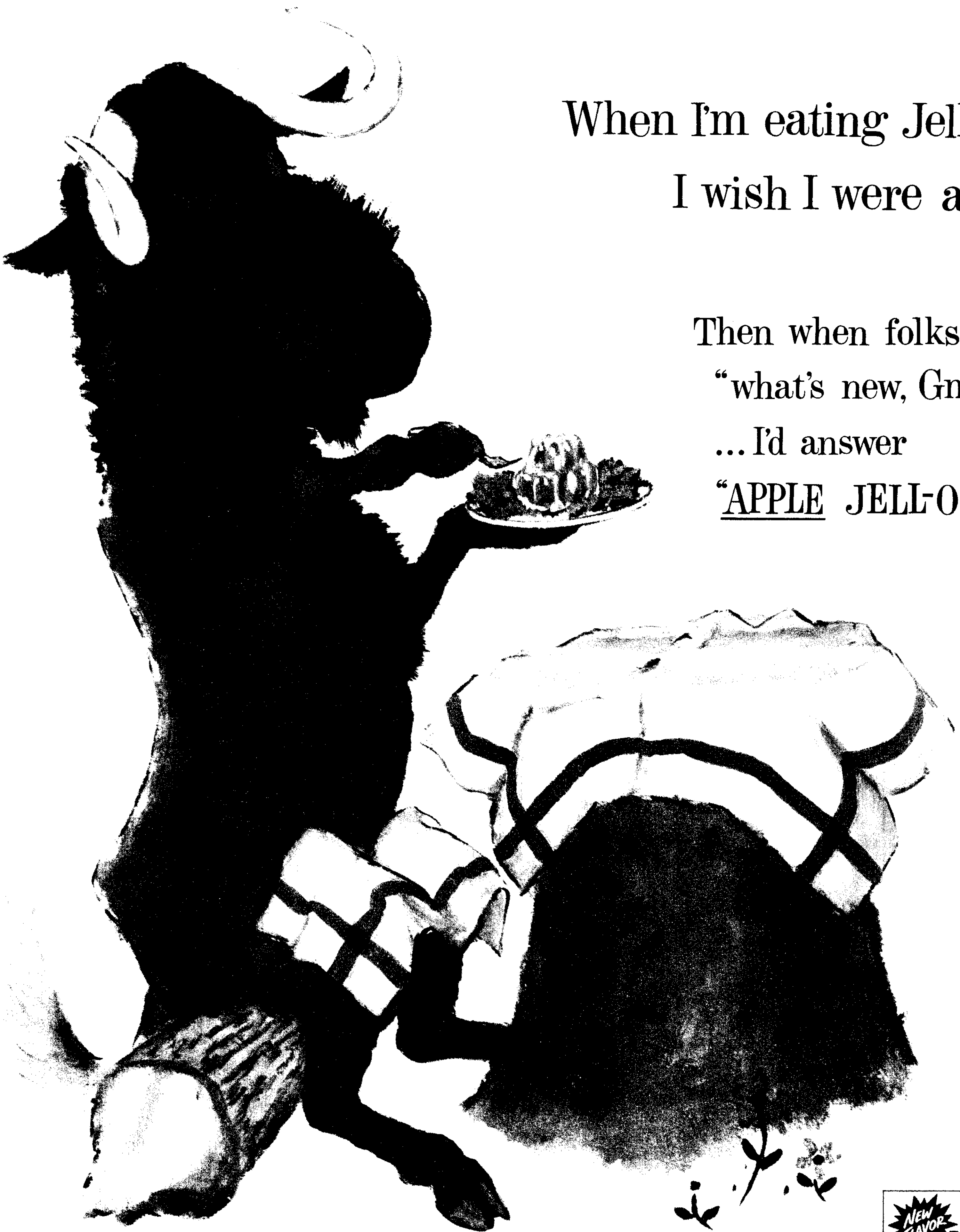
“Orville! You wouldn't go and do that!” Jase yelled. “You don't understand. There's no known likeness to a Vermont man for sharpness.”

“That Vermonter's given us a grudging inch, Jase,” I said. “It's up to us to make it an el.”

I'll never forget that night in the Birdsong kitchen. The moment we came in I saw that stricken look on Mrs. Jase's face. She'd guessed what had happened.

But right off Jase had begun telling how glad he was he hadn't got sucked in by any long job right at this time. He'd said he'd do the job of stumping in four-five weeks, and then he'd have a chance to get

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS



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I wish I were a Gnu

Then when folks ask
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...I'd answer
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his own work done. You could hear the lie right in his voice.

Mrs. Jase had gone dead silent and none of us knew what was coming. What she did was to start agreeing with Jase!

And then I saw Zoe look at her mother, and what had really happened there came to me: Mrs. Jase had lost all faith in Jase at last. Zoe looked across at me with the whole pain of it on her and I could see she could hardly bear it. It always seemed to me Zoe was just biding her time in that house till her father somehow made a go of life, and now Zoe knew that was never going to happen. Her eyes held onto mine, a long and giving look—a sharing, even though what we shared was hopeless.

AT DAWN next morning Jase and me were out to see just what we were up against: three acres of big stumps, mostly black walnut, the toughest tree that grows in all the woods. But walnut's something a Maine man knows about, and there was a snick in my head when I saw it. I didn't know why, then.

That was a job most fellows would have veered off from no matter what the pay. We had a small tractor to help us as a stump puller, but before we could use it we had to dig around each stump, cutting with axes and heaving with iron bars on the side roots. It took us three or four hours to loosen one stump.

In a week's time Jase was worn down to a nubbin. You could see both the women expected him to quit right there, but I held firm to my threat to leave and Jase kept going. Naturally the heaviest work fell on me, but I'd have put out twice that hard for the looks I was getting from Zoe.

At the end of two weeks we had better than half the millsite cleared. And every afternoon old Wynant would come down the field lugging a can of coal oil, and then he'd set fire to the pile.

It hurt me to look at that hardwood fire burning pink-white like coal. Some of those stumps had four or five foot of bole left on them. It was an almighty waste of good fuel if nothing more, and I connived to snake a lot of them stumps off into the woods. . . .

It was nearly a month before destiny even cut an eye at us. It came on a Sunday when Jase and I went up in the woods a piece looking for gray squirrel. Jase had missed his first two shots clean, and I guess he'd come to the end of taking it, because what he did, he swung that rifle over his head and brought it down across a stump. The stock splintered to pieces and the two of us just stood there for a space. Then I picked up a piece of the stock and looked at the grain of it. Black walnut, it was, all curly and gnarly, and coming from down near the root of the tree. Then I had what I'd been waiting for all those weeks.

I didn't say a mortal word about it to Jase, but that afternoon I borrowed some paper from Zoe and wrote me a letter. After I'd mailed it, I stopped at Wynant's place.

"I taken note of how you're anxious to be rid of those stumps," I said when Wynant had opened his door. "I'm anxious to get me some firewood. Take 'em off your hands for you."

He looked at me like I was doing something round the corner. "Worth thirty dollars to you?" he asked.

"Thought you wanted to be rid of 'em," I said.

"You'll do your own hauling?"

"I'll snake 'em into the woods and haul 'em away when the job's finished."

"I'll take twenty dollars cash for the lot," Wynant said.

"And I'll want a bill of sale," I told him.

But I don't mind saying that it all looked hopeless to me by Friday of that last week. We were about finished with the stumps, Wynant still had us cornered, and Zoe was coming my way as I'd never yet hoped. But the way I am, I've got to have a lot to offer a woman, and I couldn't say a word because I'd never been so mortal low.

It was early afternoon of the next day that I got an answer to that letter of mine. The answer came personal, driving up the lane in a big shiny car—it was a man from the Westbrook Arms, Incorporated, a company that manufactured rifles and shotguns.

Ten minutes later him and me were over at Wynant's millsite and the stranger was walking up and down looking at that stack of walnut. Finally he said his company would like to have the wood for rifle stocks and that they'd pay twenty-five hundred dollars for the lot. Then he made out the articles, filling in my name and the price.

When the man from Westbrook Arms drove off, I took the paper to Jase and Mrs. Jase and Zoe. And then I told them how I had bought that walnut from old Wynant for twenty dollars and had that on paper too.

Jase, he let out a rusty whoop and a holler. "Why, that old jeezler was burnin' up hundreds of dollars every day! I mistrust he'll never get over this as long as he lives!"

The glow in Zoe's face just then would have lighted up a room at night, I thought, and all I asked out of life was to help keep that light a-burning.

We had a right jovial time in the front parlor the rest of that afternoon and later Zoe and I walked out together. By the time we turned home we'd even set the day and all.

THE following Thursday the first of the Westbrook Company's trucks came out for a load. It was funny how old Wynant came storming out to the millsite, hornet-mad and a cigar in his face, asking what right they had to haul stumps off his land. But I just hauled out my bill of sale from Westbrook Arms and handed it to him.

He looked the paper over, taking close note of the figures. And then he gave me a long look that wanted in on the deal. "I recollect you said I drive a hard bargain. Well, you drive a harder bargain yourself, Mr. Tupper," he said.

I had to smile then.

He gave me another gun-sight look and said, "Starting to cut timber up-mountain next week. Need a good foreman to watch my interest. Smart fellow could earn three hundred a month, and a bonus on his output."

I stood there a space thinking about it. That was big money any time. And I was feeling my roots in this section now, having found me a wife here.

"I'll take it," I told Wynant. We shook on it, and danged if I didn't almost have a liking for the man.

—PAUL ANNIXTER

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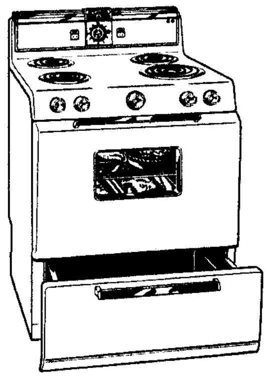

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

HOWARD LEWIS is a thirty-five-year-old product of Pennsylvania who majored in chemical engineering at Lehigh University for a while. After a bout with physics and calculus he chose journalism as a career. Chemistry's loss was our gain and on page 25 is the first article he wrote when, after several years as a magazine editor, he recently started free-lancing.

"I went to the World Health Organization to see about doing an article on an American nurse who was working in Asia. They told me to ask Sam Keeny. I had talked to him about ten minutes when I realized that the nurse idea was nothing, compared to Keeny. It was a little embarrassing in the middle of the conversation to say, 'Excuse me, I've changed my mind—I want to write about you instead.' But that's what I did."

After having dinner with him that evening, Lewis expansively hailed a cab and asked Keeny if he could drop him anyplace. "Yes," was the reply, "the nearest subway station."

"I thought about him," Lewis recalls, "with $5,000,000 a year to spend, riding home in the subway to a two-room apartment. It made me want to write the article more than ever."

★ ★ ★

FIVE O'CLOCK DEADLINE is the result of David Levy's organizing his spare time last year. A busy New York executive, he told himself, "I'm going to spend a whole month—when I'm not at the office—exclusively on something I want to do."

The first month of 1954 he used all his spare time writing fiction, the next reading books, the next seeing shows, and so on. But in April, when he was busy with oil painting or shell collecting—he can't remember which—he sold Collier's the story he wrote in January. It was his first sale, and it quickly settled the hash of the experiment: now, when he's not working, he writes practically *all* the time.

Meantime, Levy's wife Lucile, in a defensive mood, bought an electric drill and power saw and went to work on their cottage in Westhampton, Long Island. She converted a porch into an interior room, changed a door into a window, moved some steps, bricked the fireplace—and a few other things.

"So I wrote a story about a wife who has to practically build a house herself because her husband wants to be an author. But my agent couldn't sell it. Said no one would believe it."

★ ★ ★

THE remarkable scientific developments Fred Freeman has illustrated for Collier's have included space machines, vertical-take-off airplanes, submarines (both midget and atomic), and most recently the "flying saucer" (page 30). We called on him recently in Essex, Connecticut, to see what effect it's had on him and, sure enough, we found him working mysteriously over a large, rounded, wooden object with strange finlike protrusions above and a gaping hole underneath.

"Can you say what it is, Fred?" we asked.

"It's a boat," Freeman explained. "After I get the hull painted I'll turn her right side up, step the mast and put her in the water. She's a 14-foot International Class racing boat. She's christened The Blue Goose, but I've brought up the rear at so many races that at the Essex Yacht Club they call it The Blue Caboose."

What Fred Freeman really wants, we think, is an atomic sailboat.

★ ★ ★

THE Baghdad arm of the law, Inspector Chafik J. Chafik, solves another crime in this issue. It's the twenty-eighth since Charles B. Child started writing these mystery stories for us a few years ago.

Child gets his feel for the mysterious ways and byways of the Middle East from having been in British counter-intelligence there during the war.

"Spies, plots and counterplots," he says modestly, "but the adventures were not up to the standard of other people's fictionalized versions of security work in this part of the world. Nevertheless, out of this period came Chafik, composite of various Iraqi police officials and my personal interpreter—a cool, neat young man from an old Baghdad family who had the fantastic memory for detail which is an essential part of Chafik's character."

An Englishman, Child is now living in New York City. "I find it stimulating and I wish I had O. Henry's skill to write it all down."

We hope he sticks to Baghdad.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S the other two thirds of our museum team (for photographer Art Lavine, see Collier's Credits, November 12, 1954).

Sey Chassler is our chief photo editor, whose job is to see that the pieces fall in the right places. His proudest museum boast is that he once took a cub scout pack through the American Museum of Natural History without an untoward incident.

Martha Weinman, of Collier's staff, has learned to be surprised at nothing. *Almost* nothing, we should say, for on this last assignment (page 86), Director M. Graham Netting of the Carnegie Museum said, "Martha, we'd like you to meet our museum pet," and handed her a six-foot live boa constrictor named Gertrude.

We nearly had to get a new girl reporter. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ALFRED M. LANSING

Chassler and Weinman in museum mood with a skeleton all their own

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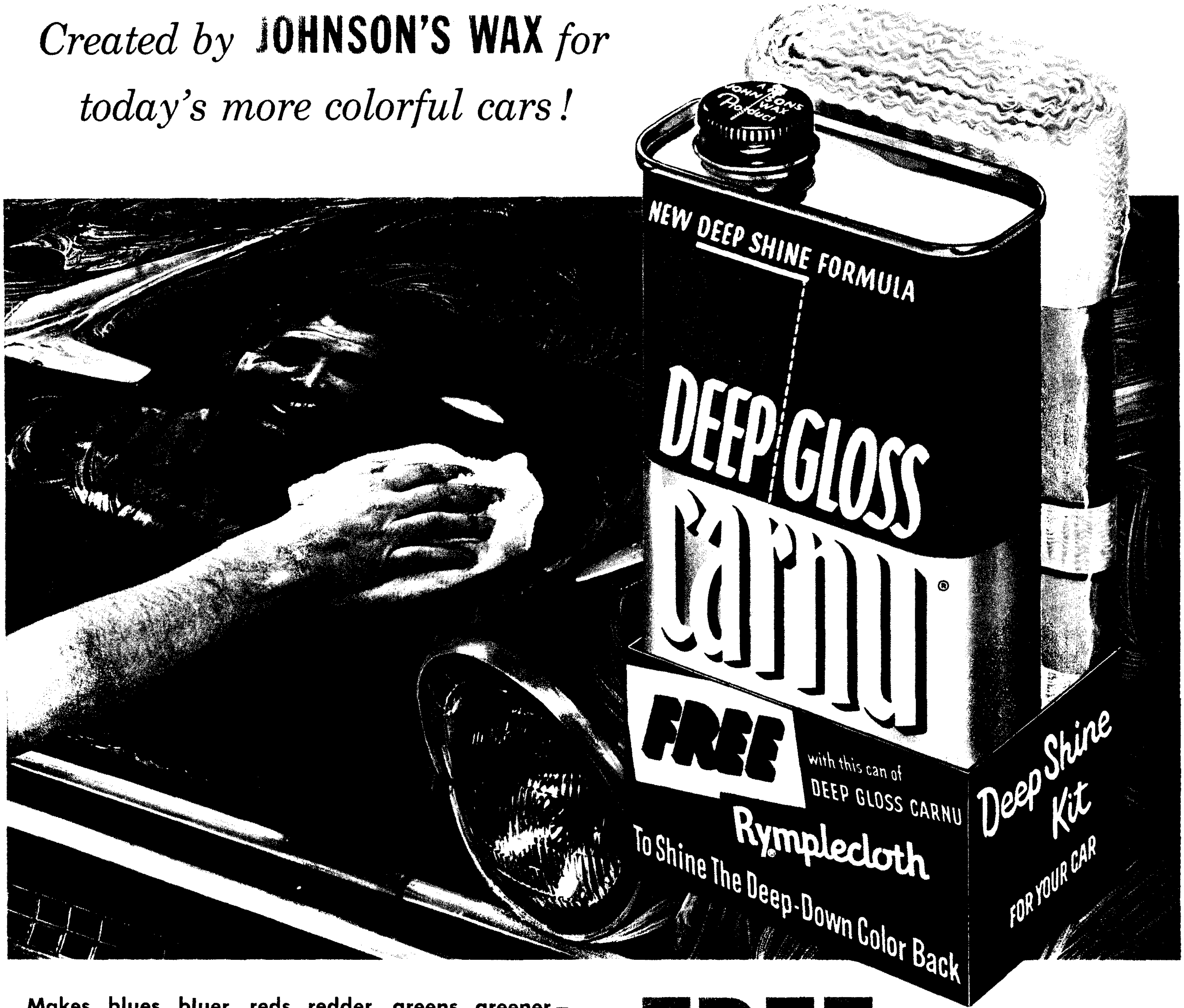
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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Here's a sharp letter from a lady in New Orleans, Louisiana. She thinks we turned Japan loose too soon for that country's own good. For example, she has read a Tokyo dispatch saying that Japanese college students are vying with one another in swallowing lighted cigarettes. This craze, says she, clearly demonstrates their irresponsibility. But we remain calm while trying hard to remember what country it was just a few years ago that survived a season of live-goldfish-swallowing by its college students.

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Maybe it is a typographical blooper, but our advice would be to play it safe and keep your hands to yourself: According to the Rice Lake (Wisconsin) Chronotype, the menus at the Land O' Lakes Hotel carry the request: "Please Paw the Waitress."

* * *

For a relatively moderate price in Los Angeles, you may buy her a pair of lovely earrings from which small but accurate thermometers dangle. Mr. Johnson (Hello) Merryweather tells us that, at first, the idea was to have them suspended from springs so she could pull one down and know the temperature. But this was promptly abandoned. Forgetful ladies might let them snap back with resultant damage to their ears, and, goes on Mr. Merryweather, there are already too many cauliflowered lugs in California, particularly in Hollywood.

* * *

Depressed for days was Mr. Frank Kincannon, of Clarksville, Indiana, after spotting that sign on the road from Memphis to Nashville, Tennessee. It read: "Loveless Worm Ranch." Gives us, too, quite a wrench thinking of the poor uncared-for creatures yearning around for a little affection.

* * *

Careful inquiry in Fargo, North Dakota, fails to reveal that any policeman or fireman harbors a secret ambition to overthrow the United States government by force. But Mrs. Gladys Zube, Fargo city commissioner, is taking no chances. She demands that all 35 cops and 56 fire laddies take oaths that this country suits them fine and that they want no truck with the Kremlin. In the meantime, Fargo cop greets Fargo cop with: "Fine day, comrade." And the reply: "Never seen a better, Nikita." This is still a great country.

* * *

Word has just reached this inlaid Hepplewhite desk that two gentlemen in Little Rock, Arkansas, indulged in a spirited exchange after church recently. First gentleman disparaged the new minister's inaugural sermon. Second gentleman, one of the four trustworthy fellows passing the plates that day, replied: "Well, what do you expect for a dime—Billy Graham?"

* * *

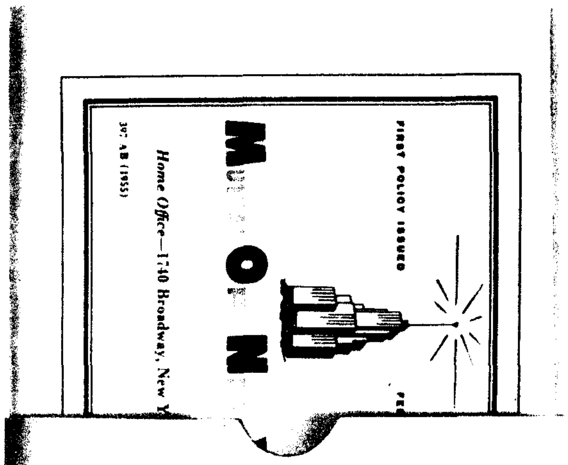
It may be that Colonel Junius Gebbings is right. From Charleston, South Carolina, he calls upon us to proclaim that there is entirely too much nonsense in the world. But the colonel probably doesn't realize how big the demand is.

* * *

And now for a timely warning to you gentlemen to whom the arrival of spring sounds the call of the wild. What we're talking about, if anyone's interested, is getting into the car and chugging off to places. If it's Denver, Colorado, you're aiming at, don't forget your pants. Even if you're a kilted Scot, complete with sporran and bagpipes, it's pants or the cooler in Denver. Men in skirts are strictly taboo. Original ordinance forbade anyone to wear the garments of the other sex. But infuriated protests from slacks-clad ladies compelled the city council to amend it. Never underestimate the trousers of a woman.

* * *

Well, here's the truth at last about that New Ulm, Texas, seven-inch-tooth mystery. Found by a Yorktown young man, this oversize incisor was at first ballyhooed as evidence that Dinosauria and other paleontological critters abounded in Texas some years ago. Nonsense. Seven-inch teeth are not at all uncommon in Texas. Lots of Lone-Star babies born with a whole set of them. Soon drop out, though, to make room for honest Texas tusks. Our informant—a dentist—wishes to remain anonymous, the only Texan ever to make that request.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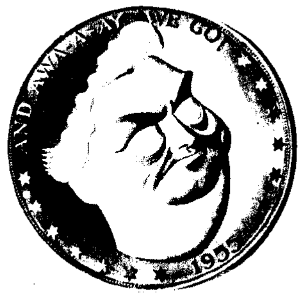
LETTERS

A New Gleason

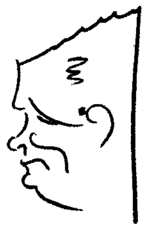
EDITOR: Every week, we, the television audience, watch Mr. Jackie Gleason (E Pluribus to you) cavort in front of—and on occasion behind—the television cameras. But now with your article (E Pluribus Gleason, Mar. 18th) we meet a new Jackie, a true person as he has never been brought to us before—a man of finer stature and enduring courage. Miss Drury has written a fine article, and thank you for it.
G. DOUGLAS MCLEAN, Montreal, Can.

. . . I feel very sorry for your author, Miss Drury, who had never seen Jackie Gleason on TV before she met him. Jackie is absolutely terrific and our family adores him.
MRS. B. C. HYDE, Prescott, Ariz.

. . . The inscription "And Awa-a-ay We Go" on the coins on your cover is a wonderful slogan for our fast-disappearing money.
ALEX P. MEANOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.



. . . You briefly mention that one of Jackie Gleason's talents is drawing caricatures. A sample of his work appears below, at right. The subject (shown in the photograph at left) is Jackie's friend, restaurateur Toots Shor.
GARRY WINOGRAND, New York, N.Y.



Sorry Nevada

EDITOR: Congratulations on the article The Sorry State of Nevada (Mar. 18th). It is material like this which helps Collier's maintain its high position in the magazine field.
ROGER BURGESS, Washington, D.C.

. . . You went overboard. Our family spent nearly five years in the Las Vegas area. Yes, the schools have shifts, but their standards are high. I have been in P.T.A. meetings when the so-called gambling concessions have offered more than enough money *with no strings attached* to build and staff what could be the finest schools in the country. They were turned down because a few people thought gambling money would taint the children and teachers! Just about any decent person can find employment if he wants to work, and a decent place to live on a moderate budget. As for welfare, I've known some families who got a good deal of help, and they weren't natives either. The majority of people who have lived in Nevada would like to go back. . . .
MRS. V. C. MATTFELD, Newburgh, N.Y.

. . . It's incredible! Nevada is living in the Dark Ages. I never dreamed there was a state so full of cruelty and indifference. Thanks to Albert Deutsch for showing up the sorry, sorry state of Nevada. I'm glad I don't live there! . . .
MRS. CHARLES E. SPATH, Denver, Colo.

. . . From this day forth, I shall never again complain about paying state taxes . . .
HELEN S. GHIZ, Shrewsbury, Mass.

. . . I just hope that airing Nevada's dirty linen will prompt its legislators to clean up the shameful mess . . .
MRS. E. R. GARSJO, Lyons, Ore.

48 . . . 49 . . . 50

EDITOR: No more persuasive statement in favor of statehood, the rightful destiny for Alaska and Hawaii, has ever been made than that which appeared in Collier's Comment, Let's Make It 50 in '55 (Mar. 18th). E. L. BARTLETT, Delegate from Alaska, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

. . . As governor of Alaska from 1939 to 1953, may I extend my heartiest congratulations on Let's Make It 50 in '55. If this admirable plea for statehood is read by the members of Congress and the President, it will go far to achieve that result. Alaskans were deeply disappointed in President Eisenhower's recession from the fine stand he took in a public address in Denver in 1950, in which he said: "Quick admission of Alaska and Hawaii to statehood will show the world that America practices what it preaches." If Collier's message reaches the President, I am confident he will be back at the same old stand! No clearer and more cogent presentation of the case for statehood for both our incorporated territories has been written.
ERNEST GRUENING, Washington, D.C.

. . . By all means let's make it 50 stars in Old Glory as soon as possible . . .
ALLEN KLEIN, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

. . . Bravo on your hard and straight editorial—and my apologies for having thought you were going to allow Senator Monroney's behind-the-times balderdash (Let's Keep It 48, Mar. 4th) to pass unchallenged.
WALTER O. RULF, Burlington, Conn.

. . . Re Senator Monroney's calling Hawaiians insular in thinking and lacking in any American heritage, I was riding by the Honolulu stadium one day and saw a man standing at attention with his hat held over his heart. I followed his gaze and saw an American flag being raised inside the stadium. But Senator Monroney wants to deny

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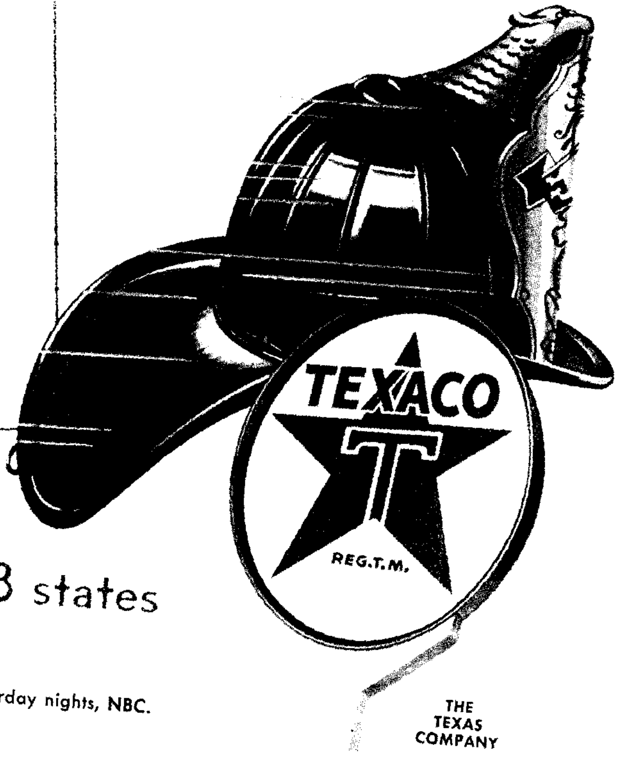
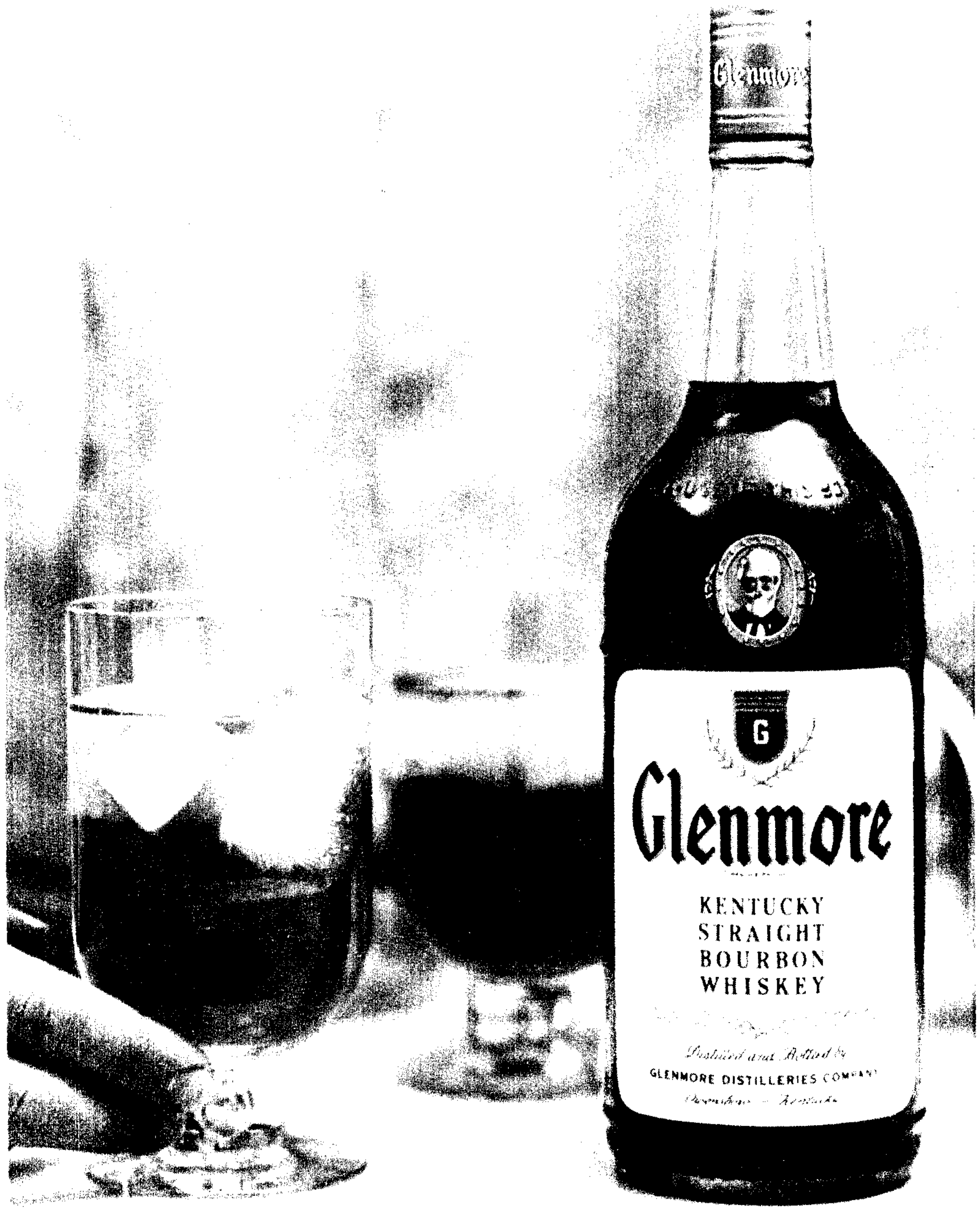


For People of
Inherent Good Taste



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this man and all Hawaiians a true American heritage . . .
Samuel Sakamaki, Evanston, Ill.

. . . Is taxation without representation any more detestable than Selective Service or other federal laws without representation? Apparently the senator thinks so. I would rather wait and work for full citizenship than settle now for the dubious advantages of commonwealth status . . .
Donald Rude, M.D., Juneau, Alaska

. . . Now that I have read Senator Monroney's article I think we should keep it 48.
Mrs. H. G. Zabel, Hazen, N. Dak.

. . . I look forward to the time when Collier's feature, 48 States of Mind, which I enjoy immensely, will be 49 or 50 States of Mind.
Richard Bruns, Port Byron, N.Y.

. . . According to the senator, the 48 states would be "diluted" by the admission of Alaska and Hawaii. In much the same way we were diluted when Texas entered the Union as predicted by Daniel Webster in 1845: "A very dangerous tendency and of doubtful consequence to enlarge the boundaries of this Government." The organic acts of Congress making both Hawaii and Alaska Organized Territories were in effect a solemn promise of eventual statehood.

Let's keep our promises! . . .
Carl Simpson, Coral Gables, Fla.

Beef Beefs

Editor: Relish is for horses; mayonnaise is for salads; Robert de Roos is for the birds. The article No Nutburgers for Me! (Mar. 18th) is excellent, except for the fact that De Roos commits the very crime he decries—monkeying with the hamburger. The real hamburger sandwich should include bun, ground beef, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, dill pickles, mustard, salt and pepper; nothing optional. Anything else is a sissyburger.
Dave Bennett, Shepherd, Tex.

. . . Anyone misguided enough to add lettuce, tomatoes, mayonnaise and sweet relish to a perfectly good recipe is some hamburger gourmet! How do you know, with a mess like that on top, whether you're eating filet mignon, abalone or oatmeal? . . .
Mrs. J. C. Pursley, Seattle, Wash.

. . . Hamburger should never be corrupted by the addition of tomato . . .
Oscar H. Woodward,
West Hartford, Conn.

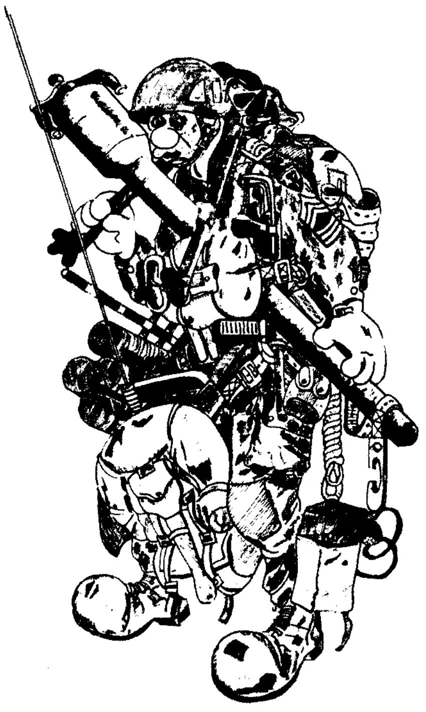
. . . Our secret is water. If you want your burgers juicy, take a fourth of a cup of water, add it to a pound of hamburger and mix. When ready to fry, turn the flame high, but only enough to keep the meat from falling apart. Then turn it low. Some burger connoisseurs prefer adding beer (a quarter cup). They say the beer gives an added flavor, besides acting as a tenderizer . . .
D. J. Lenhausen, F. D. Schlatter,
Bradley University, Peoria, Ill.

. . . De Roos's dissertation on how the hamburger originated is true—though hardly complete. Those resourceful Dutchmen in Pennsylvania required but three basic ingredients: meat, ground or finely chopped and with enough of its *own* tallow for cooking and taste; plenty of freshly ground black pepper, and *onions*. You can tell Brother de Roos it just ain't a hamburger unless it's fried with onions. Otherwise it is a Salisbury or some other weird concoction . . .
Otho E. Byers, Denver, Colo.

No More Paratroops?

Editor: Your article No More Paratroops? (Mar. 18th) was very interesting and informative. But helicopters alone cannot eliminate the need for paratroops. The convertiplane is the answer. Although still in the experimental stage, there is no doubt that it will become a vital weapon of air–land invasions if and when they become necessary.
Robert F. Dorr, Washington, D.C.

. . . On seeing the title No More Paratroops?, my heart jumped in my throat. My eyes blinked a couple of tears as I looked at my worn identification bracelet with my Master Parachutist wings on it. Yet even as a veteran of nine years with the paratroops, I can see that giant choppers could transport bodies of men behind enemy lines without casualties. So here's my (farewell?) salute to a favorite character, loaded for jumping. I'll bet this boy would gladly trade his back pack, reserve chute and stomachful of butterflies for a ride in your choppers.
James T. Scogin, N. Augusta, S.C.

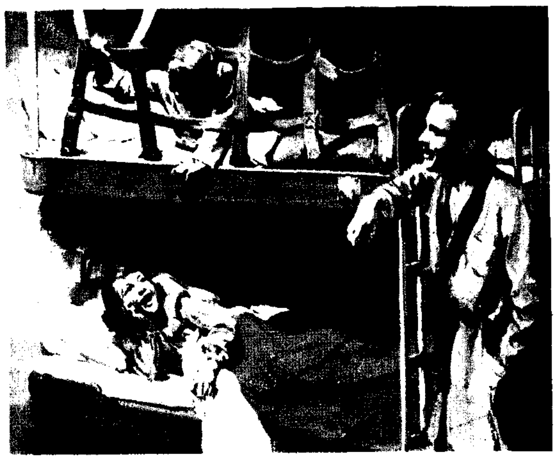


Brrr!

Editor: I laughed when I saw your article on International Falls, Minnesota, Coldest Town in America (Mar. 4th), for at the time it was *really* freezing here. Van Buren was the coldest spot in the nation during the cold spell at the end of January and the beginning of February. On February 1st, the temperature fell to 48 below . . .
Tom Tanous, Van Buren, Me.

. . . Come to Montana if you really want a cold breeze running down your back. I can remember one morning in January, 1938, when I hiked to school only to find it closed due to the cool weather: the official temperature was 64 below. That was in Havre, Montana! Frank Orlando, Harlem, Mont.

. . . Coldest town? Ha! Just the other day the kitchen door blew open as my wife was pouring a cup of tea. Before I could close the door the tea had frozen spout to cup . . .
E. R. Ogilvie, Ottawa, Can.



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And when bedtime comes, there's the privacy of your own room at home, with beds and linens just as snow-white . . . air-conditioned to suit your own desires . . . and smooth, sweet sleep while you speed to your vacation spot.

Vacation did we say? It starts the moment you step aboard. *You* feel it. *Mother* feels it. The youngsters are thrilled. And the Pullman crew, the world's finest travel caretakers will see to it that this is the finest, most relaxing vacation you've ever had.

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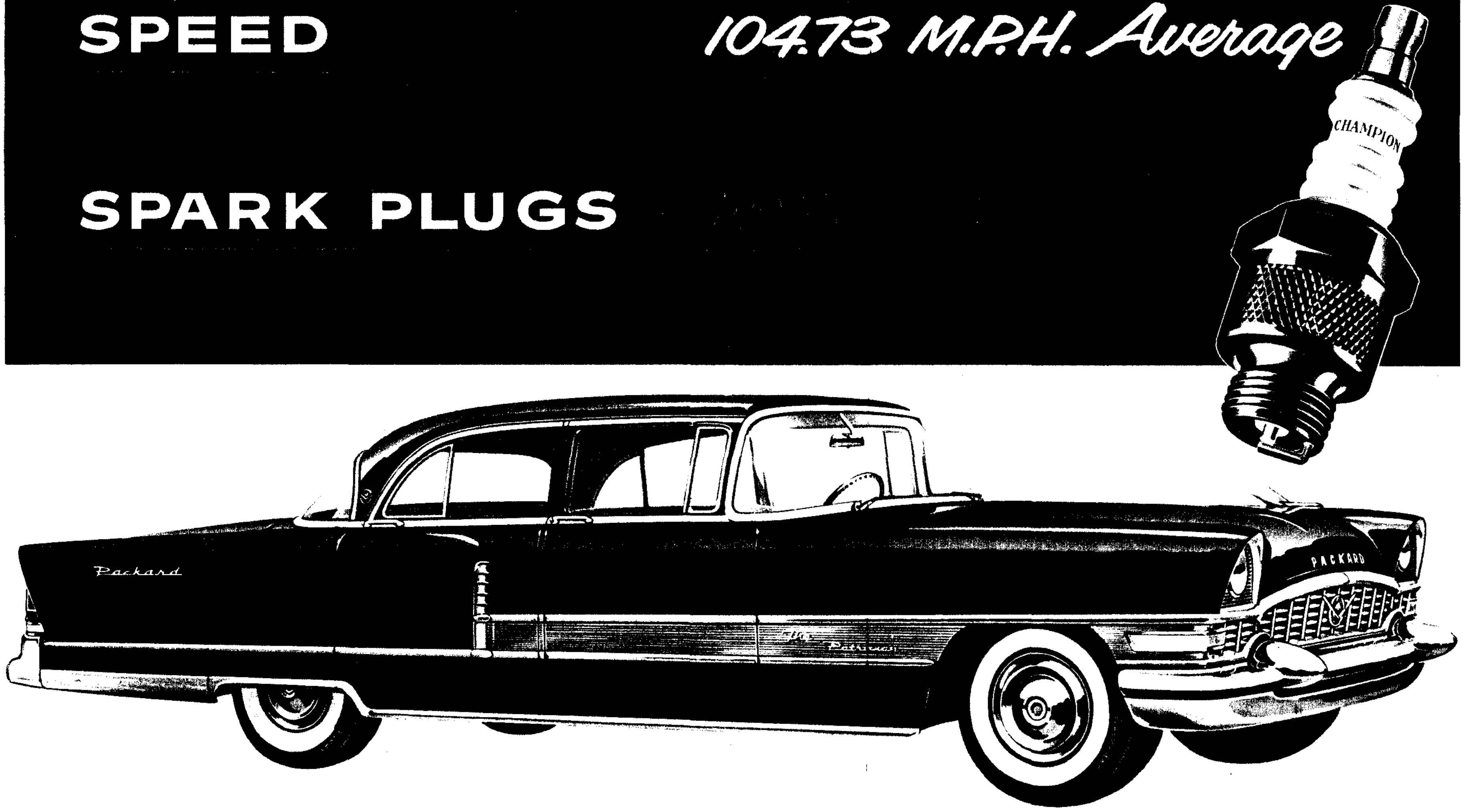

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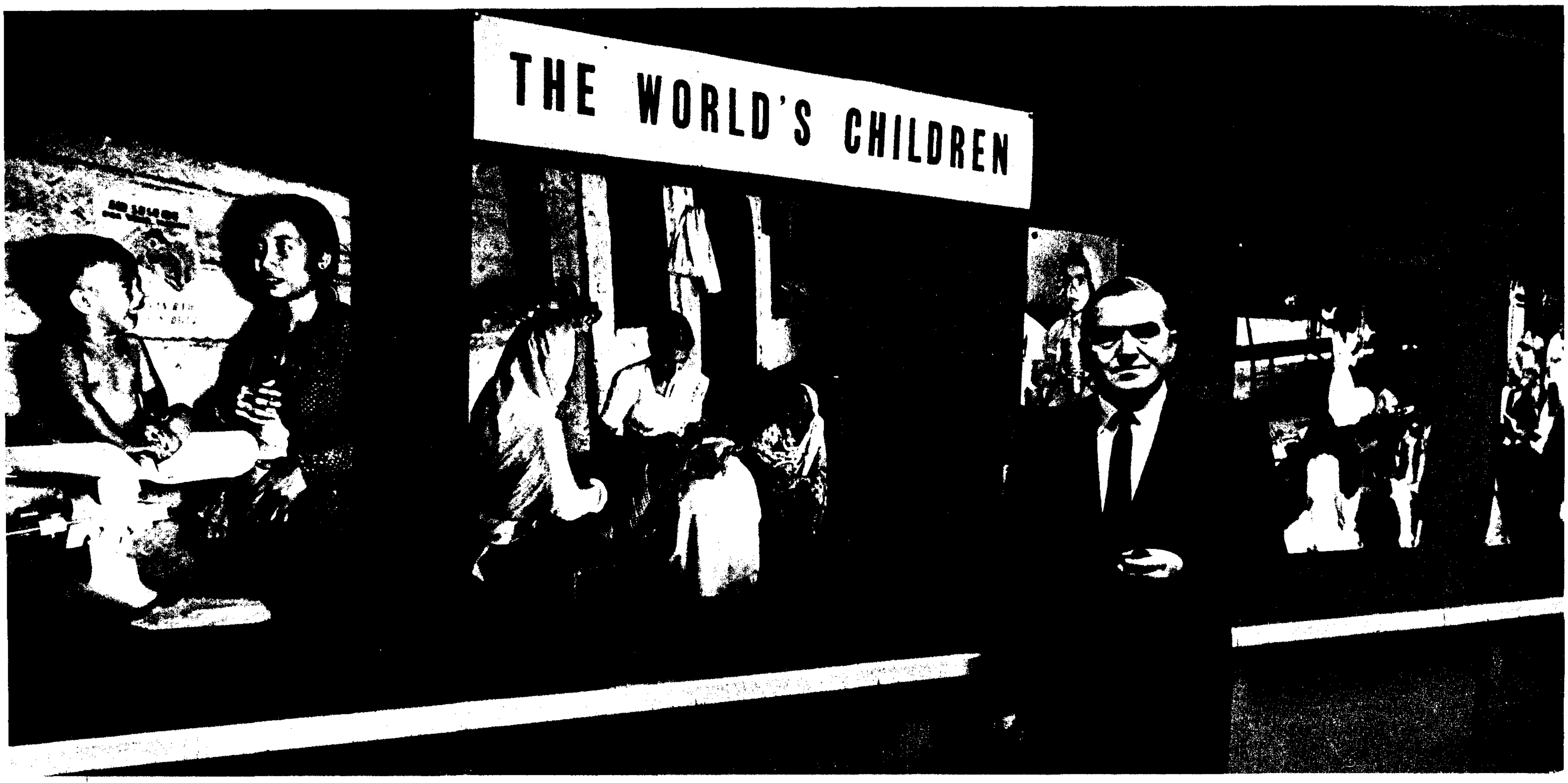


RTRAND MILES

As the Asian regional director of UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund), Keeny is responsible for children in 21 lands

ASIA'S BEST FRIEND

By HOWARD LEWIS

CHECK the guest list of any glittering international function; ask the doormen outside the world's major embassies; eavesdrop in the cocktail salons of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington or Claridge's in London. From none of these usually alert sources of cosmopolitan information will you glean any recognition of the name of Spurgeon M. Keeny—yet a great many people who should know rate this man as one of the most successful diplomats of our day and, among Westerners, the best friend Asia ever had. These people will also tell you, sometimes with dismay, that Keeny has achieved his remarkable success by violating most of the rules of his subtle trade—that he is monumentally indifferent to protocol, and that his tongue is often too sharp for his own good.

Other Keeny fans contend he cannot properly be called a diplomat—although he has frequently conducted intricate separate negotiations with three governments in one week. Rather, they say, he typifies a totally new breed of international operator, a breed on whose shoulders may well rest the future of the Western World.

Sam Keeny—only his family insists on calling him Spurgeon—is director of the Asia Regional Office for the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF). In that role he is almost miraculously changing the lives of uncounted millions of people in the non-Communist Far East. Under his supervision, 2,000,000 children in South Korea receive a pint and a half of milk every school day to supplement their almost nonexistent diet, and the youngsters of 15 other Asian nations also get milk in some form. Through 5,000 maternal and child-health centers in his area, Keeny acts as a kind of honorary midwife at nearly a million births a year. By the end of 1955, projects spurred by his intense drive will have brought protection against malaria to 150,000,000 people, against TB to 100,000,000 children, against yaws to 47,000,000 persons formerly menaced by that loathsome skin disease.

These staggering statistics boil down to this: Keeny and the handful of men with whom he works are influencing to an incredible degree just how many children of Asia will survive to reach adulthood.

Keeny's attack on yaws is an example of how he operates. In the files of his headquarters at Bangkok, Thailand, are a pair of photographs marked No. 1077 and No. 1078. The first takes some strength to look at. It is a picture of an Indonesian mother holding her child. The mother's face is not so frightening; although blotched by constellations of suppurating sores, the face still shows. The baby's face is frightening; running sores hide its very outlines. Only two pain-filled eyes, a twisted mouth and an ear are visible.

Then, as if the miracle accomplished had taken merely the time required to flip a photograph, there is picture No. 1078, showing the same faces a fortnight later. On the mother's face are still faint color blemishes where the sores had eroded the skin. But the baby's face is smooth and healthy. The look of pain is gone.

The difference: two shots of penicillin.

Here is how Sam Keeny fits into the story of the two pictures. When UNICEF first offered its help in Indonesia's yaws-eradication program, the Indonesian government agreed to pay one third the cost of the penicillin required; UNICEF paid the rest. After a year, the government's expenditure for the drug became part of its regular budget.

But as Keeny went from one Indonesian village to another—by puddle-jumper airplane, by mule and often by pulling himself bodily up the steep slopes of mountains—the sight of thousands of disfigured children preyed increasingly on him. The penicillin had proved itself; why not expand the program until the entire nation had been freed from this terrible canker?

He flew back to government headquarters in Jakarta to argue his point. The minister of health smiled wanly. Like most Asians he did not have to be told of the existence of misery, but he also knew that his new government could grant him no more money.

"Would you approve expansion," Keeny asked, "if it didn't cost you a single rupiah?"

"Of course!"

"All right. UNICEF will pay for all the penicillin if you will spend your share in hiring more nurses to visit the villages."

Enough Penicillin for Yaws Victims

Keeny was playing a hunch, and it worked. During the two years it took Indonesia to hire and train 400 additional nurses, mass-production methods brought down the price of penicillin. It dropped so low that UNICEF was able to furnish all the drug needed without spending an extra cent. Yaws cures shot up from 33,700 in 1950 to more than 1,000,000 in 1954.

Keeny was taking one of the chances for which he is celebrated. UNICEF headquarters would not have been too happy had he exceeded his budget; over-all it averages a mere $5,000,000 a year—less than Portland, Maine, spends on all its municipal affairs annually. But, says Keeny, "We are dealing with big problems. People who tackle them must take big risks."

The basic job of the United Nations Children's Fund—which is financed mostly by voluntary contributions from UN members—is to work with the World Health Organization (WHO) and other UN agencies to provide healthier living conditions for children in underdeveloped areas, mostly in Asia and South America. UNICEF provides the supplies; WHO, the expert medical advisers.

One of the UN's standing rules is that countries receiving help must make an even greater contribution of their own in money, material or labor. To Sam Keeny this arrangement means that with a budget of about two cents per child per year, he must offer so much hope to the impoverished countries in his orbit that they will almost bankrupt themselves to take part in a program only the wildest dreamer could believe in.

Luckily Keeny is that kind of dreamer. He has brought to Asia an unorthodox notion and a staggering ambition. The notion: that Asia is not only sick because it is poor, but also—much more important—that it is poor because it is sick. The ambition: to raise the standard of living 50 per cent or more by stemming the tide of disease that has flowed through Asia since time out of mind. How? By adding to the enormous energy of the awakening East the essentially American idea of mass production.

Keeny puts it this way: "In fighting the big killers like TB and malaria, there is no point in treating a handful of patients with individual doctors. We'll use mass assault, cheap drugs, and presto chango! the disease is gone—if you have the nerve to go after it big."

Keeny is going after it big. Under his inspiration, hundreds of local spraying teams, armed with tanks full of DDT, are marching like an avenging army to wipe out the malarial mosquito. Their wages are paid by their own countries, the DDT is supplied sometimes by UNICEF, sometimes by the country, and now in large measure by our own Foreign Operations Administration in Washington. Tuberculosis gets a cavalry attack: jeep-mounted squads of four are now spreading out through India armed with hypodermic needles and a vaccine called BCG. Although not a complete preventive, it will give a child 75 to 80 per cent immunity.

With a couple of new miracle drugs in his arsenal, Keeny is preparing fresh attacks. He plans a double-barreled aureomycin-Terramycin assault on trachoma, a miserable eye infection which now threatens 50,000,000 Asians with blindness. (Almost 75 per cent of Formosan children suffer from trachoma or conjunctivitis.) And he will use recently developed sulfone drugs to treat the 2,000,000 lepers in his area; the drugs hold out the promise of a complete cure in two years. (The Philippine government now spends almost $1,000,000 a year just to care for its lepers. With the sulfone drugs, they may all be cured for less than $100,000.)

Sam Keeny is a chunky, bespectacled man with a lantern jaw obviously designed for a 16-hour grip on a pipe. Should the visitor to his Bangkok office have the rare opportunity of finding him seated, he will see what looks like a pile of old clothes on which someone has dumped an ash tray. But atop it he will see the face of a man who, at sixty-one, looks vitally alive, for Keeny is intensely aware that within his hands he holds the power to do good works unparalleled in modern times.

Keeny carries with him another unspoken but vital responsibility. As a UN employee, he is technically an international civil servant. But wherever he goes throughout Asia—more than 100,000 miles a year by plane, jeep and oxcart—he knows that he bears the indelible stamp of an American, and that as such he is being watched with particular care by the East.

Keeny is an interesting man to watch. A good place to start would be right in Bangkok, where he holds forth the four months of the year he isn't out in the field. Let's follow Sam as he takes the long way to work in the morning. He has fed the two families of sparrows that nest in the chandelier over his dining table. Now he is ambling along the Chao-Phya River, inspecting the bird market. It is a familiar route with him.

"From the bird market," he once revealed, "I draw philosophic sustenance for the day's work. First of all, there are the toddlers who rise with the dawn and busy themselves with the mysterious occupations of childhood. They are the daily reminders of the 250,000,000 children in the twenty-one countries or territories we serve.

"Then the birds, ranging all the way from chickens to scarlet-crested cockatoos, recall the variety of the task, the humdrum but useful—I trust—nature of most of it and the color in the crises.

"These sights encourage contemplation rather than action. The antidote is to watch my favorite gibbon do his daily dozen on a clothesline stretched from a boat in the river to a convenient tree on the bank. Thus, vicariously, I take my morning exercises and, somewhere about eight, arrive at the desk positively eager to write the letters that, hopefully, will slowly improve the lot of my small friends along the canal."

Projects Are Many and Wildly Varied

Keeny's gentle self-portrait is deceptive. Out of his office comes a veritable blizzard of activity. Besides the major campaigns, he is also responsible for more than a hundred wildly varied projects such as supplying bicycles to midwives, new X-ray equipment to Pakistan, soap to Afghanistan, blankets to typhoon victims in Japan and fish-oil capsules to malnourished tykes in Hong Kong.

Many of his letters go to his mission chiefs, scattered all over Asia and adjacent islands. So hard does he drive them with the lash of his own example that one of them once complained: "I'm always glad when Sam goes off on an inspection tour. That way there's only one chance in seven of his dropping in on me. When he's at that Bangkok office, it's every darned day."

If his subordinates feel the whip, they suffer no more than Keeny's superiors. Keeny is a man with a mission. When he feels he is being held back by the people who pay his salary, he sees no reason why he should spare them any more than anyone else.

Sometimes, however, even he is abashed at his own truculence. But not for long—as this quote from one of his confidential messages would indicate: "If we seem impatient at times, will those who suffer from it please think of the sick babies and

Just two shots of drug provided by Keeny's organization returned Indonesian mother and baby to health (above). Mother still has scars of yaws which once disfigured both faces

in a broth of onion rings

School children receive UNICEF milk in Indonesia. Asian poverty is so acute that agency had to get bottles for Thailand mothers before it could give them free milk

Shortage of health facilities and personnel is severe throughout Far East. Here a UNICEF-trained midwife, serving a population of 20,000, tends a baby in Thailand

mothers in the waiting line of any typical dispensary and be tolerant or, better still, get busy."

Son of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, Keeny has an instinctive fondness for the truth and courts it with a fine passion. His straight-from-the-shoulder approach stamps him as a maverick among his breed. When he was head of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Italy after World War II and had to settle some involved negotiations with that country, he asked Premier Alcide de Gasperi for an appointment.

Sound Advice for Italy's Premier

At the interview, Keeny came to the point at once. "Mr. de Gasperi," he pointed out, "in the previous UNRRA program Italy lost $15,000,000 by taking its time about an agreement while other nations were acting fast. The present offer is ten times as large. I don't want to see Italy lose $150,000,000; do you think we could agree on principles, say, within a week—and settle the details afterward?" They agreed on principles in five days.

Keeny's ideas about his relationship with the rest of the world are simple. "Back on the farm in Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania," he says, "you had to be a good neighbor. That was the way we put barns up. There were barn-raisings all the time, one neighbor helping another.

"And then there was the way we felt about the land. The idea there was you'd get a good crop from the soil and then you'd put something back for the next year. Why, if a farmer didn't do something to make his land a little better, he was looked down on as a lower type in our part of the world.

"Since I left the farm, I've moved around a lot. I've seen enough sickness and death. I know people don't like it and I don't like it. If we can change all that with a little effort, it would not only be absurd not to do it, it would be criminal."

His private good-neighbor policy is sometimes put to the acid test. Once, in Indochina, an insurgent's hand grenade exploded less than 50 feet from Keeny's cot. When a friend asked him if the incident had unnerved him, he replied, "Why, no. The man wasn't throwing it at me." (As a matter of fact, most local rebellions in Asia go on a stand-by basis when UNICEF crews come through.)

The majority of problems Keeny encounters in the East are of a less violent, but more crippling nature. There is the extreme poverty, almost inconceivable to the Western mind. In South Korean school districts, officials tried to assess families ten cents a month to provide for school kitchens; they found that many families literally couldn't afford it. UNICEF child-care centers in Thailand had to advertise for empty bottles because many of the mothers had nothing in which to carry free milk home. In Cambodia there are only four fully qualified doctors for 4,000,000 people.

Among other obstacles are the Eastern superstitions which tell mothers it is bad luck to bathe a baby before it is two weeks old, and then only in a broth of onion rings; that the severed umbilical cord should be covered with a poultice of ground betel nut; that emaciation can be cured by making the child a bracelet of wheat kernels.

Keeny must also contend with local mores. Once, in Karachi, he arrived at a half-finished maternal and child-health center being constructed under UNICEF guidance to find that a Moslem crisis was in the making. The contractor, who had already received one polite warning, was still dawdling on the project although several young ladies from the veiled seclusion of purdah were due to arrive at the center within a few weeks to work as student assistants. Moslem tradition demanded that all male workmen be off the premises by the time the young ladies arrived.

Keeny averted the crisis by combining firmness with recognition of Asian customs. The much-abused contract in his hand, he called on the builder. The following conversation took place:

KEENY: You don't seem to have got very far with the building.

CONTRACTOR: Oh, yes, sir. We are working like Superman.

KEENY: But the building isn't nearly finished. As a matter of fact, there doesn't seem to be much improvement since last time.

CONTRACTOR: We have been working very hard, sir. If it weren't for the evil forces . . .

KEENY: What evil forces?

CONTRACTOR: The evil forces, sir, that keep us from finishing the construction. They are working against us.

KEENY: Ah, yes. Well, I would suggest March 31st as a good day for getting rid of the last evil force. Agreed?

The contractor hastily agreed, possibly because his fear of losing money on the job was greater than his concern over the "evil forces." The contract which Keeny was idly waving as a fan contained a penalty clause which began on April 1st.

Last month, Keeny returned to the United States for the semiannual meeting of the UNICEF executive board. It was an emotional home-coming. He was reunited with his wife, who accompanied him throughout the world until she was stricken with arthritis. (The former Amelia Smith, of Atlanta, Georgia, she traveled to England in 1921 to marry Keeny, then associated with the American Relief Administration. They spent their honeymoon in a Polish delousing center.) There was also a grandson to see, born in December to Keeny's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Keeny, Jr. And there was Keeny's mother, who still lives in Shrewsbury.

Coming back to the States is always something of a shock to Keeny, who has lived so long in the East he now finds it miraculous that this country is able to produce so much food "without a single water buffalo in sight."

But it also gives him time for reflection. One night as he sat in an office high over New York, he said to a friend: "At a time when half the world is anticipating extinction by a hydrogen bomb, it's good to know that modern science is also making it possible for us to wipe out diseases that make life a misery for millions. There may be greater satisfactions, but I haven't discovered them." ▲▲▲

The Magic CARROUSEL

Edward and Annie had found the secret all of us look for, but they didn't dare let anyone know

As they watched the children, a glorious idea came to them. Annie said gaily: "Do you know what's happening to us, Edward?"

By LOUIS PAUL

MAMA TUNBRIL, according to Dr. Gordon, had a coronary lesion—what other people call a heart condition. Mama's heart condition frightened other people a lot more than it frightened Mama: when she was downstairs they wouldn't let her go up, and when she was upstairs they wouldn't let her go down. Her two sons, Ben and Henry Tunbril, kept calling at improbable hours and saying, "How's your heart, Mama?" And so did her daughters-in-law, Carol and Elise.

"If only they wouldn't worry so much," sighed Mama Tunbril. "It's true I get these little pains at night, but—"

But it was Dr. Gordon whose concern caused the big revolution in the elderly Tunbrils' lives. It was not only Mama's heart, but Papa Tunbril's arteries that brought the situation to a head. "We've got to face up to the facts," Dr. Gordon had declared. "I can't be responsible while they're living alone in this barracks of a house. The furnace smokes, the halls are drafty and climbing those shaky stairs a hundred times a day is out of the question." Dr. Gordon firmly recommended Oakmere.

Ben's wife, Carol, had wanted her husband's parents to come and stay with them. "I couldn't be fonder of them," she said, "if they were my own father and mother." Elise, Henry's wife, had said virtually the same thing. "Besides," she added, "we've got more room. I insist on having them come and live with us."

"I assure you," asserted Dr. Gordon, "they'll be far better off at Oakmere."

"But an old-people's home!" exclaimed Ben Tunbril. "Since when doesn't my law firm make enough money to keep my own father and mother!"

That Sunday morning the two sons and their wives had ridden over to Oakmere. It was a fine white mansion with rolling lawns and a splendid view of the surrounding countryside.

"Oh, it's expensive," said Dr. Gordon. "But you'll know they'll be getting far better treatment than either of you could provide in your own homes. It's no prison where old folks are cooped up against their will. They'll be guests here, and can come and go as they choose. . . ."

And now, a week later, Ben was saying, "Don't look so lost, Mama. It's going to be *all right.*"

"It's just simply *beautiful,*" said Carol. And, truth to tell, the sweep of the view was magnificent.

"I'll take Papa's bags in," said Henry. But a boy came out then and relieved Henry of this necessity.

"I don't know," said Mama, and the moistness in her eyes collected to form two large tears. Her hand was gripping Papa's hard enough to hurt it, for forty years of housework had given her the muscles of a workman.

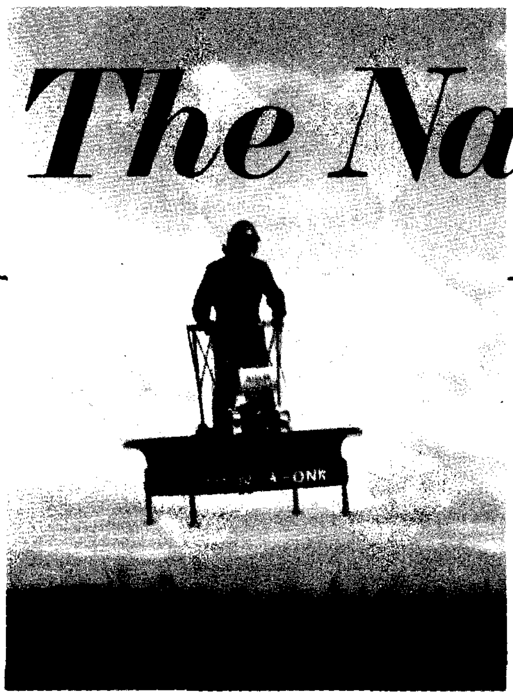
"You'll see," Elise was saying. "You'll *love* it."

Will we? Papa wondered. And he wondered to himself why they were so sure. He and Annie were never going to love anything again—not Oakmere, or the view, or the fine white mansion with its rolling green lawns, or the dining-room food, or anything about it. They had come here to die. Oh, maybe the process would take a few years instead of days, but to die nevertheless. So don't keep saying it'll be all right, he thought, as you'd console a child with a scraped knee. We're not children, he wanted to cry out. We've worked hard and we've seen much, and we're not to be treated like helpless—

"Look, Mama." It was Ben's wife, Carol, speaking. "Just remember the very first moment you're unhappy at Oakmere, you tell us. And we'll come and get you immediately!" *(Continued on page* 92*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

The Navy Comes Up with



Hiller Helicopters test pilot Phil T. Johnston at controls during free flight

A radically different one-man aircraft, it hovers, climbs and darts sideways, "riding a column of air." It's probably the simplest flying machine ever created—and it may revolutionize aeronautics

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, Jr., and CORNELIUS RYAN

IN a guarded area of the Hiller Helicopters plant at Palo Alto, California, two Collier's reporters recently saw a demonstration of a startling new flying machine—a machine whose performance is hard to believe even in a day when science has reduced so much of the unbelievable to the commonplace.

As we watched, Hiller test pilot Phil T. Johnston, hovering several feet in the air, moved a small ring-shaped platform forward and back and from side to side. There was no visible evidence of what was keeping Johnston in the air. Only the staccato bark of engines indicated that here was no form of magic, but a new and revolutionary flying device, forerunner of a possible series of exciting air vehicles unlike anything that has flown before.

Because Hiller's flying platform bears such a marked resemblance to the flying saucers that have so captured public fancy, even an expert's first reaction as it rises from the ground is likely to be a mixture of sheer amazement and the urge to chuckle at so comic a concept. But make no mistake about it. The machine is a major aeronautical development, designed to prove in actual flight a theory of aircraft propulsion that may have a great influence on the design and performance of aircraft of the future.

We had been driven that morning to Hiller Helicopters' isolated test area, hidden from inquisitive eyes by a cluster of tree-shaded farm buildings and a low ridge of Indian burial mounds. The sliding doors of an unpretentious hangar slid open and two men walked out, carrying between them a blue-and-gray machine shaped something like a circular bathtub with a metallic crow's nest sprouting from its center. As they readied it for flight, test pilot Johnston, wearing dark green coveralls and a jet pilot's helmet, consulted briefly with engineers and mechanics. Then he climbed onto the machine and slid between the metal supports of the crow's nest, standing upright in the center of the contraption on a wooden platform.

The area was cleared. A mechanic leaned into the heart of the machine and pulled hard on a starting cable, as if he were starting an outboard motor. There was a sudden engine roar and blue exhaust smoke billowed out from under the machine. The mechanic pulled another cable and a second engine barked into action.

Using a small hand throttle, Johnston increased the power of the engines. As the engine noise gained in volume, the strange-looking vehicle, surrounded by the blue haze of its own exhausts, rose slowly and vertically off the ground, as though an invisible steel cable were pulling it skyward. About eight feet up, Johnston reduced power slightly and the flying platform hovered motionless.

Putting the Platform Through Its Paces

Then Johnston leaned forward, and the machine tilted slightly and began to move in that direction. He straightened up and the platform returned to its horizontal position and again hovered motionless. When Johnston leaned to the left, the machine obediently traveled leftward; when he shifted his weight in the opposite direction, the machine moved to the right. Finally, he reduced the power and the flying platform settled slowly to the earth on its four telescopic legs.

What we had seen was a brand-new kind of flight—flight so simple that it requires no control system other than the shifting weight of the pilot's body and a simple lever which enables the machine to pivot while hovering. The new device has no wings like conventional aircraft; neither is it a helicopter in the accepted sense of the word.

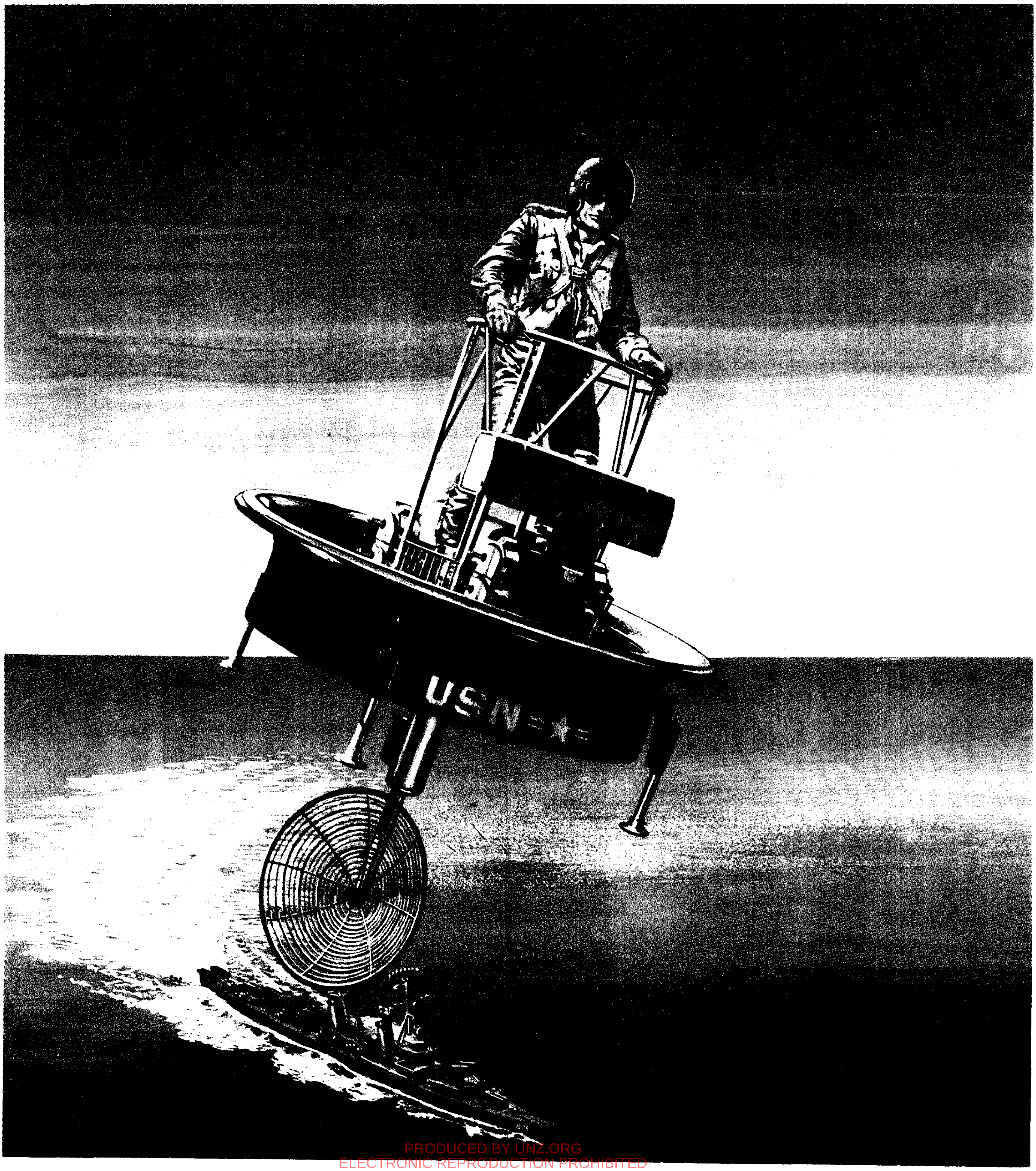
The flying platform, also known variously to those familiar with it as the "flying motorcycle," "flying bathtub," "flying ring" and "flying what?", was built by Hiller under the direction of the Office of Naval Research, a group which is constantly exploring new scientific areas with an eye toward increasing the tactical capability of the Navy and Marine Corps.

It is ONR's job to conduct the basic research leading to the development of new equipment, working either in Navy or other government laboratories, or by contract with universities or industry. ONR then co-ordinates the actual development of the product with other Navy bureaus, following it through various stages of progress until it becomes an operational device. Some recent developments in which ONR played an important part

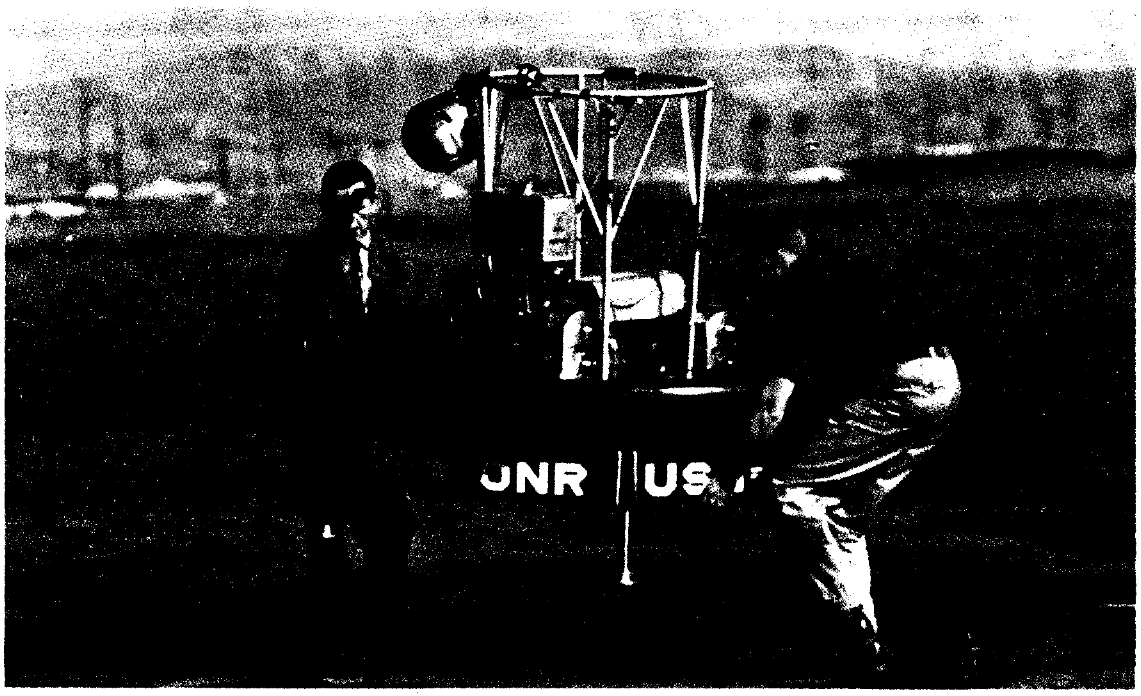
Multiple-action shot shows how new machine is sometimes tested with tether while a worker moves alongside. Tether provides safety in event experimental motor system breaks down

DRAWINGS BY FRED FREEMAN AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY YULSMAN

a Real "Flying Saucer"



"A trained bear could fly



Machine is so light two men can lift it. Here Hiller mechanic Harvey Boissier (right) and experimental supervisor Ed Bennett move it out to testing ramp

include vertical take-off aircraft, seaplane fighters and bombers, and new types of high-speed landing craft which are less vulnerable in amphibious attacks. The one-man flying platform, which is probably the simplest device ever to fly under its own power, is an example of one of ONR's most important functions: to prove the workability of a new principle.

The platform has a wide range of potential applications, both military and civilian. It might provide a vehicle for assault troops in beachhead attack, each man riding his own platform. Similarly, troops equipped with the device could cross rivers, make surprise attacks behind enemy lines, or patrol otherwise inaccessible areas.

It has other, more specialized, possible uses. For example, a ship's radar is limited in range to line-of-sight; it can scan, that is, only as far as the earth's curvature will permit. The platform could be used to carry a radar scanning disk aloft, increasing the line of sight and thus the radar's range. It might also be placed in service as an aerial messenger vehicle for communications between units in areas where wire-laying is difficult. It would make an excellent aerial platform for artillery spotting or an airborne scout car for reconnaissance.

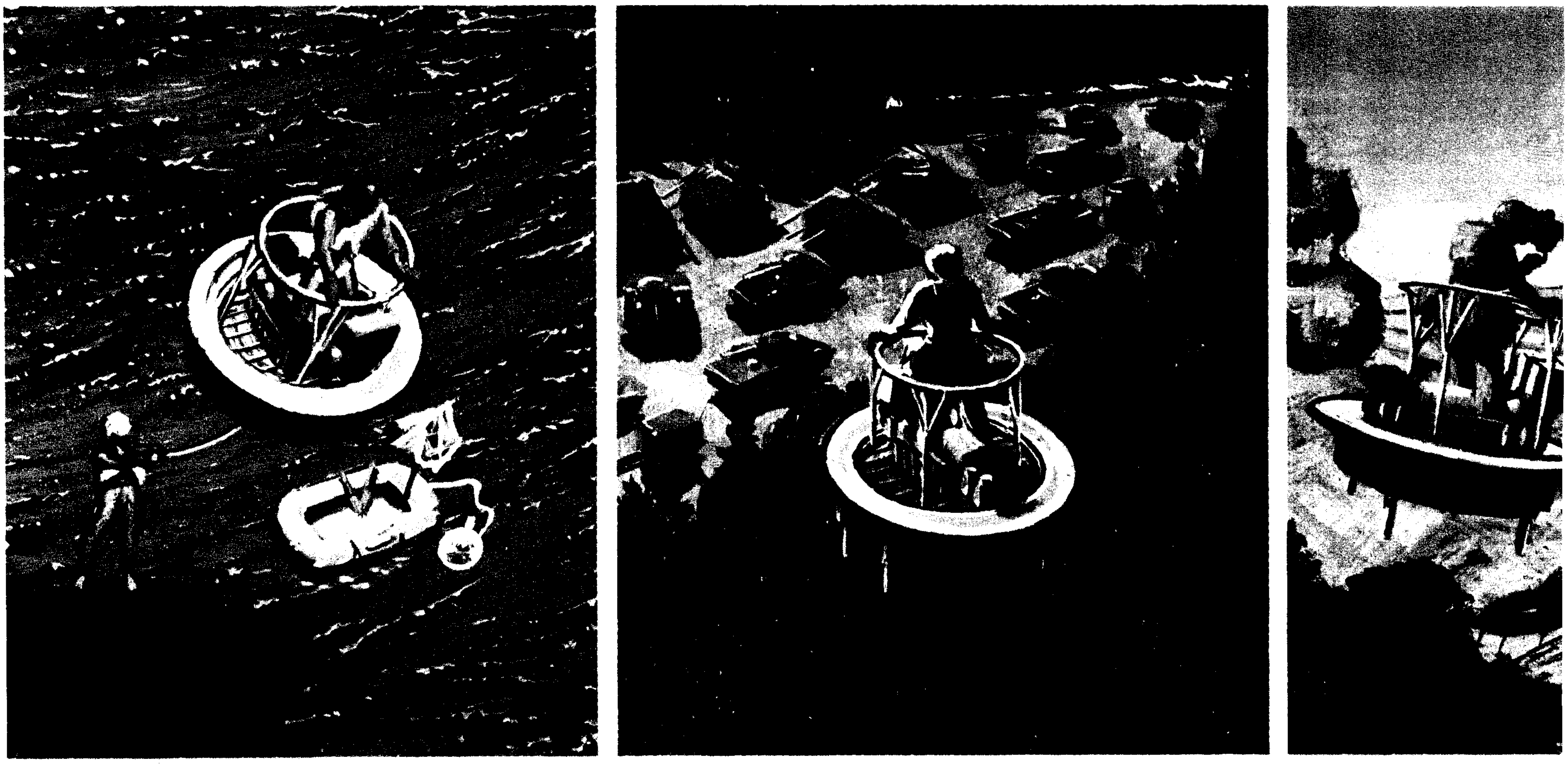
And it is not inconceivable that it might become the long-awaited "airplane in every garage," which never became a reality because of the high cost of planes and helicopters. Simplicity is the keynote of the Hiller-ONR machine, and simplicity means lower cost. Anyone with a sense of balance can learn to fly such a vehicle. If you've ever ridden a bicycle you're a platform pilot prospect.

Principles Applicable to Convertiplane

Two principles are involved in the flying platform. One is the use of a stream of air to provide propulsion. The other is the use of a round airfoil, or "ring wing," for stability. Engineers envision using the propulsion principle in large "flying cranes" which would be capable of great cargo lift without the massive and expensive rotor systems utilized in early experiments in that field. A combination of both principles could be applied to the development of a convertiplane—a plane which takes off vertically like a helicopter, then flies forward like an airplane—which would be considerably less complex and more efficient than current types under development. Carrying the combined principle to its ultimate might result in a new breed of doughnut-winged aircraft capable of vertical take-off and landing, and high-speed forward flight. Because of their greater speed, such planes would be preferable to helicopters for some tasks. Like copters, they would eliminate lengthy and expensive runways, solving one of aviation's great problems by permitting construction of landing areas nearer to centers of population.

Competent engineers feel that these are logical development possibilities, but Alexander Satin, chief engineer of ONR's Air Branch, which guided the project, stresses that the current flying platform is a long way from the finished flying motorcycle.

"The machine has been flown in free flight and



Machine's possible military uses are almost limitless. Paintings, left to right, show how it might be adapted

this machine," says an engineer who worked on it

has demonstrated that the propulsion principle is sound," says Satin. "But it is primarily a research vehicle from which we hope to learn a good deal. It is *not* an operational device, though it does have definite potential."

The propulsion principle it uses involves something known in the aeronautical engineering world as the "ducted fan"—a propeller operating in a shallow cylinder, like an ordinary electric fan. The propeller sucks air through the flying platform, generating a downward thrust force which supplies vertical lift. In the case of the Hiller-ONR machine, there are two propellers, rotating parallel to the ground in opposite directions. Each propeller is driven by a separate engine (built by Barmotive Products of San Leandro, California), one mounted in front and one behind the pilot. This two-engine combination actually is a smaller power plant than is used in most American-built automobiles. The propellers are encased in a circular Fiberglas shroud which serves the dual purpose of protecting the occupant from the whirling blades and increasing the efficiency of the propellers by confining the air mass to a small area.

The Vehicle Won't Capsize—or Plummet

The shifting of the pilot's weight tilts the platform, changing the direction of the air stream so that it moves the machine horizontally. What happens if the pilot leans over too far? Nothing. The device can't be so overbalanced that it will capsize or plummet to earth; an inherent feature of the design, still secret, prevents that from happening.

Stanley Hiller, Jr., president of Hiller Helicopters, describes the new concept of flight this way:

"In essence the pilot is standing on, and riding, a column of air. Stepping into this machine is like stepping into your shoes. As you walk with your shoes, you can fly with this platform. Since the early gliders, prior to the flight of the Wright Brothers, there has never been a flying device which depended on the natural reflexes of the body for its control. Now we've reached instinctive flight. We're *putting on* the machine, instead of getting into it. In the future, if you can stand, you can fly."

It takes no piloting skill to handle the flying platform. Test pilot Phil Johnston, a veteran of 80 missions over Europe in World War II, who has flown the platform since the first day it left the ground, says, "It's as easy as stepping on the gas in your car. As a matter of fact, you can learn to fly this machine in 15 minutes. While the present project is only a research vehicle and still requires a long period of development, a child could control it."

Project engineer Arthur Campbell Robertson, of Longview, Washington, goes even further: "A trained bear could fly this machine, simply because it would follow its normal instinctive reactions."

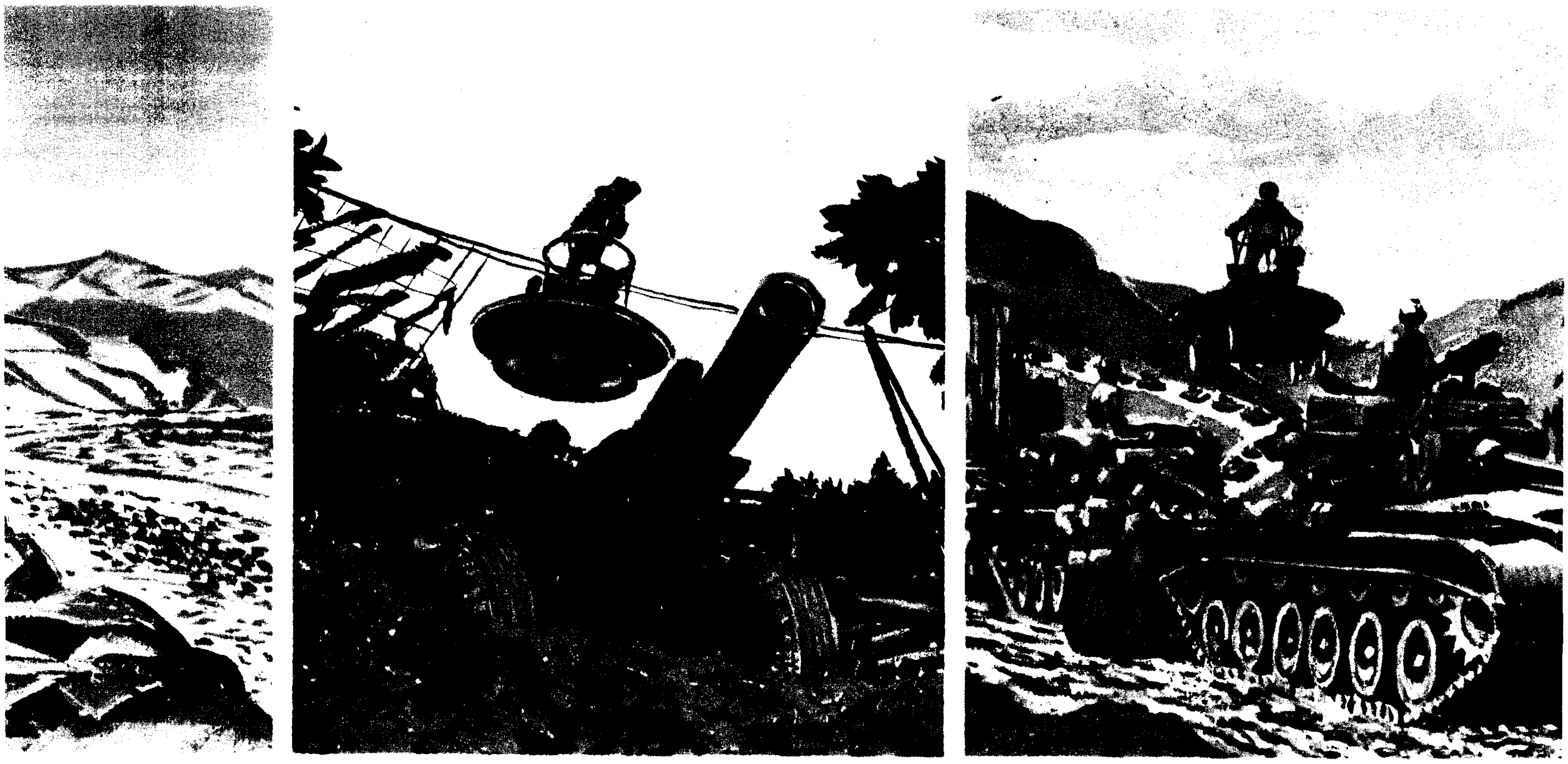
The idea of putting a man above the rotor blades of a helicopter goes back as far as 1916, when two Austrian inventors designed and built such a machine. However, it was a large and cumbersome vehicle and utilized neither the ducted fan nor weight-shifting control principles.

In the United States after World War II, an engineer with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Charles H. Zimmerman, became interested in the possibilities of weight-shifting guidance and platform flying.

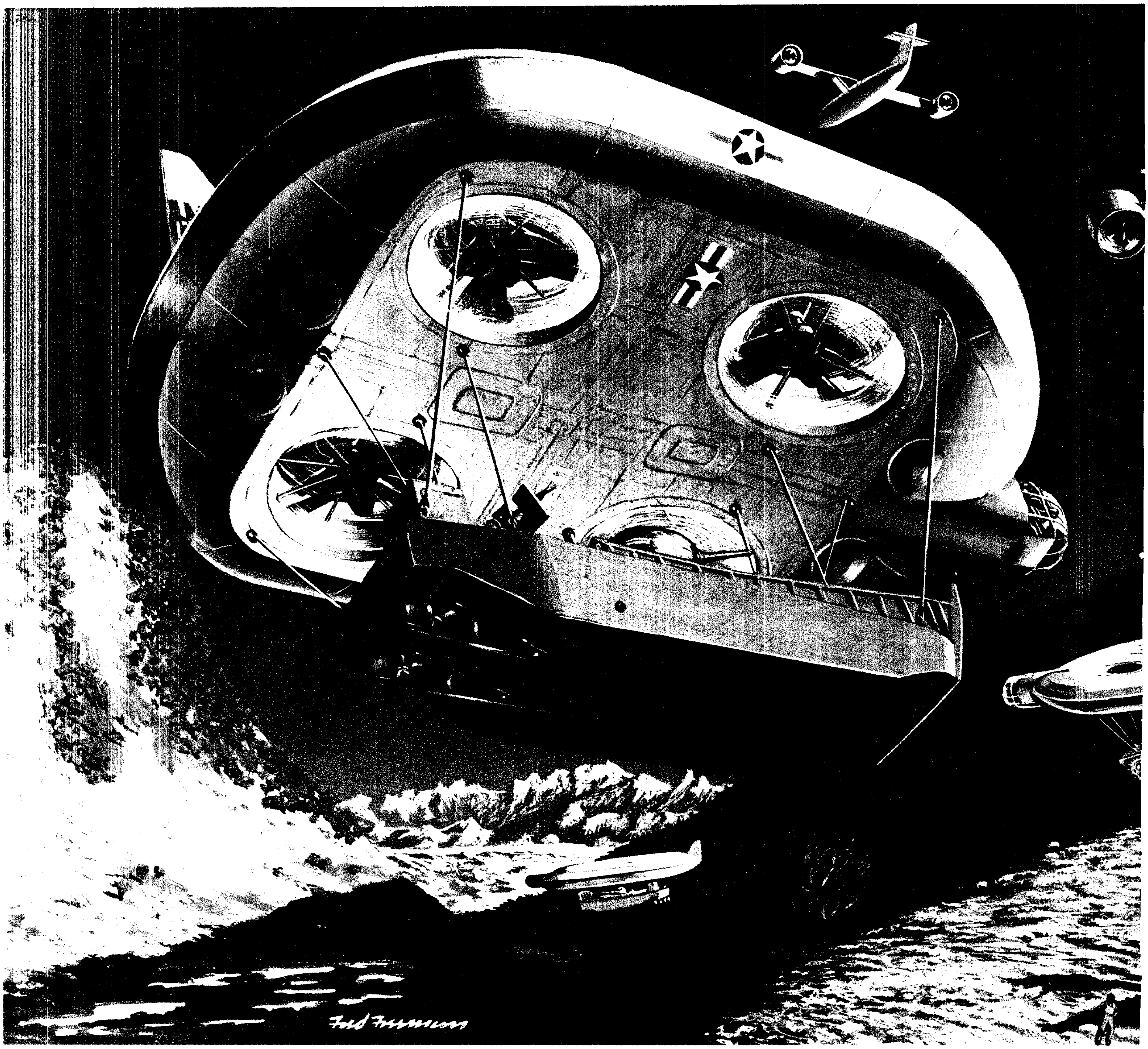
If, Zimmerman reasoned, a man had a device on his feet which produced a downward thrust equal to his own weight, he could stand suspended in air, and if the thrust could be increased he could climb higher. Also, he deduced, if the man shifted his weight in one direction, the plane of thrust would be tilted, forcing the platform in the direction of the weight shift.

"A number of my friends, all competent engineers, laughed at the idea when I mentioned it."

Inspecting the machine close up. L. to r., H. Boissier; Navy inspector R. Pungrchar; A. C. Robertson, project engineer (rear); Lt. Cmdr. H. F. McLinden; test pilot Johnston



for air-sea rescue, liaison across rough terrain, photo reconnaissance, artillery spotting and traffic control



Flying crane with four "ducted fans" could lift great weights. Fans also could be used for convertiplane (lower r.) which would rise vertically

Zimmerman recalls. "I decided to prove I was right by building such a rig."

Working on his own time with the aid of a mechanic, Zimmerman built a flying platform in the basement of his Connecticut home. To provide the downward thrust, he used two propellers driven by a pair of small engines, one mounted at either end of a rectangular platform. A place was provided for the pilot's feet between the two engines and a control was added to enable him to regulate engine power.

Stan Hiller became involved in the project in 1946, when a business trip took him to Bridgeport, Connecticut. Over dinner one night, a business associate mentioned that he had seen the "crazy machine" in Zimmerman's basement, adding that Hiller would get "a hell of a chuckle" out of it if he cared to take a look.

Hiller was far more aware of the possibilities of such a machine than was his amused associate. Hiller had started his own successful business at the age of twelve, making model automobiles, and by the time he was sixteen he had built his first helicopter. Since that time, his firm has become a major producer of Army copters. He was excited by the report of Zimmerman's work and insisted that his friend immediately phone Zimmerman, despite the lateness of the hour. They arrived at Zimmerman's home at midnight.

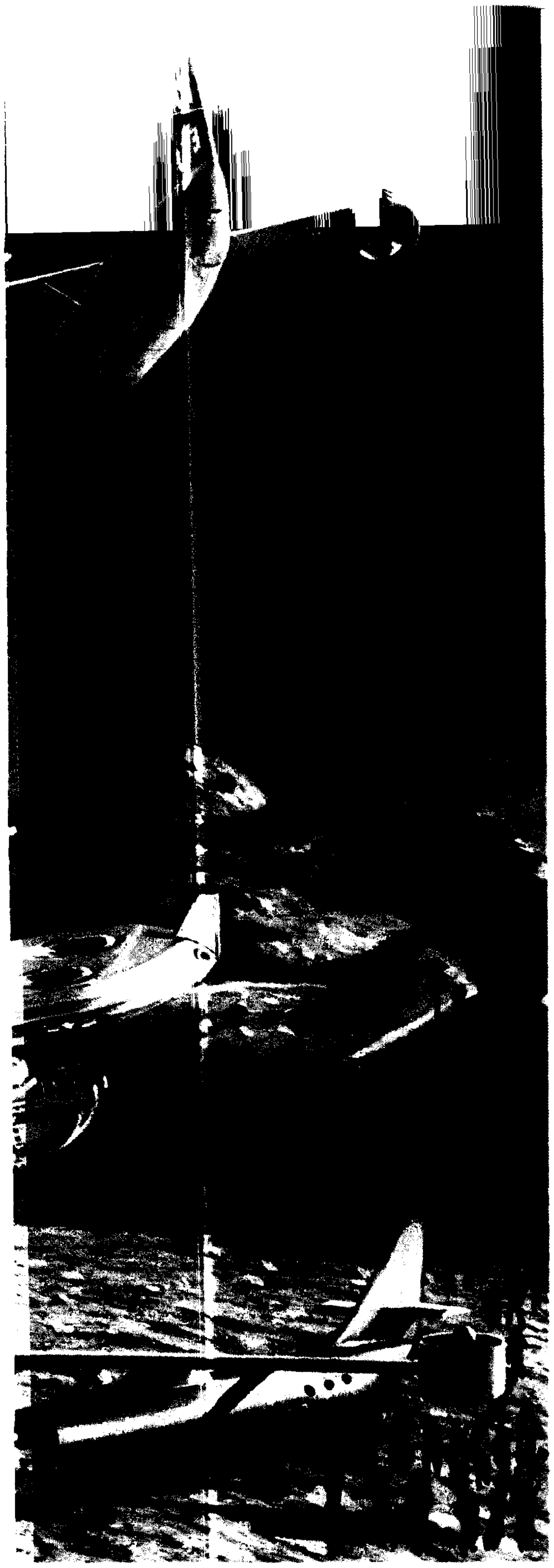
Another Step Toward Simpler Flight?

"Before I left that night," says Hiller, "I had made arrangements to send the machine to Palo Alto for further test. It fell right in line with the ideal my company had been working toward—simpler flight. I knew that if Zimmerman's concept was right, we had added another piece to the jigsaw puzzle."

When the Zimmerman machine arrived at Palo Alto, Hiller Helicopters immediately started a series of tests. The platform was actually lifted a few inches off the ground several times by Hiller and other members of his company. But they encountered considerable difficulty with the engines, and the research was expensive. Finally, in 1948, it was decided to shelve the project in order to concentrate on Hiller's production helicopter.

The idea lay dormant until 1951, when Zimmerman, now working at NACA's Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, interested a fellow engineer, Paul R. Hill, in his concept of weight-shifting guidance. Together they sought and were granted permission to investigate the principle using Langley's facilities.

This time a different approach was tried. Instead of propellers, compressed air was used to provide jet thrust. A hose from a compressed air source was run downward through an ordinary board, large enough to support a man. For safety



hen turn ducts for forward flight, as shown at top

purposes, a harness was suspended from the ceiling at the test building to protect the "board pilot." Zimmerman and Hill tested their "flying board" in 1951 and it worked the first time.

After several tests with this crude rig, they built a more refined flying platform, using a compressed-air-driven propeller for thrust. Later, they constructed a small model, powered by an electric motor, for stability and control tests. Both worked satisfactorily. In January, 1953, NACA made its preliminary findings available to several aircraft companies, including Hiller Helicopters. A year later, Zimmerman, Hill and others at Langley concluded their experiments, satisfied that they had demonstrated the soundness of the "crazy idea."

Meantime, the Office of Naval Research had been exploring several methods of simplifying helicopters and had become interested in the possibilities of the ducted fan. When, in 1953, Hiller proposed a revival of the flying platform, ONR decided that Zimmerman's device would provide an excellent vehicle for free flight test of the ducted-fan principle and awarded Hiller a construction contract.

"Credit for development of this machine should go to ONR for its farsightedness in recognizing the potential," Hiller says. Specifically, he cites the work and encouragement of Rear Admiral Frederick R. Furth, ONR chief, Captain William C. Fortune, head of the ONR Air Branch, and Alexander Satin, chief engineer; and Marine Corps Majors Darrell Ritter and Julian Willcox, aerodynamics project officers in the Air Branch.

Actual construction of the flying platform started in January, 1954, under strict secrecy. Of some 900 employees at the Hiller plant, only 15 knew what was going on. Despite the fact that it was a revolutionary air vehicle, it was built in only nine months.

For pilot protection, a tethering rig was erected, consisting of a pair of pylons about 50 yards apart, with a steel cable running between them. Both pilot and machine were harnessed to the cable to prevent their falling if something went wrong with the machine. For the first few months, all tests were made in this rig, but on January 27, 1955, test pilot Johnston made his historic first free flight.

"We had been running up and down the tethering rig every day," Johnston recalls, "and one day everything worked so well we just decided to take Baby up in free flight. It worked fine and it felt wonderful."

The machine now has a total of about five hours' flying time, most of it tethered. Test flights without the rig to date have lasted only about three minutes each.

It must be stressed again that the Hiller-ONR flying platform is only an experimental machine. It will be a long time before you find one on sale in a local showroom. Nonetheless, those connected with the project are convinced that it has definite potential as a means of civilian transportation. The present machine can carry fuel enough for only about 20 minutes flight, at a top speed of 35 miles per hour, but that performance can be increased. The first task is to make it "as safe as riding a bicycle."

Rubber-Band Power Has Its Limitations

At present, the flying platform is not a particularly safe machine, a fact which has limited the altitude of test flights to date. First, it is almost literally "powered by rubber bands"; engine power is translated to the propeller shaft by three heavy rubber belts. If one set of belts should snap, the machine would careen in a circle and spin into the ground. Although the engines have proved excellent in first tests, project engineers feel that a safer engine must be perfected.

Also, each engine drives a separate propeller and failure of either will result in a crash because one propeller operating singly cannot sustain flight.

The propellers were designed to rotate in opposite directions (counterrotation, the industry calls it) for a definite reason. A propeller on an ordinary airplane, rotating clockwise, sets up a pull, called torque, in the opposite direction; pilots must compensate for it in flight. In the flying platform, torque would have caused the whole machine to spin uncontrollably. The second propeller, rotating opposite to the direction of the first, neutralizes the torque.

If either propeller should stop, torque would cause the machine to go out of control. Ultimately, the experts say, a coupling shaft can be installed which will enable either engine to drive both propellers at a speed great enough to permit a normal landing. Engineers estimate that the chance of both engines failing in flight are about one in 40,000, so the coupled-drive system would make the flying platform as safe as the family automobile.

When foolproof, safe flight is achieved, the flying platform could be made available for commercial use at a cost far below that of anything else that flies. Unofficial estimates place the probable cost range between $1,000 and $2,500. On a high-production assembly-line basis, where platform aircraft could be "turned out like washing machines," the cost might come down as low as $500.

The day when that might happen, according to Hiller experts, depends on continued military support of the aviation industry.

"We can expect air flivvers only when and if military procurement is directed toward such aircraft," says Stanley Hiller. In other words, the flying platform must first prove to be an effective military machine with demand great enough to warrant its production for the services.

Can the machine be made larger to accommodate more than one person?

Project engineers say yes, but they point out that such craft would necessarily be much heavier and, as a result, "instinctive flight" would be harder to achieve.

"Of course," says Hiller engineer Robertson, "some type of powered attachment could be strapped to the pilot's legs to translate his normal reactions and multiply the power required to control the heavier machine. Or conventional controls could be added—but they would destroy the very simplicity of the device."

Adapting Platform Principle to Copters

ONR engineers are thinking in terms of much bigger aircraft. For example, the ducted-fan principle could be applied to a new type of helicopter, using three, four or more units of greater horsepower to provide lift, and eliminating the present complicated and costly rotor system. Such a helicopter might be either circular or elliptical in shape —a "flying saucer" or "flying cigar." It would not, of course, have instinctive control because of its size, but there are other methods of controlling aircraft of this type which cannot be divulged but which maintain, to a large degree, the simplicity of the flying platform.

The ducted fan also has a potential application to ordinary transport aircraft. Here the ducts would take the place of wings, because they are in effect airfoils which will sustain flight. Engineers call this type of plane an "integral aircraft," in which both lift and propulsion are supplied by a single unit. Their major advantage lies in the ability to take off and land vertically in a small area.

In one possible design, the passenger cabin would be enclosed within the duct, or "ring wing." Turbine engines of high horsepower would drive large propellers in much the same manner that the small engines drive the propellers of the Hiller-ONR flying platform. The conventional wing, which has been used for lift since man first started glider experiments, may be on the way out of the aviation picture.

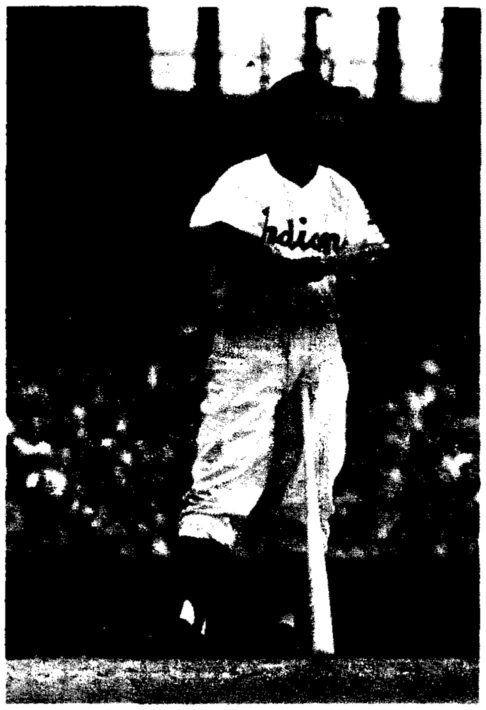
Fantastic, indeed, are these concepts of the future in the light of today's methods of air transportation. But is anything more fantastic than the flying platform itself?

"The fact that this machine exists today," says Stanley Hiller, "confirms my belief that anything that man can think of, man can do." ▲▲▲

Stanley Hiller, whose firm made new device, explains principle to writer Cornelius Ryan

When Is BASEBALL like

All the time. Each has a ritual as unchanging as an algebraic formula. Need



THERE are as many ways to watch baseball as there are of mixing Martinis—with the difference that no matter how you look at a ball game, your head will still stay on your shoulders. There are purists who look for the inside stuff—the stratagems of a pitcher setting up a batter for the curve ball, the batter hitting behind the runner or squeezing home a tally. Some fans ask only that the home team win. When the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert owned the Yankees, a New York victory by a 12-0 score was more artistic to him than a 1-0 game; he was a devotee of mass production. To some fans the color and excitement of the crowd around them is enjoyment enough.

And then there are those who watch baseball through the eyes of an artist. You might try it yourself the next time you see a game.

Baseball, believe it or not, has been compared to the ballet and to bullfighting (though not by Brooklyn fans). The game does have its own pageantry, a certain formalized style, as well as being a dramatic competitive sport. Not long ago, Jeremy Gury, who wrote the libretto for composer William Schuman's baseball opera The Mighty Casey, said one of his writing problems was to preserve baseball's traditional mannerisms. "The game is like the ritual of the matadors," Gury said. "The hitching up of the trousers, the picking up of the bat, the knocking of dirt from between the cleats . . . style is important in baseball."

To some extent, all players are participants in the baseball ritual, but certain athletes emphasize it more than others. Watch a pitcher, say Robin Roberts of the Phillies, as he goes through his gestures before delivering a ball to the batter. Or watch the *mannerisms of the different hitters at the plate.*

No player exemplifies the formalized style of baseball better than Cleveland's second baseman, Bobby Avila. Avila moves around the batter's box as carefully as though he were threading his way through a mine field. He places his feet in precisely the same spot each time and goes through a systematic rigmarole, before he turns to face the pitcher. Bobby first picks up a pinch of sand—always from the same spot, always with the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand—then rubs it carefully between his palms. If the catcher didn't always fill and smooth out the spot, Avila would dig a foxhole at the Indians' home plate in a couple of weeks.

Sanding his palms is only part of the act. That accomplished, Avila spits in his left hand and rubs it with his right, to remove the sand he has so carefully applied. Next Bobby tugs the left sleeve of his shirt, then the right sleeve. Now he raises both hands over his head to loosen the uniform blouse and at long last he's ready for the business at hand, which is facing the pitcher.

Despite all this pre-stance fidgeting, Avila is fairly immobile as he awaits the pitcher's delivery. A right-handed batter, he holds his bat at the end, with the knob showing, and rests it on his right shoulder with a minimum of wagging. He keeps his back, or right, foot about three inches from the rear of the batter's box, crowding the plate slightly, his feet in a direct line and spread. Then, as the pitch booms toward the plate, he takes a short stride with his left foot—about four or five inches.

After each pitch, however, Avila repeats the ritual. He steps carefully out of the box, his right foot just over the back line, turns so he's almost facing the pitcher, picks up his pinch of dirt from the same spot and starts the routine again.

"What gets me about it," said an American League umpire, "is that Avila goes through exactly the same motions every time. He never varies it a bit."

Avila, who played in the Mexican League before the Indians gave him $17,500 to sign a contract, doesn't speak English very well and has an aversion to giving away trade secrets. As a result, his own explanation for his home-plate mannerisms is simple and tends to ignore artistic considerations. "Eet mins notting," he says. "Host a hob-beet."

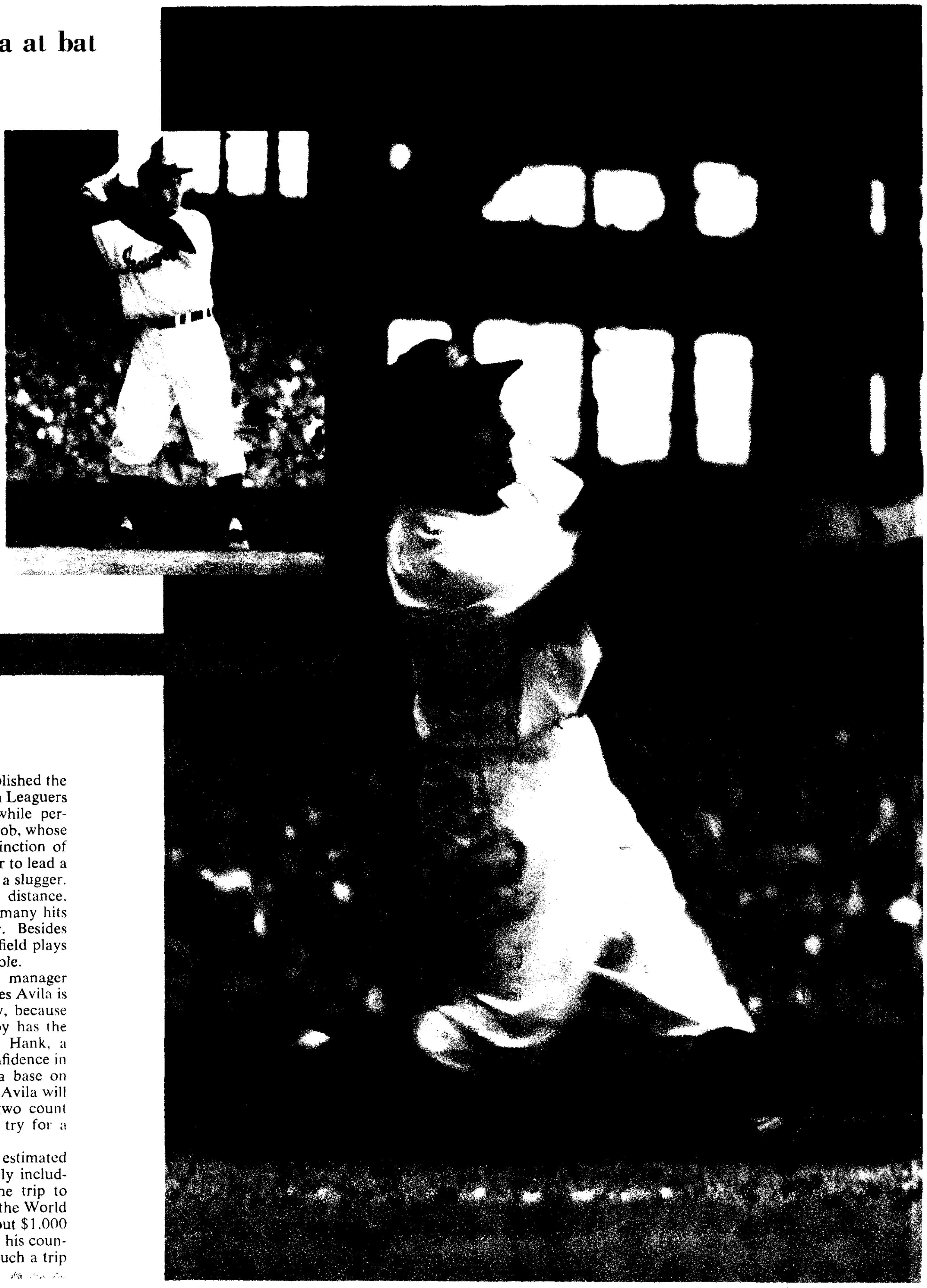
"Nuts!" says Yogi Berra, New York Yankee catcher, equally inartistically. "That guy knows what he's doing all the time up at that dish. He's looking over the layout to see where they're playing for him, to see if anybody is out of position so he can sneak one by. While he's going through all those motions, he's looking at the field from *under* his eyes."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

BULLFIGHTING?

By
TOM MEANY

proof? Watch Bobby Avila at bat



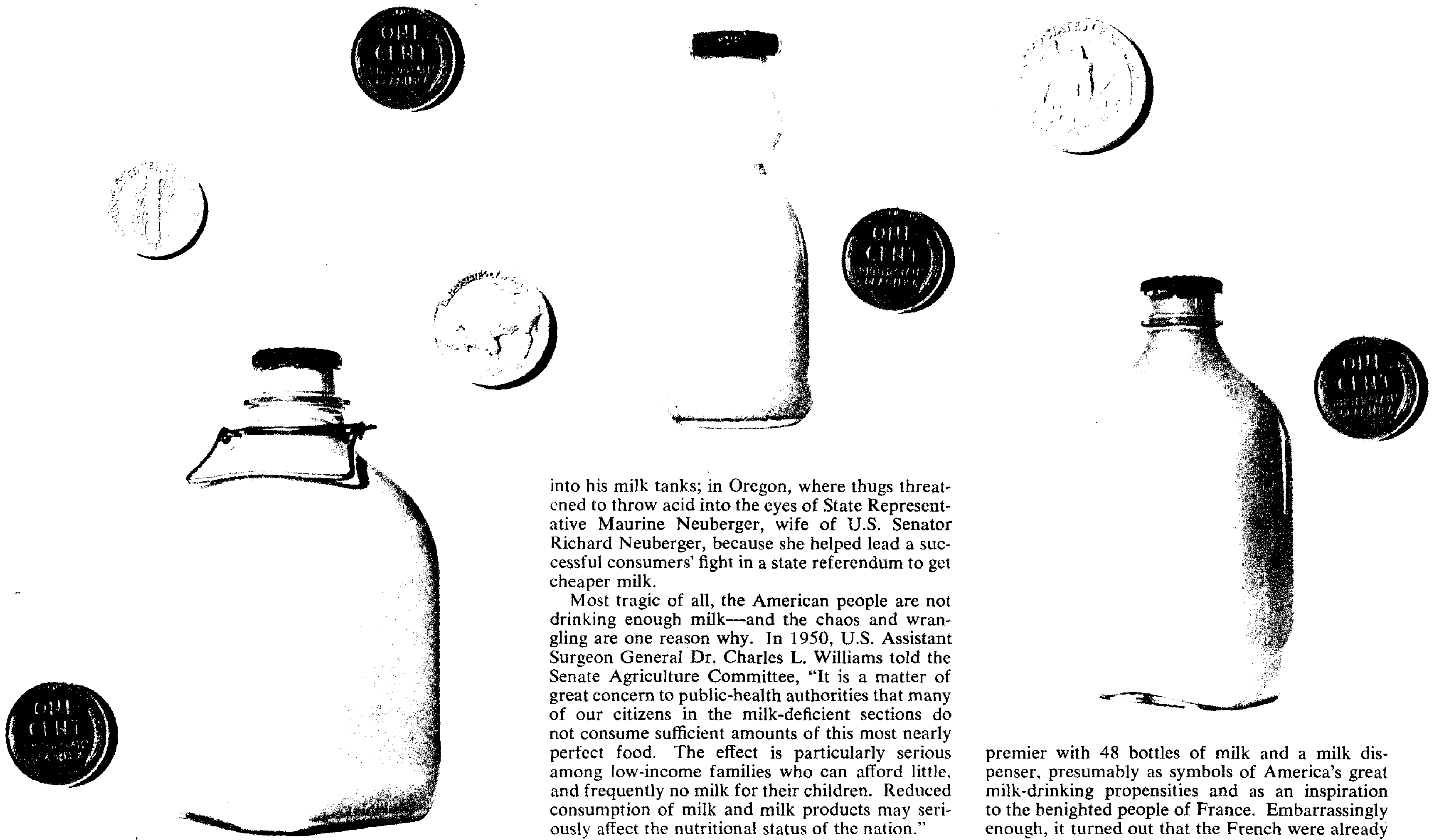
Berra didn't explain how Avila accomplished the last bit of visual trickery, but all American Leaguers agree Bobby carefully scans the field while performing his involved ritual at the plate. Bob, whose .341 average in 1954 gave him the distinction of being the first modern foreign-born player to lead a major league in batting, is more than just a slugger. When the score dictates that he hit for distance, Avila can do it—but he actually gets as many hits through craft as he does through power. Besides power, he has the speed to bunt if the infield plays deep, and the reflexes to hit through a hole.

Hank Greenberg, Cleveland's general manager and once a slugger of note himself, believes Avila is the best-rounded hitter in baseball today, because he does so many things so well. "Bobby has the perfect philosophy for a slugger," says Hank, a thorough student of batting. "He has confidence in himself and isn't up there praying for a base on balls. If the pitcher gets him in the hole, Avila will make him pitch; but if there's a three-two count and the ball's within range, Bobby will try for a base hit rather than a walk."

Avila is such a hero in Mexico that an estimated 500 fans from below the border (possibly including some bullfight *aficionados)* made the trip to New York and Cleveland last fall to see the World Series. Considering that the visit cost about $1,000 per head, it was quite a tribute to Beto, as his countrymen call him. Bobby hopes to make such a trip necessary again this fall.

MILK 12¢ A QUART

There's a muddle in milk, and you may be footing the bill. In some places, prices are



HOW much do you pay for milk? Last summer, when supplies were plentiful, the price in Jacksonville, Florida, was 27 cents a quart; in Kansas City, Missouri, 14½ cents. Similarly, people in Portland, Oregon, had to pay 21 cents while families in Minneapolis, Minnesota, could buy a quart for only 12½ cents. In some areas, the price at times has been nearly twice as high as in nearby communities. The situation is most bizarre, probably, along the Pennsylvania-Ohio border. On the Ohio side of the line, the summer price not too long ago was 12 cents; only a few feet away in Pennsylvania, people were paying 25 cents.

Seldom has an American industry been so ridden with chaos, seldom has the American family been so victimized. As a result, 12-to-15-cents-a-quart milk, which should be the rule in much of the country, is rare in the United States today.

The milk muddle involves politics, greed, shortsightedness—and honest but misguided concern for the public health. It has turned union against union, city against city. It helped elect a governor in Pennsylvania, where Democrat George M. Leader campaigned last year on a promise to untangle the state's snarled milk situation. It has bred violence and gangsterism—in Ohio, where the tires on trucks owned by crusading Akron dairyman James J. Lawson were slashed and stink bombs thrown into his milk tanks; in Oregon, where thugs threatened to throw acid into the eyes of State Representative Maurine Neuberger, wife of U.S. Senator Richard Neuberger, because she helped lead a successful consumers' fight in a state referendum to get cheaper milk.

Most tragic of all, the American people are not drinking enough milk—and the chaos and wrangling are one reason why. In 1950, U.S. Assistant Surgeon General Dr. Charles L. Williams told the Senate Agriculture Committee, "It is a matter of great concern to public-health authorities that many of our citizens in the milk-deficient sections do not consume sufficient amounts of this most nearly perfect food. The effect is particularly serious among low-income families who can afford little, and frequently no milk for their children. Reduced consumption of milk and milk products may seriously affect the nutritional status of the nation."

The situation has not improved much since 1950. Indeed, in some areas it has worsened. By 1953, national per capita milk consumption had dropped 11 per cent from its high in 1945; in New York City, it had fallen off an alarming 17 per cent. The estimated figures for 1954 are no better. Though nutritionists agree that a child needs a quart of milk a day and an adult requires at least a pint, there are many cities—such as Evansville, Indiana, and Birmingham, Alabama—where the average is considerably less than a pint per person per day.

Many Families Can't Afford Enough Milk

In Alabama, I spoke with a number of low-income families, and one after another told me that they just couldn't afford enough fresh milk. "We should have three quarts a day in our home," said factory worker J. A. Black, "but that would cost me nearly three hundred dollars a year—or one tenth of my take-home pay." A leading nutritionist reports, "Millions of American children are being raised today without enough of the calcium, riboflavin and other milk components that are necessary to build strong bones and healthy bodies."

Despite these shocking deficiencies at home, a "Minnesota Dairy Princess," Eleanor Maley, journeyed to France recently to help the then premier, Pierre Mendès-France, in his campaign to entice the French people to drink more milk instead of wine. The beauteous Miss Maley presented the premier with 48 bottles of milk and a milk dispenser, presumably as symbols of America's great milk-drinking propensities and as an inspiration to the benighted people of France. Embarrassingly enough, it turned out that the French were already far ahead of Americans in per capita consumption of milk and dairy products as a whole. (France ranks eleventh among the nations of the world, the U.S. thirteenth.) It is true that Americans drink more fluid milk than the French, but even in this category the U.S. ranks only eighth in the world—behind such countries as Sweden, Canada and Ireland.

How could we—the wealthiest and most advanced nation in the world—fall so far behind in the consumption of one of the most essential foods? A host of investigating agencies—from the U.S. Department of Agriculture to the National Grange—is looking into the matter, and all have focused on one basic cause among many. As the Senate Agriculture Committee reported, "High retail prices, particularly for the low-income families, coupled with health and inspection laws and ordinances preventing the free flow of milk in interstate commerce, have reduced milk consumption in various localities."

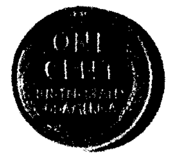
In other words, a crazy patchwork of outmoded laws and regulations—piled one on another without regard for the public welfare—is undermining the health of our children. Our pocketbooks are being taxed because of scores of artificial legal barriers—called "Chinese Walls of Protection" by A. W. Fuchs, a sanitary engineering director of the U.S. Public Health Service.

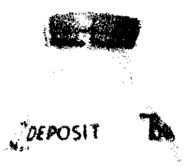
These "Chinese Walls" of the milk industry vary in height and composition, and many were erected

–Why Not in Your Town?

almost twice what [illegible] should be

By BILL DAVIDSON





with insidious intent. In Rhode Island, there used to be a law permitting the commissioner of agriculture to color all milk brought in from outside the state with vivid vegetable dyes. Now the relatively cheap outside milk is excluded by a more subtle method; no milk can be shipped into the state in tank trucks or cars. It must arrive at the distributing dairy in the same small cans in which it was placed by the out-of-state farmer when he milked his cows, and each can must bear the farmer's name and address. "The regulation is necessary so we can trace the source of contaminated milk." one official told me—but he winked as he said it.

Actually, milk is shipped all over the United States today in modern refrigerated tank trucks and cars—hundreds of miles farther than the short haul from, say, upstate New York to Providence. It has been years since any other state required that milk be kept in the farmer's original cans, and it's virtually impossible for any contamination to escape detection when the milk is inspected at the processing plant by health authorities using universally accepted standards. The original-can regulation simply piles crippling expense on any dairy rash enough to want to bring in cheaper milk from the outside. As one Rhode Island dairy executive admitted to Gordon K. Zimmerman of the National Grange, "We are determined to find a home for every gallon of milk produced in Rhode Island, and at the right price, before we import any outside milk." Says Zimmerman, "The Chinese Wall really works in Rhode Island—and the people of the state get it in the neck. Milk is twenty-five cents a quart in Providence."

A less subtle method of victimizing the housewife is practiced by the state of Alabama. Since it costs anywhere from three cents upward to deliver a quart of milk to the home, you'd expect to pay considerably less if you purchased a bottle in a store and carried it home yourself. But Alabama has fixed the price of store milk at exactly that of home-delivered milk—and in addition imposes a one-cent sales tax on store milk. Thus the price of store milk actually is *higher* than that of the more expensive home-delivered product—a violation of all the laws of economics. One Birmingham dairy executive told me, "If the store price dropped, milk would flood into the grocery stores and markets. Then what would happen to us home-delivery fellows? And what about the Milk Drivers Union? They deserve protection, too."

Again the "Chinese Wall." Milk runs as high as 27 cents a quart in Alabama.

Opposition to a Plan to Reduce Price

The "Chinese Wall" has been encountered in still a third form by Meyer Parodneck, head of a farmer-consumer milk co-operative in New York City. Not long ago Parodneck instituted a plan to knock two to four cents off the retail price by delivering quarts of milk to central locations in big housing projects. He hired part-time clerks from among the tenants and anyone could go to the clerk in his building and purchase milk at the reduced price. Parodneck also cut the price of home-delivered milk two to four cents a quart under that charged by other distributors. Soon afterward the state of New York revoked Parodneck's license for unauthorized procedure—and the case has been in the courts ever since. As the late John Hartford, chairman of the board of A&P, once wrote, "Whenever a retailer tries to sell milk cheaper, he either finds that he is violating the law, or cannot get milk at all."

Nearly everywhere I went in the dairy industry, I found people lamenting the barriers—except when they themselves benefited from them. Every segment of the business has its own set of protective ordinances—and some of them have been on the books for almost a hundred years. It's been easy to get all sorts of milk legislation passed because of the natural anxiety of Americans that their families get the purest and best supervised milk. No one is against stringent measures to prevent disease germs from developing in the highly perishable product, but as Cornell University's Dr. A. C. Dahlberg points out, "There sometimes is more self-interest than public interest in milk laws and ordinances."

Farmers, unions and distributors have all taken advantage of the concern of the consumer to push through self-interest regulations. Ancient ordinances made obsolete by modern technology remain on the books simply because they eliminate competition for small favored groups. Laws passed to deal with now nonexistent economic conditions are kept in force for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. A University of Illinois bulletin states that of some 2,000 standard foods—including many more perishable than milk—none other is subject to such a monstrous tangle of restrictions. "Milk," says the bulletin, "is the only food sold in large quantities in the United States against which legal barriers have been created to prevent free intermarket shipments." Dr. W. E. Petersen of the University of Minnesota says, "Outside of drugs nothing is more regulated than milk."

The regulations generally take two forms—those adopted in the name of protecting public health, and out-and-out economic prohibitions. The health barriers are erected at both the state and local levels. Not long ago, a forward-looking Chicago dairyman named Sam Dean sought to extend his milk deliveries to the city of Madison, Wisconsin. To his amazement, he discovered that the city had

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

passed a "health" ordinance just two years before, forbidding the sale of any milk not pasteurized and bottled within a radius of five miles of the center of Madison. Such a regulation had no scientific justification even in the days before modern refrigeration and high-speed trucks. Dean's milk, moreover, was inspected by the ultrastrict Chicago Health Department, and he was perfectly willing to submit to Madison inspection as well. He sued the city, and the case was fought all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. The nation's highest tribunal suggested that the ordinance was not a health regulation at all, but an attempt to interfere with interstate commerce. It was, said the court, "an economic barrier protecting a major local industry against competition from without the state."

Lack of Co-operation Among Cities

Sam Dean got to sell his milk in Madison. But in dozens of other American cities where there has been no crusader to take the fight to the courts, the same type of ordinance is still in effect. Furthermore, most cities refuse to accept the milk-inspection approval of other cities—even though nearly all use the same code, drawn up by the U.S. Public Health Service. This refusal, too, tends to exclude less expensive outside milk that would drive down the local price. "How silly can you get?" asks Dr. Glenn C. Holm, dean of the School of Agriculture at the South Dakota Agricultural College. "Wouldn't it be just as logical to say that all the lettuce and lobster sold in Denver or Chicago had to be produced within an area of 40 or 50 miles? Lobsters and lettuce are also perishable products."

Unnecessary health regulations also add to the cost of milk in other ways. One of Sam Dean's current problems is in the city of South Bend, Indiana, which has an archaic law requiring that, for bottled milk, every cow of every producer be tested for tuberculosis once a year. The rub is that tuberculosis has almost disappeared from American cattle, and, in the absence of epidemic, the U.S. Public Health Service and most states and cities do not require the expensive tuberculin test more than once in three or six years.

The annual South Bend test is not too much of a financial burden for the local dairymen, who obtain their milk from relatively few cows. But how about Sam Dean, who draws on thousands of cows and sells his milk in more than a dozen other cities in the South and Midwest? Because he distributes milk in South Bend, he must pay to have *every single cow* examined once a year, even though only a fraction of the milk goes into South Bend. That adds to the over-all expense throughout his distribution system. "Why," he asks, "should the people of Chicago and Memphis have to pay more for their milk because of the whim of a distant town?"

Cornell's Dr. Dahlberg, one of the world's top milk sanitation experts, says, "The pay-off on all these overstringent regulations is that the record proves they have little or no public-health significance. For a considerable number of years there has been no disease epidemic traceable to properly pasteurized milk. In all cities the majority of the supply is pasteurized and in most cities nothing but pasteurized milk can be sold. They have given America the most sanitary milk in the world." Yet the unjustified, expense-creating rulings persist. Farmers must keep open-top milk pails for some cities, closed-top pails for others. Pennsylvania suggests that the milk stool on which the farmer sits should be of a certain height; how, asks Dr. Dahlberg, can that possibly affect the quality of the milk?

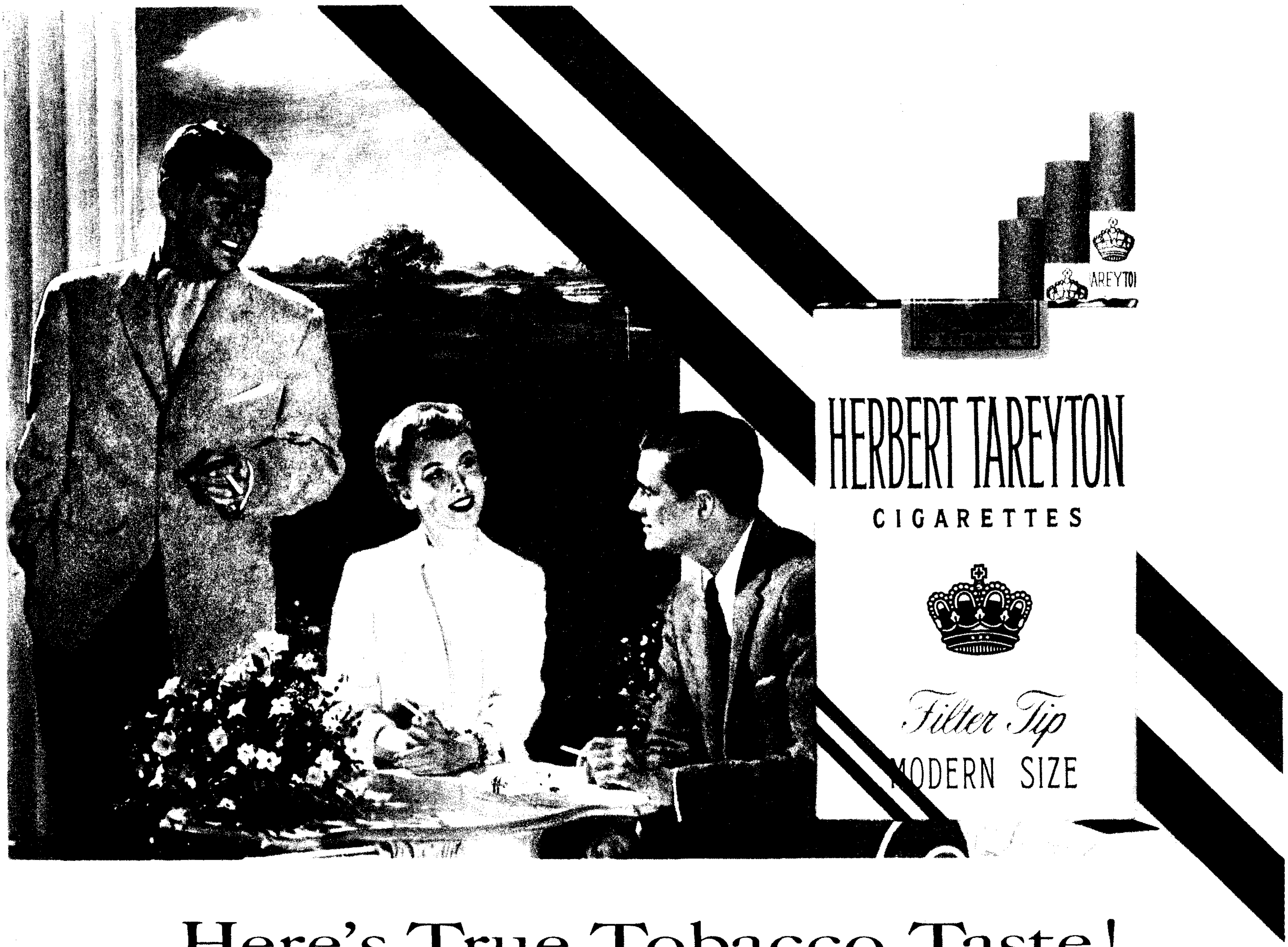
The National Research Council began looking into the problem in 1949 and found hundreds of equally meaningless rules. In 1953 it reported, "One could not expect . . . any relationship between the quality of milk and such regulations as the cow yard . . . being a specified distance from the barn . . . two rooms instead of one in a milkhouse . . . It is decidedly doubtful whether a producer who must build to precise specifications would produce better milk than another without them."

Now, two years later, it appears that little heed had been paid to the council's disclosures. Recently, an upstate New York farmer wanted to modernize his plant so that he could bring down the price of his milk. But the local sanitary inspector told him: "You can't do that unless you install a 60-foot length of pipe. It must be of stainless steel and it must be in one piece, without seams." That ended the modernization—and the prospect of a reduction in the price of the farmer's milk. Not only would it have been extremely difficult for him to obtain 60 feet of stainless-steel pipe all in one piece (an absurdity, according to milk sanitation experts), but to install it he would have had to take the roof off the plant.

In the milk business, absurdity seems to pile on

MIKE SHEA

Dairyman Sam Dean (left, with employee Charles Havens) led successful Chicago fight for low-cost milk. He also has battled to cut cost elsewhere in Midwest



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Dating milk bottles just adds to the cost, some experts feel

absurdity. In Washington, D.C., the following procedure has been laid down for cleaning cows before milking: "Take one towel for each udder and after using, place in a separate bucket. Then dry each udder with a clean, dry, individual towel . . . Towels should be at least 12 by 14 inches or its equivalent in area . . . After towels are washed, they may be dried on a line in the washroom, boiler room or outside of the dairy. Towels shall not be hung on a line in the stable." Says Dr. Dahlberg, "That means the farmer must have four towels per cow per day. He must have electric washing machines and hang up towels all over the premises. The U.S. Public Health Service, on the other hand, allows the farmer to use a single, germicidally treated towel until it is soiled. You don't have to go beyond this regulation to realize the udder ridiculousness of some procedures."

New York Housewives Penalized

But few areas are free of such restrictions. New York prohibits the importation of out-of-state cream on nebulous health grounds. Wisconsin cream, which the regulation is designed to exclude, is safely consumed in adjoining New Jersey and Connecticut—and costs four and a half cents a pint less than New York City residents, just a few miles away, pay for their state product. The city also is one of the few still clinging to the outmoded custom of dating milk. As New York Governor Averell Harriman recently pointed out, most experts now consider milk-dating an anachronism, a burdensome holdover from the days before modern pasteurization and refrigeration, when milk could not be expected to keep safely for much more than 24 hours. Today, if milk is kept cool, it's perfectly good for at least five days and in some cases for as long as two weeks after pasteurization. But New York distributors must go to the added expense of buying separate bottle caps or containers for each of the seven days of the week. Also, hundreds of tons of flawless fresh milk must be returned from the stores every day because housewives won't buy milk on Thursday if it's dated Wednesday. Who pays the cost of the wastage? The housewife.

Sometimes, too, the housewife suffers in other ways from needless health barriers. Birmingham, Alabama, for example, insists on a bacteria count far below the U.S. Public Health Service standards. This means extra expense, for the farmer has to install costly special equipment to meet the strict requirements. But what happens? The National Research Council reports that of the eight cities which it surveyed, Birmingham had the worst-tasting milk a few days after pasteurization. Housewives there complained to me that the milk has a "tallowy" or "cardboardy" flavor. One reason may be the low bacteria count. The bacteria that remain in milk after pasteurization are harmless. If there are too many they quickly turn the milk sour, but in moderate numbers they perform a useful function: as the milk oxidizes, they absorb the oxidation products. In Birmingham, apparently, not enough bacteria remain to do the job. Many experts believe that the excess oxygen reacts with other components in the Birmingham milk to produce the bad taste. More bacteria, they think, would prevent the tallowy, cardboardy flavor.

Far more serious is the role played by the artificial health regulations in preventing progress in the industry. The American Dairy Association is now conducting a campaign to get people to drink more milk. The members are advocating new, modern methods of making larger quantities of milk more readily available. "However," says Frank Neu, an executive of the association, "we run head on into laws which stymie us. We feel that one of the best ways to sell a lot of milk at lower prices is through multiple-quart containers and through milk-vending and -dispensing machines. But many states and cities forbid them—on unfounded sanitary grounds. These are the most damaging barriers of all."

ETIQUETTE
AMY POST
Bill Yates

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

In Akron, Ohio, progressive dairyman James J. Lawson figured he could cut costs and gain volume sales by selling milk in gallon jugs. He tried it, and soon was able to drop his price to the equivalent of 12½ cents a quart. Consumption of milk in Akron increased to almost 13 per cent above the national average, according to Akron Health Department figures. Nonetheless, six states and many cities ban the gallon jug on the grounds that it can't be sterilized properly. A leading milk-sanitation expert says, "If anyone claims it's more difficult to wash a gallon bottle than a quart bottle, he has some other purpose in mind—such as trying to keep out competitors who could come in with the gallon jug and cut prices." New York dairyman Meyer Parodneck adds, "There's no more reason for regulating the size of a bottle for milk than regulating the size of buttons."

I saw the controversial modern milk-dispensing machines in restaurants in Wisconsin and big roadside vending machines (called Maisie, the Mechanical Cow) in Minnesota. The dispensers had disposable plastic nozzles so that no human hands would ever touch the milk. The vending machines were placed in gasoline stations and along busy highways and delivered a half-gallon container down a chute when coins were placed in the slot. Wherever installed, these mechanical devices have contributed to lower prices and increased consumption, but they are banned in Ohio and in many important cities in other states on the grounds they are not sanitary. Said one Milwaukee dairyman, "If it's true what they say in Ohio about dispensing machines, then everyone in Wisconsin should be dead." (Actually, dairymen say, the laws are protective barriers for milk handlers' unions, which fear that the machines will eliminate jobs.)

The second major group of artificial barriers in the milk industry are price-fixing laws. Many experts feel that these laws, too, are archaic and even basically evil in their present-day application. They were passed during the depression, when price wars raged and farmers dumped their milk into ditches rather than accept only a cent or two a quart for it. Even Al Capone was in the dairy business at the time, and the competition for customers was enlivened by bombings, machine-gunnings and bottle-breaking. The economists of the day believed that if you fixed a minimum retail price as well as a farm price, it would eliminate the retail price wars that were ruining the farmers.

In recent years, however, most experts have come to the conclusion that if the state fixes the farm price alone (which also can be done by the federal government whenever the farmers of an area request it), that's sufficient protection for the milk producer. Of the 28 states which originally fixed prices, 12 have given up the practice. Five states continue to control the farm price, while 11 still fix retail prices—and these 11 are the scene of most of the trouble today.

The retail-price-fixing states are Alabama, California, Florida, Georgia, Maine, Montana, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Virginia. In all, the procedure is about the same. A state milk board holds hearings at intervals, then fixes the retail price of a quart of milk. In most states, it is high enough to enable every distributor in the state to make a reasonable profit. Even if cheap outside milk comes into the state, it must be sold at the high fixed price. In some states, like Georgia, no outside milk is allowed in at all—except in times of shortage. In other words, there can be none of the free play of the market place that brings prices down.

The milk boards are extremely inflexible. In some areas the boards set prices about once every two years. During the interim period, the prices remain the same—even though new methods and seasonal market conditions may drop the prices precipitously in surrounding areas. Generally the consumer has little or no say in milk hearings.

E. L. Holland, Jr., of the Birmingham News told me: "On our Alabama Milk Control Board, the one consumer representative is like a lost ball in the high weeds."

Actually, the boards exercise dictatorial control. In Oregon (before the law was repealed by popular referendum last November), the milk board had the right to prevent a distributor from selling in any particular locality. Permission to sell milk was not granted unless the board felt the existing distributors could not deliver enough milk to the area. Yet the board once barred two distributors from Prineville, Oregon—although it was disclosed that one of the existing distributors was so short of supplies that he had been adding water to powdered milk, bottling it, and selling it as fresh Grade-A milk.

It Wasn't Cheaper by the Gallon

In Mobile, Alabama, a dairy discovered in 1953 that the state milk board had not yet made provision for gallon jugs in its regulations. The dairy thereupon put out gallons of milk at 85 cents, which at the time was 15 cents less than the legal minimum price for four quarts. Sales zoomed and the dairy made handsome profits. The bonanza didn't last long, however. Even though it costs considerably less to put out milk in gallon jugs, the board fixed the price at one dollar—exactly the same as for four individual quarts. The board also refused to allow a dairy in Gadsden to reduce its price, even though the dairy claimed it had improved its efficiency and wanted to pass on some of its production savings to its customers.

Sverre Omdahl, Washington State's agriculture director, sums up objections to state price-control laws this way: "There's no reward for efficiency. In fact, fixing prices favors the *in*efficient distributor." Some experts dispute this conclusion, but 14 of the 15 top authorities with whom I spoke agreed with Omdahl. They said that the retail price is set so that the most inefficient dairy in the state can make money. That's why a quart of milk sells for 23 to 25 cents in Pennsylvania, whereas across the border in Warren, Ohio, an extremely efficient dairyman named Temple McAllister is selling it for 13 cents. With price fixing, the critics said, there's no incentive to improve production and merchandising methods.

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ics, state price-control laws sometimes do great harm and even encourage illegal practices—such as secret rebates and under-the-counter deals with storekeepers. In New Jersey, four distributors were recently fined $10,000 apiece for such practices. The whole history of barriers has been tragic in that state, for local farmers were almost ruined by the very price-fixing law that was passed to protect them. Not long ago some of the largest New Jersey distributors began buying less expensive milk from farms in nearby Pennsylvania and upstate New York. The cheaper milk gave the distributors a much bigger margin of profit at the state-guaranteed high retail price—and put the New Jersey farmer and consumer in a dreadful squeeze. Alarmed, Governor Robert B. Meyner denounced 13 distributors for engaging in "pirate trade" and accused them of "wanting to have their cake and eat it." Then, a few weeks ago, he ordered the end of all retail price controls on milk in the state.

Two Economists Change Views

Significantly, some of the people who once were the strongest supporters of state retail price-control laws have turned against them. Dr. Leland Spencer, a Cornell agricultural economist, now says, "I have come to the conclusion that the disadvantages outweigh the advantages." In California, one of the framers of the state's milk-control law—Dr. James M. Tinley of the University of California School of Agriculture—now firmly favors its repeal.

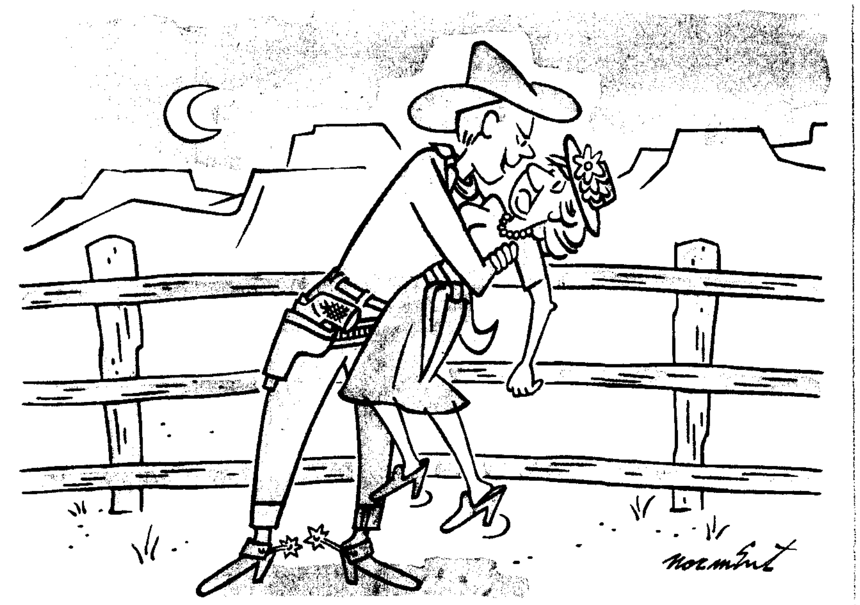
What would happen if existing price-fixing laws were repealed? Defenders of the controls insist that the result would be disastrous price wars, but no such catastrophes have occurred in the 17 states which already have junked retail price fixing. All that's happened is that the price for the housewife has come down. Milk dropped two cents a quart in New Jersey immediately after repeal, and the same blessing befell the people of Oregon after that state tossed out its controls. The Oregon situation has turned up other interesting results. Hugh Gallagher, manager of the Damascus Milk Company, a subsidiary of the Carnation Company, says, "We opposed the repeal. But now we have to admit that we have been dependent on a cane for twenty-two years. With the law going out, the market has stabilized more rapidly than we anticipated. Our margins are substantially what they were before."

John Denny, market editor of the Portland Oregonian, reports an average increase of about 10 per cent in milk consumption.

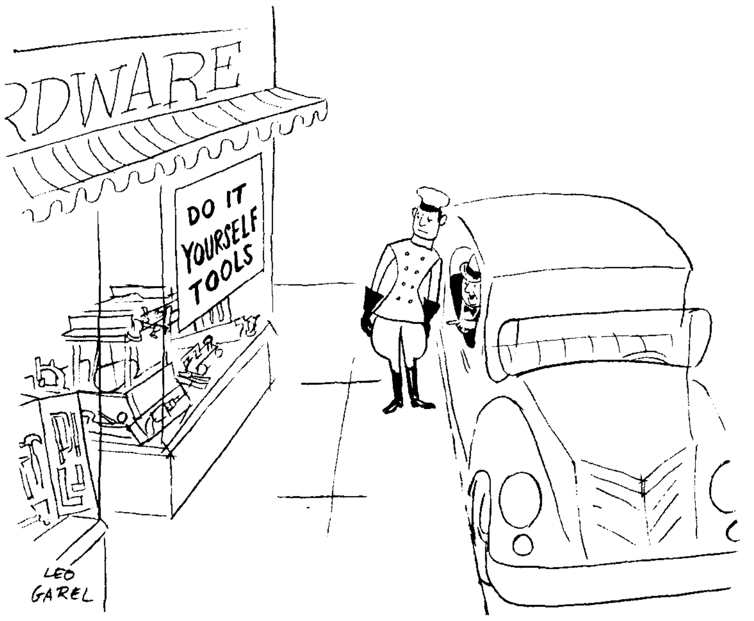
What would happen if *all* barriers—both the economic and the needless sanitary ones—were removed? Dr. Roland W. Bartlett, professor of agricultural economics at the University of Illinois, has made some studies which give a clue to the answer. In Cleveland, with an open market and the removal of most barriers, the price of milk dropped four cents a quart between 1952 and 1953. With housewives flocking to buy more milk at the reduced price, the farmers made $550,000 more than they otherwise would have. When the price dropped in Detroit, milk consumption jumped 5.9 per cent. Similarly, Columbus, Ohio, reported a spectacular 11.1 per cent rise in consumption after price cuts.

Dr. Bartlett says, "If all barriers were removed, the price would drop as much as 20 per cent in many places, and per capita consumption would rise as much as 10 per cent nationally. That means we would have no dairy surpluses—and no more worries about our children not getting enough milk." Cornell's Dr. Spencer, a long-time adversary of Dr. Bartlett, agrees that consumption would go up, but is more conservative. "If the price drops ten per cent," he says, "we can expect a three per cent rise in milk drinking." Even that would solve many of America's milk and dairy problems.

What are the chances of the millennium occurring in the near future? The outlook is dim but hopeful. Many crusaders have sprung up in the last few years to fight for reduced milk prices. In Oregon, a small dairy farmer named Elmer Deetz almost singlehandedly knocked out the state milk-control law after he was refused permission to sell milk. He took his battle to the people and not only did he win an overwhelming victory in a referendum in the 1954 election, but he was elected to the state legislature as well. In Penn-



COLLIER'S "I've been on the open range alone for a long, long time, Miss Phoebe!" JOHN NORMENT



"—and get me a quarter-inch drill, and a table saw, and a sander, and—"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

sylvania, dairyman Temple McAllister has moved across the border from Ohio and is challenging Pennsylvania price control in the courts as a violation of federal antitrust laws. The most dogged crusader of all, dairyman Sam Dean of Chicago, has waged no less than 16 major court campaigns against petty sanitary regulations. He fought to get paper containers legalized in Chicago and he battled for half-gallon containers elsewhere. He also led the fight for a lower store price in many Midwestern cities—and he deserves considerable credit for the fact that Chicago had milk for as little as 15 cents last summer.

In recent years, too, some big store chains have joined the fray. In California, the fight is being led by Safeway Stores—both in the courts and in the legislature. Ray Bush, manager of Safeway's subsidiary, the Lucerne Milk Company, says, "Safeway is convinced that unrealistic prices are discouraging the consumption and sale of milk. We firmly believe that the producer and the consumer are both harmed by regulations that fix prices of milk beyond the producer level. It's our job to sell food to the consumer, and what's good for the consumer is good for us."

Too Much Milk for Uncle Sam

The crusaders soon may have some help from an unexpected source—the federal government. A few months ago, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson became so concerned over the fact that the government had had to buy a staggering surplus of dairy products equivalent to 5,500,000,000 quarts of milk that he ordered a study by the Department's Agricultural Marketing Service. "Why," he wanted to know, "isn't more milk being sold?"

Like everyone in the industry, the Agriculture Department investigators realized the bewildering complexity of the milk business—a tangled labor situation, complicated pricing arrangements, backwardness in merchandising and advertising. But they decided to concentrate on what they felt might be the two principal causes—the artificial health and economic regulations. Their report is due in June, and the crusaders hope it will give them new weapons in the Battle of the Milk Barriers.

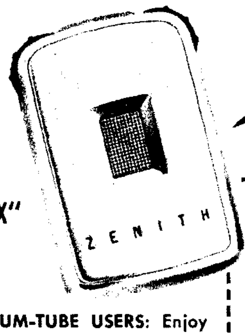
In the meantime, how is the battle going? All in all, the attack against artificial sanitary ordinances is developing slow but noticeable momentum; the campaign against price-control laws is a standoff. It seems that Pennsylvania and California may drop their retail-price laws within the next two years, but in at least two other states the legislatures appear about to pass archaic price-fixing statutes.

If the Crusaders Should Lose

What will happen if the crusaders lose the Battle of the Milk Barriers? Secretary of Agriculture Benson says, "There is danger that milk will price itself out of the market, just as butter has done." If that occurs, it could set in motion a series of events that might be disastrous to our economy. As Wisconsin dairy farmer John Fluckiger, Jr., told me, "The collapse of the fluid-milk market could mean the destruction of the cheese industry as well." Gordon K. Zimmerman of the National Grange points out that a collapse of the dairy industry would hurt the fine flood- and erosion-control programs in the South, where worn-out cotton lands are being put back into grass—which holds the soil. "The prime incentive for a farmer to grow grass," says Zimmerman, "is the money he can make from grazing cattle on it."

Most important of all, if milk prices itself out of its market, *it* means a threat to the health of your children and mine.

That's why more and more thoughtful Americans are asking their legislators and city officials, "If it's possible elsewhere, why can't *we* have 12-cent milk?" And they are finding that the answer is not easy. As Federal Judge Jerome N. Frank once wrote in a court decision involving a New York dairy, "The milk problem is exquisitely complicated. The city dweller or poet who regards the cow as the symbol of bucolic serenity is indeed naïve. From the udder of that placid animal flows a bland liquid indispensable to human health, but often provoking as much human strife and nastiness as strong alcoholic beverages." ⁂



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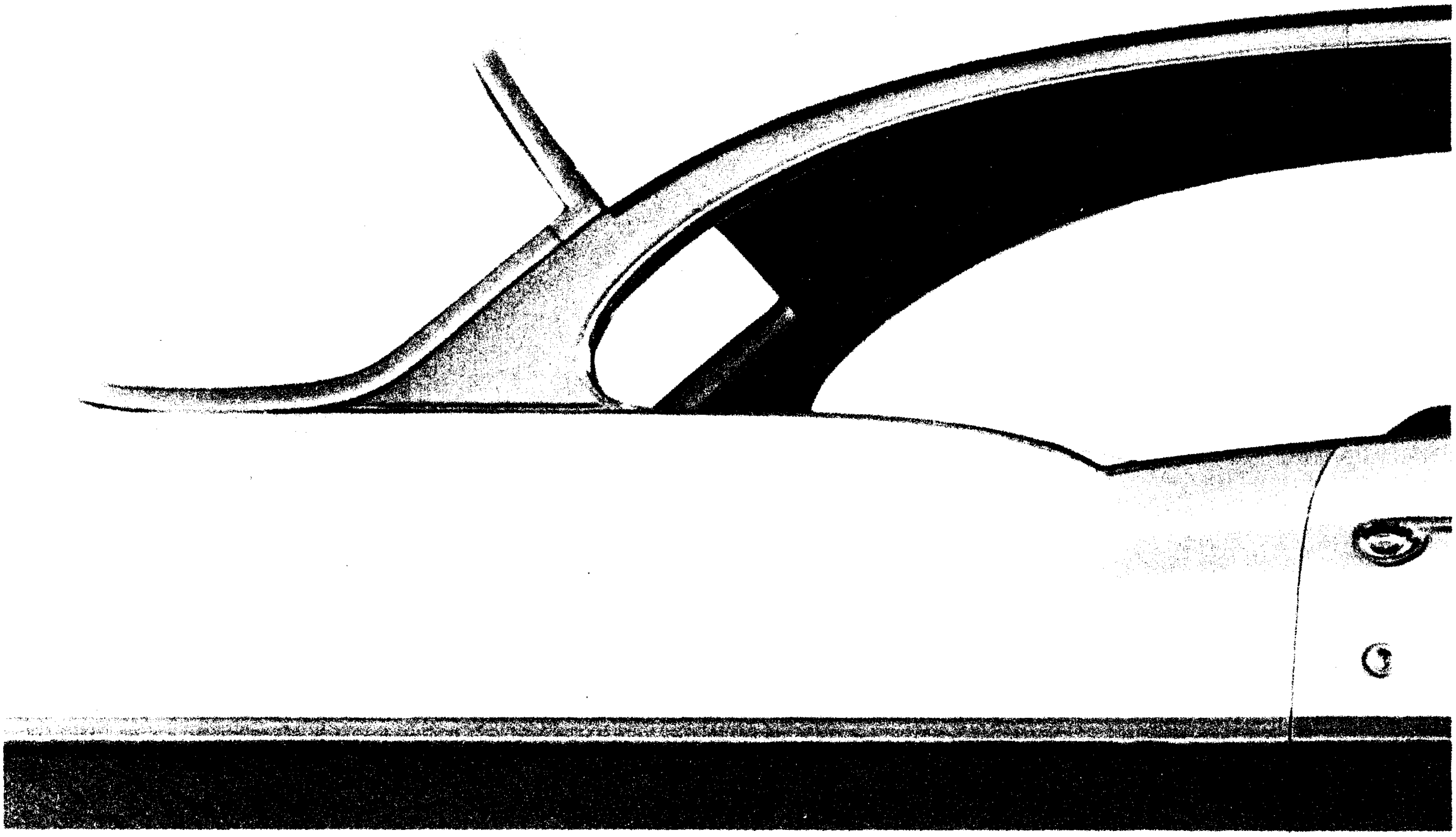

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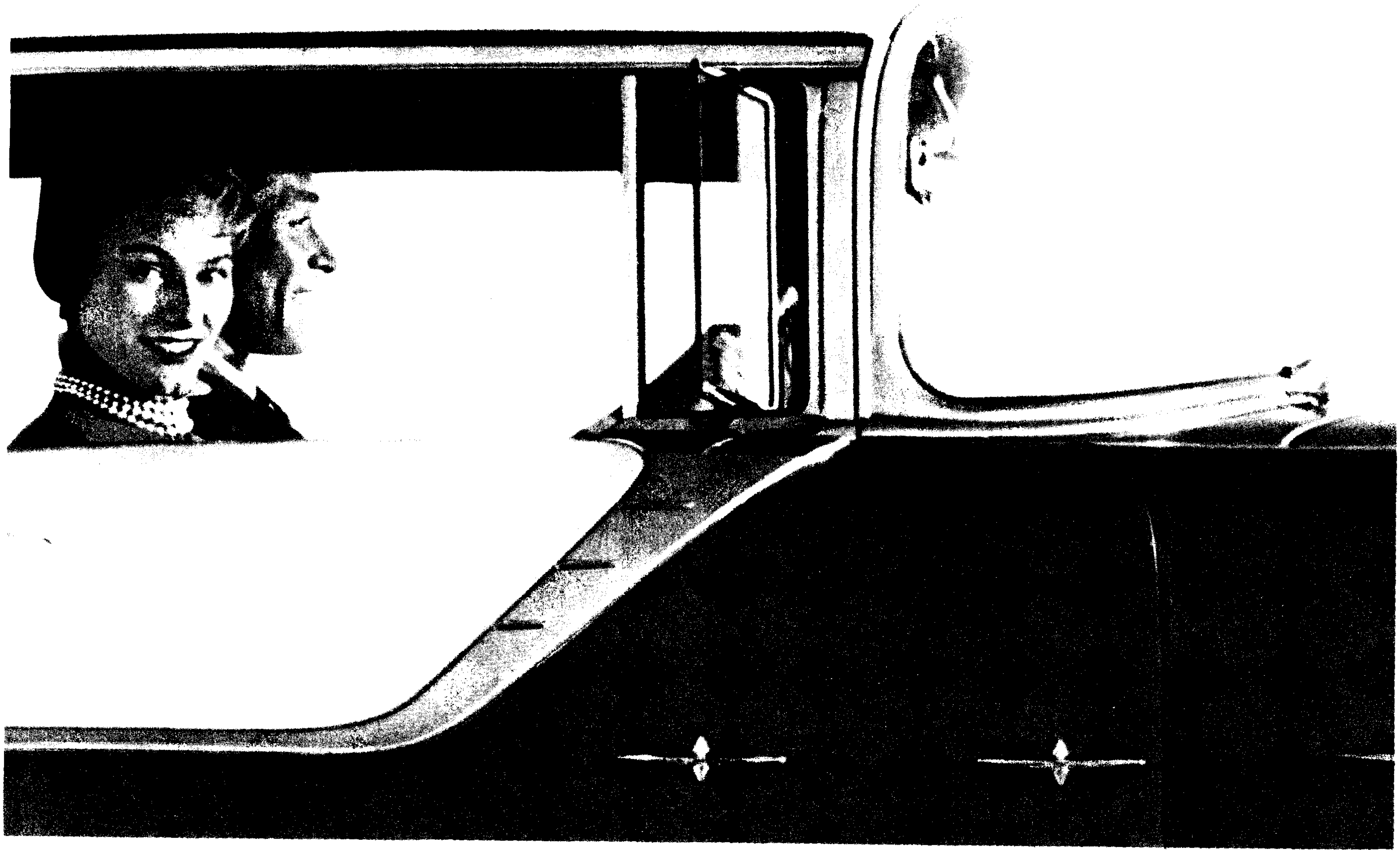

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The DARKEST HOUR

Retnick had paid for another man's crime. Now he was settling the debt.
A lot of innocent people were getting hurt, but that was their lookout

By WILLIAM P. McGIVERN

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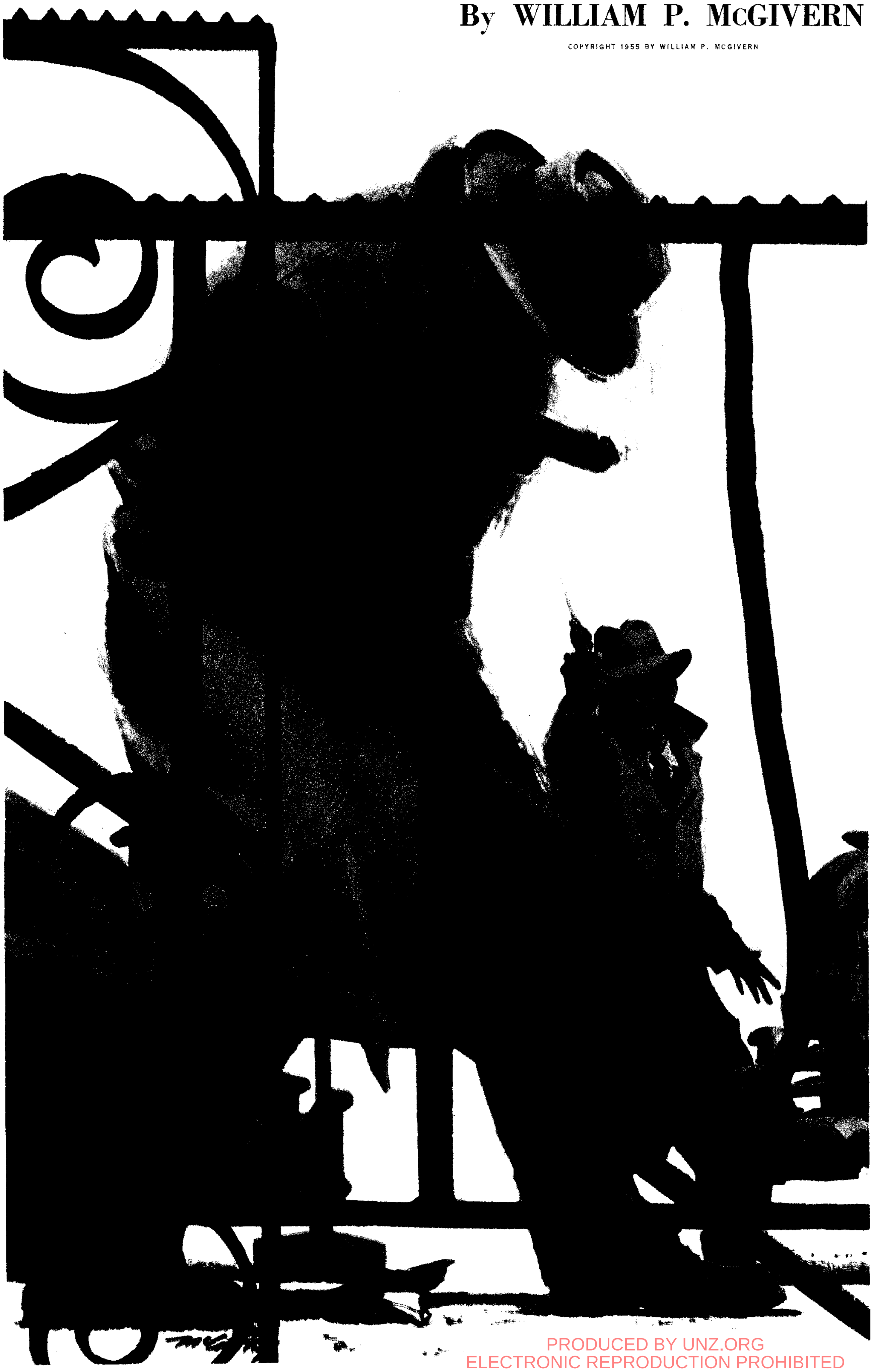

The Story: STEVE RETNICK, once a waterfront cop, served five years after being framed for the murder of AL VENTRA, a hoodlum who had tried to move in on NICK AMATO, crooked boss of a longshoremen's local. When Retnick got out of prison, he was obsessed with revenge. He wouldn't go back to his wife, MARCIA KELLY, a night-club entertainer, because she had prospered while he was in prison. He wanted nothing to do with his friends on the force: SGT. KLEYBURG and LT. NEVILLE. All he wanted was to get to FRANK RAGONI, a friend who claimed he knew who had killed Ventra. But then he learned Ragoni had had a near-fatal accident on the docks, and had been killed shortly after that. As Retnick tried to find out details of the accident, hoping they might help him learn who had killed Ragoni, he got mixed up with two of Amato's thugs: JOE LYE, a shrewd contact man, and HAMMY, a muscle boy whom Retnick beat up. The only member of the police force Retnick saw was CONNORS, a young detective on Amato's payroll, who told Retnick Amato was grateful for having Ventra put out of the way. Retnick told Connors to get out. Unbeknown to Retnick, JACK GLENCANNON, an old-time, upstanding union boss, tried to make a deal with Amato for peace on the waterfront, but Amato refused. Meanwhile, Retnick found out that a part-time dock worker named RED EVANS had caused Ragoni's accident, and he traced Evans to a girl, DIXIE DAVIS. She said she didn't know where Evans was—and immediately after that Retnick trailed her to a railroad station, where she bought a ticket to Trenton. And then Retnick learned Glencannon, Amato's enemy, had been murdered.

The Second of Three Parts

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon Retnick stood watching the entrance to the North Star Lines terminal. It was almost dark, and a damp, heavy fog swirled in off the river. Finally the longshoremen began coming out, and Retnick found the man he wanted to talk to: Grady, the winchman whose job Red Evans had had the day of Ragoni's accident. The men crossed the street, heading for the welcoming yellow gleam of Tim Moran's saloon.

It was six when Grady came out of Moran's, his step slightly unsteady as he started uptown. Retnick caught up with him and crowded him against the brick wall of a warehouse. "I've been looking for you, Grady," he said.

Grady was quite drunk. "What's the matter with you?"

"I was a friend of Frank Ragoni's, Grady," Retnick told him.

"Sure, we were all his friends," Grady said. He shook his head. "It was a dirty shame, him with a family and everything." A frown twisted his small, flushed face. "You're Retnick?"

"That's right. I want some answers. You got sick

A shot sounded and the man on the sidewalk hugged his stomach; then he dropped his gun

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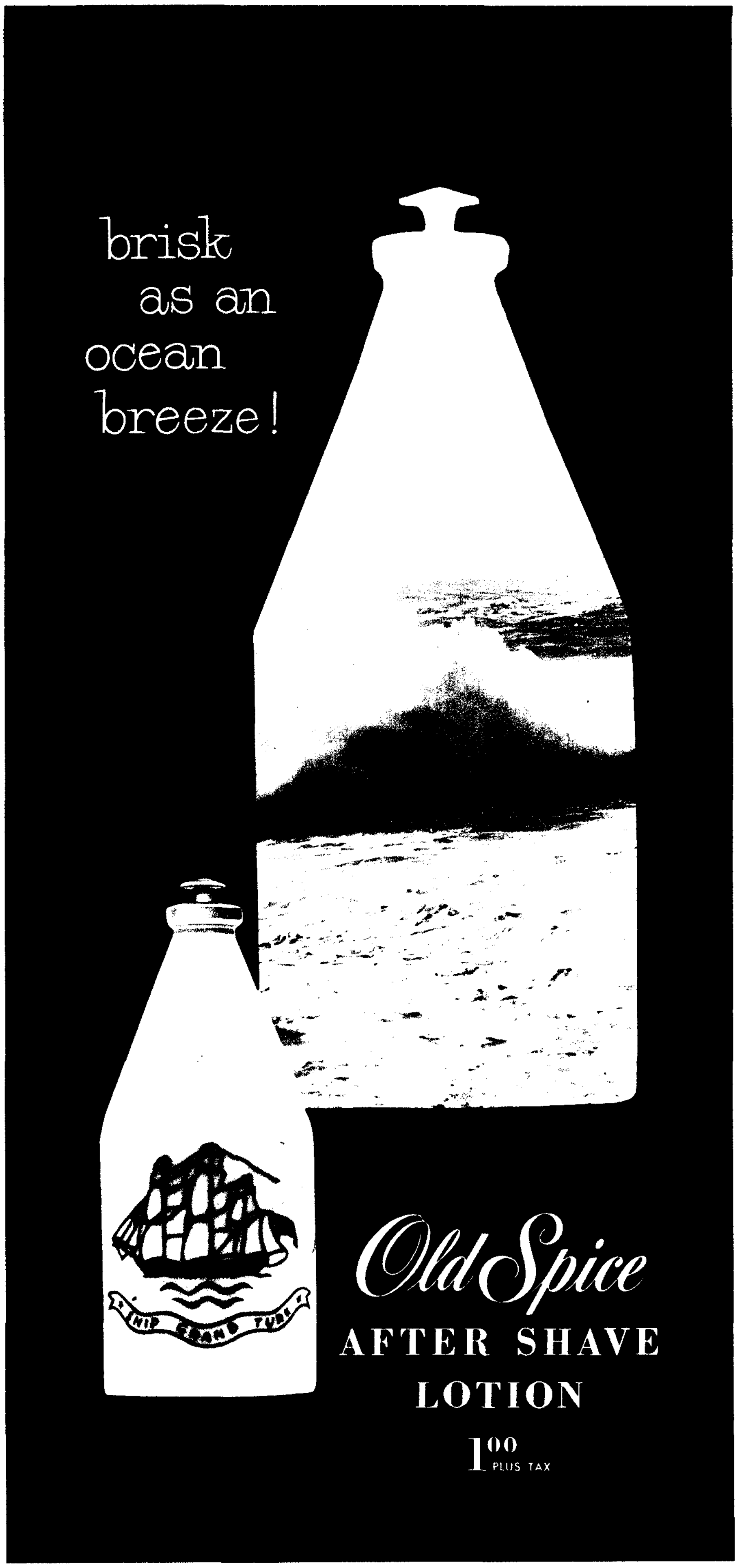

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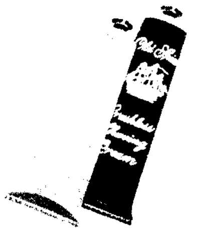

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and Evans took your job. Did somebody tell you to get sick?"

Grady looked around nervously. "No, it's the truth; I had the flu."

"And while you were sick Red Evans took your winch."

"Yes, that's right," Grady said.

"And Evans dropped a load on Ragoni—missed him by an inch."

GRADY swallowed. "That's what I heard." He sniffed. "My old lady's waiting supper. I gotta be going."

"Don't be in a hurry," Retnick said. "Do you know why I went to jail?"

"Well, they said you killed a man, but I never put any stock in that." Grady's breath began to come rapidly. "Look, they told me not to shape for a week. They said I'd get myself killed."

"Amato's ready to take over your local, eh?"

"It's worth your life to stand up to them now," Grady said, lowering his voice. "Old Glencannon's dead, you know. Happened today. Who knows who'll be next? Hah! Ask Joe Lye. Or Hammy. Or Dave Cardinal. They can tell you, maybe." Grady smiled shakily. "I didn't feel good about pretending to be sick. I knew they were after somebody. But what could I do?"

"It never changes," Retnick said. "Who told you to stay home?"

"Mario Amato, Nick's nephew. He's a punk, but he's got the others behind him. What could I do?"

Retnick turned without answering and walked off into the darkness. Now he had two names: Mario Amato and Red Evans. It was a good bet that Mario had engineered Ragoni's murder. If that were true, if young Mario had hired Red Evans, they would have to be thrown together under pressure. One of them might crack. Not Evans, who was probably a cold and tough professional, but young Mario was another matter; Retnick remembered him as a boy of eighteen, weak and petulant, vain about his looks and clothes, getting by on his uncle's reputation. Now he would be twenty-three. . . .

When Retnick finished dinner he started walking the streets, but with no destination in mind. At nine thirty he stopped in front of the Gramercy Club and stared at his wife's picture beside the entrance. It had been taken a long time ago, shortly after they were married; her hair had been long then, and her eyes were bright with happiness. Retnick studied the picture for a full minute.

Finally he turned and walked slowly toward the corner, confused by his feelings, and then turned and walked back to the Gramercy. He went inside to the bar and stared across the dining room at his wife. She was playing an old show tune, smiling down at the keyboard. A light behind her threw her face in shadows; he could only see the soft outline of her cheek.

Retnick rubbed a hand over his forehead. Standing abruptly he started toward the door, and it was then that he noticed a dark-haired, thick-featured man sitting alone at a table that faced the piano. The light was soft and hazy with cigarette smoke, but Retnick recognized the man.

Outside, Retnick crossed the street and stood where he could watch the entrance of the Gramercy Club. The man watching his wife was Davey Cardinal, one of Amato's enforcers.

It was an hour later when Cardinal came out of the club and waved to a cab. He was short and stockily built, with the manners of a show-off; but behind this arrogant façade, Retnick knew the man was shrewd and ruthless. Watching the cab drive away Retnick began to frown. His concern was part anger and part exasperation; it wouldn't do them any good to strike at him through Marcia. But they didn't know that.

When he got back to his room he found a note from his landlady, Mrs. Cara, under his door. Sergeant Kleyburg had called and asked if Retnick would telephone him in the morning.

Retnick called him at eight. "How about coming for breakfast?" Kleyburg said. "I just got off shift. We can sit around and chew the fat. Okay?"

"Look, Miles, I don't have time," Retnick said. "Did you look up Dixie Davis like I asked?"

"You've got to eat, Steve," Kleyburg said, in a voice that suddenly became plaintive and tired. "I want to see you, boy. You know that."

"Sure. But later."

"I've been looking forward to seeing you, Steve. You know both my sons are gone, I guess. One's overseas, and the other is living in California."

Retnick knew all about Kleyburg's boys; he had served as the chief outlet for the old man's parental pride during the years they had worked as partners. Retnick knew Kleyburg expected him to say something, but he hadn't the warmth or interest to pretend that this was just like old times. "Dixie Davis, Miles. What have you got?"

"Okay," Kleyburg said heavily. "She works at an Eighth Avenue clip joint. She's been in and out of lots of trouble. Shoplifting, hustling, con games, you name it. She takes off two days a week, Tuesday and Thursday."

"No line on her boy friends?"

"Not yet."

"Okay; thanks, Miles. I'll see you."

AT SEVEN o'clock that night Retnick walked into a West Side funeral home to pay his last respects to Jack Glencannon. Retnick had spent most of the day making a cautious and futile effort to get on young Mario Amato's trail. Now he checked the register of names, knowing that Mario would probably show up at the wake.

Retnick signed his name and walked into the thickly carpeted chapel. Glencannon looked sad and stern in death, his big, bold face incongruous against the quilted lining of the coffin. Beside him lay the scabbard and sword of the Knights of Columbus, and a worn rosary was intertwined about his heavy fingers. Instinctively Retnick crossed himself and said a prayer. The words came back effortlessly, which surprised him; it had been so long since he had prayed for anyone.

Leaving the chapel he moved a chair in the adjoining room to a spot from which he could watch the foyer.

The crowd began to arrive an hour or so later. It was a solemn and important occasion, and it brought out top officials from the city, the unions and industry. The mayor stayed almost an hour and that fact was passed with quiet pride to later arrivals.

Retnick was putting out a cigarette when he noticed Mario Amato, with two young men about his own age, moving through the thinning crowd. Mario was slim and dark, with soft brown eyes, and he walked with a little swagger, as if he were certain that everyone in the room knew who he was and was staring at him with interest and respect. Smiling broadly, he seemed in high spirits, obviously delighted to be leaving this place of gloom and death.

When he had gone out, Retnick stood up and started after him, moving with the deliberate stride of a hunter.

Mario Amato stood at the corner with his two companions, evidently trying to decide how to spend the rest of the evening. Retnick came up behind them silently. "I've been looking for you," he said.

MARIO started nervously. "What the hell's the idea?" he said in a high, angry voice. One of his companions lunged forward, but Retnick struck him across the chest with a forearm that was like a bar of iron, and the kid backed off, gasping for breath.

"Keep out of this," Retnick said.

The two young men stared at him, checked by the look in his face.

They didn't know him, Retnick realized; when he had worked along the waterfront as a cop they had been kids playing stickball in the streets. They weren't hoodlums; they looked like semirespectable youngsters, worried about jobs, girls, getting along—and scared white at the moment.

"What's the idea?" Mario said again, but plaintively now. "I don't know you, Mac."

"Tell me you don't know my sister."

Mario smiled weakly. Retnick's expression made him nervous. "I don't think I know your sister," he said. "What's her name?"

"Nancy Riordan. And you aren't running out on her."

"Look, mister, I don't know anybody by that name."

"You tell her that," Retnick said. "Let's go."

"Now wait a minute," Mario cried.

"That's Nick Amato's nephew," one of his friends said.

Retnick stared at him. "You mean he's too good for my sister?"

The young man shrugged and tried to smile. "No, I was just telling you."

"Well, don't bother," Retnick said. "You guys aren't involved in this. But you will be if you keep shooting off your mouths. Now beat it."

"Sure, we're going." They nodded jerkily to Mario. "See you around," one of them said. Mario stared wistfully after them as they hurried off.

"Mister, you got me all wrong," he said, smiling sickly. "I never treated any girl wrong, I swear."

"That's what we're going to make sure of," Retnick said. "Maybe you're not the guy. If so, there's no harm done. Let's walk. She's waiting for us a few blocks from here."

When they got to his rooming house, Retnick unlocked his room, ushered Mario in and closed the door.

"What's the gag?" Mario said, looking around.

"Sit down, Mario," Retnick said. "You know Red Evans, I guess."

"Yeah, I know him," Mario said.

"We're going to talk about that," Retnick said. "Sit down, I told you."

"Yeah, but your sister—"

"There's no sister," he said, and shoved Mario onto a straight chair. Standing over him, his eyes bright and hard, Retnick said, "There's just you and me. We're going to talk about how much you paid Evans to murder Frank Ragoni."

Mario wet his lips and tried desperately to keep the fear inside him from showing in his face. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "You got me all wrong, I tell you."

"Where did you know Evans?"

"Around the docks. Just to say hello to. You know how it is." He tried to meet Retnick's eyes, but couldn't; there was something in them that was like the frightening stillness in old Glencannon's face.

Retnick stared at him. Then he said quietly, "We won't have any trouble if you tell the truth, Mario. Did your uncle tell you to hire Evans?"

"You got no right to accuse me of being a murderer," Mario said. He started to get up but Retnick put a hand against his chest and slammed him back into the chair.

"I told you to sit down," he said.

Mario was suddenly close to tears. "I don't know anything about it," he said. "Somebody gave you the wrong dope on me."

Retnick knew Mario was lying; fear and guilt were stamped on him like a brand. For an instant he debated the wisdom of knocking the truth out of him; it wouldn't be hard. This was a punk, a pretty boy with soft, nervous eyes and skin like a girl's. He'd be a bellhop or soda jerk if it weren't for his uncle. But Retnick decided against force. Amato could toss him to the parole board . . .

"Okay, beat it," he said.

Mario stood up. "You got me wrong, I'm telling you."

"You're in trouble, sonny," Retnick said. "Tell your uncle that Retnick told you that."

When Mario had gone, Retnick locked the door and sat down on the edge of the bed. Frowning, he tried to guess what was coming. Mario would run squealing to his uncle and that would start it. But there was no other way for Retnick. He had to push until something gave.

NICK AMATO listened to his nephew's story as he sipped black coffee in the kitchen of his West Side cold-water flat. The kitchen was the only room in which he felt comfortable. His wife had filled the rest of the house with dark uncomfortable furniture and retouched portraits of her relatives in Naples.

Amato was in his shirt sleeves, his elbows on the table. He was mad, and getting madder every minute, but he kept the musing little smile on his lips. Joe Lye sat at the end of the table watching Mario Amato, and Hammy, a bandage across his right cheek, stood in the corner, twisting his hat in his hands.

"So that's all?" Amato said. "He asked you about Red Evans and Frank Ragoni and you told him nothing. Is that it?"

"I swear that's all," Mario said. "And don't forget how he hit me."

"Yeah," Amato said. "Did you hit him back? I forget."

"What could I do?" Sweat shone on Mario's face. "He'd of killed me."

A soft knock sounded on the door. Amato looked around irritably and called out, "Yeah?"

His wife entered the room, smiling an apology. She was stout and middle-aged, with a dark complexion and large brown eyes. Her black dress, shapeless and old, fell almost to her ankles, and she wore her gray hair in a large bun at the back of her neck. There was resignation in her manner, but it didn't stem from peace of mind or calmness of soul; instead she looked as if she had signed an armistice with life before a shot could be fired.

She stood close to Mario, and said

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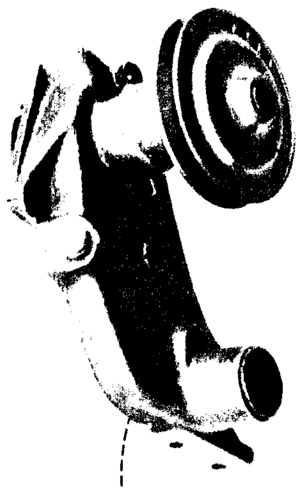

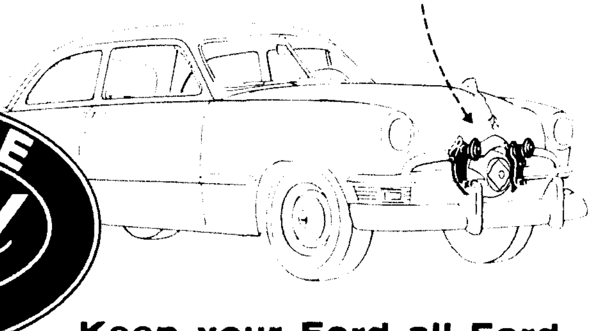

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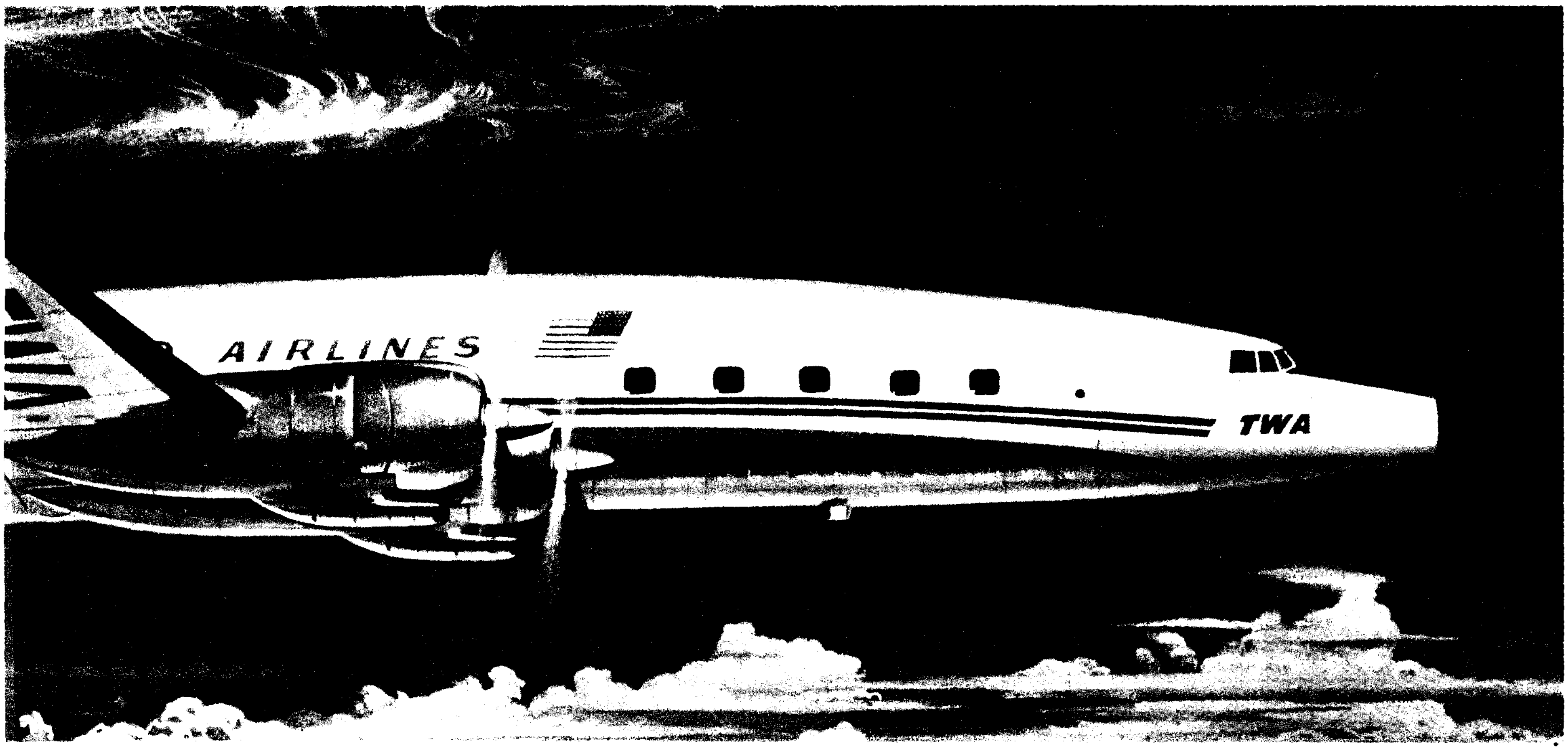

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to her husband: "He's upset and tired, Nick. Can't he go to bed?"

"Sure, he can go to bed," Amato said shortly. His wife was a constant source of annoyance to him; she exuded a sanctity that was as stifling as poverty. Occasionally a guilty thought nagged him: she was just like the great white cows that lumbered through the heat and dust of his native Sicily. As a boy he'd hated the cows—they were poor, they were dumb, they were going nowhere. And there were times when he hated his wife for the same reasons.

As she shepherded Mario from the room, Amato heard her promising to get him some warm milk with a little brandy in it. Amato swore softly.

Hammy nodded solemnly and said, "That kid will turn out spoiled, I bet!"

"Joe, give Hammy a thousand dollars," Amato said.

LYE glanced at Amato and saw he was in a dangerous, unpredictable mood. He counted out ten one-hundred-dollar bills from his wallet.

"That's your severance pay," Amato told Hammy.

"Wait a minute, you can't—"

"Shut up!" Amato yelled at him, getting up. Joe Lye covered Hammy with the gun in his overcoat pocket.

"You killed old man Glencannon," Amato shouted. "You're lucky I'm letting you quit. What'll it look like when I take over his local next month?" Amato paused, breathing heavily, bringing his anger under control. "There's five hundred men in my local who do what I tell 'em to do. I say work, they work; I say strike, they strike. But you got to be different, you got to do things on your own."

"I—I didn't kill the old man."

This remark seemed to amuse Amato. He nodded significantly to Joe Lye. "You hear, Joe? Hammy didn't kill the old man. I kind of jumped to a conclusion. I thought Hammy had lost his temper and knocked the old boy around a little." Grinning now, he watched Hammy's nervously shifting eyes. "Supposing you tell me what did happen to old man Glencannon." His voice rose suddenly. "He left the union office a little after midnight. You took him downstairs. Remember? Can you think back as far as a day or two? And he was found dead six blocks from there. So what happened to him?"

"Boss, it ain't like you think." Hammy rubbed his big hands together.

"Oh?" Amato sounded politely interested. "What ain't like I think?"

"The way I come to hit him," Hammy said, his voice pleading.

"So you did hit him, eh? All right, talk, you big ape," Amato said.

"The old man pulled away from me," Hammy said, wetting his lips. "I was trying to make him stand still and wait for a cab, but he kept pulling away from me. Well, I grabbed him—and maybe I hit him. He went down and rolled into the gutter. When I tried to get him up, something was funny. He was breathing real hard. I knew he was hurt." Hammy hesitated, watching Amato's eyes for a hopeful sign. But Amato's eyes were shiny and hard and cold. "I thought of coming back up and telling you," Hammy said.

"But you didn't," Amato said.

"I didn't want to bother you. I—hauled him down to the tracks and dumped him there. I was in the clear. Nobody seen me."

"You're getting a break," Amato said coldly. "I could turn you over to the cops. But I'm letting you go."

HAMMY looked desperately puzzled and hurt. "This ain't a fair shake," he said. "You think I'm no good just because Retnick dropped me."

Lye said softly, "You're crowding your luck, Hammy. You heard Nick. Don't let me see you in New York again."

Hammy knew what Lye's fixed and deadly smile meant. "I'm going," he said. "I ain't mad."

When Hammy had gone, Amato asked, "Has Retnick got a phone?"

"Yeah. He's at a boardinghouse."

"Call him up and tell him I want to see him. Here."

"You think he'll come?"

"Sure. That's why he roughed up the kid."

While Lye was out of the room Amato's wife came in and put a saucepan of milk on the stove. Amato watched her as she measured two tablespoonfuls of brandy into it.

"For the kid?" he asked.

She nodded. "He told me a man hit him tonight," she said. "Can't you keep him safe, Nick? He's all I got."

"Sure, sure," Amato said irritably. Most of the time he was glad he'd arranged to have Mario shipped to America. But there were moments when he wished he'd let him rot in Italy. The boy gave Anna something to think about besides polishing the furniture and hanging around the church. That part was fine; but her simple-minded anxiety about him was a bore. Amato had bought little Mario the way he'd buy a suit of clothes; they had no kids and Anna cried about it at night, so he got her sister to ship them her oldest boy, Mario.

"He's not strong like other boys," Anna said. "It's no good that he works with your men. He should be a priest or a teacher."

Amato shrugged. The idea of Mario as a priest or teacher struck him as slightly absurd. "Don't worry about him," he said.

"I try not to worry," she said. "You don't know how hard I try." Then she left the room without looking at him.

Lye returned in a moment. "Retnick will come."

Amato's mood had turned sour and bitter. He wouldn't have admitted it, but Anna's preoccupation with Mario made him feel unimportant. "You got a nice life," he said, staring at Lye. "Martinis and steaks, real high style." The thought of Kay Talbot, Lye's ex-actress girl friend, made him restless and irritable. "How'd you get to know her?" he asked.

"A friend of mine, a bookie, introduced us at the track," Lye said. The

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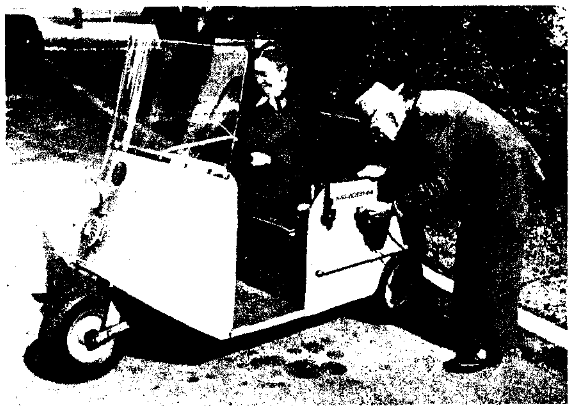
Ecclesiastical Hot Rods

The three-wheeled sport models belong to an exclusive car club. The speed limit: 15 mph. The fuel bill: $1 a month

Hot-rodders of Pilgrim Place, California, out for a Sunday stroll on wheels



ABBOT MILLS

Rev. Oliver Perry Avery and wife give electric car a lift, with recharge from a garage outlet

THE Ecclesiastical Hot Rod Club, of Claremont and environs in southern California, is perhaps the country's most unorthodox club on wheels. The hot rods don't go much over 15 miles an hour, and the hot-rodders are retired missionaries with an average age of seventy-six.

The septuagenarian speed demons live in a community of 200 retired religious workers called Pilgrim Place, just outside Claremont, which receives financial aid from various missionary organizations. The peculiar little hot rods, which are now owned by 22 members of the community, provide the perfect slow, safe and simple way for them to get around.

The Pilgrims' vehicles are actually little more than electric tricycles. They seat two, roll on three wheels, weigh about 500 pounds. Some are strictly sport models—no windshields, doors or tops. Others reflect the pride of their owners, who have painted them fire-engine red, upholstered them in imitation leather and outfitted them with special lights and horns.

The cars are plugged into special chargers every other night—about every 20 miles—to revitalize the batteries. This can cause trouble: absent-minded owners have been known to back rapidly out of their garages in the morning—car, cord, charger, outlet and all. But except for such infrequent crises, traffic moves smoothly in Pilgrim Place. The Pilgrims' progress may be slow, but it's mighty steady.

—TERRY GALANOY

conversation made him uneasy; he felt the nervous tic in his lips begin.

"You must have hidden talent," Amato said, staring deliberately and cruelly at Lye's mouth.

"I get along," Lye said, trying to control his mouth.

"Maybe it's because you pray," Amato said. "You prayed when you were in jail, but who was it that got you out, Joe?"

"Why don't we talk about something else?" Lye said.

"Why should we?" Amato asked. He didn't know why he was needling Lye; it wasn't improving his own temper. "I can arrange for you to start praying again, if that's what you like. There's that Donaldson rap still hanging over your head. I guess you remember that."

Lye tried to smile, but it was a ghastly effort. "Why should you send me back to jail?" he said. "I do my work. I'm with you all the way."

"Okay, Joe," Amato said. "Let's forget it."

Lye felt the tensions easing in him. It filled him with shame to be so vulnerable, but the nights he had once spent in the death cell had left him something less than a man.

IT WAS a few minutes past eleven when Retnick rang Amato's bell. Joe Lye opened the door, and said, "Come on along with me."

Retnick followed him down a hallway to the kitchen. Amato was sitting in his shirt sleeves at the kitchen table, smoking a short black cigar.

"You wanted to see me," Retnick said. "Here I am."

Amato shrugged. "So you're mad," he said. "Maybe you think I put Hammy up to picking a scrap with you. Well, that's wrong, Steve. Hammy was working on his own, and I fired him for it. Now don't that prove I'm trying to get along with people?"

"Everyone knows you're a decent, generous guy," Retnick said.

Amato studied him for a second or two with narrowing eyes. Then he said gently, "There's no point being sarcastic. I'm trying to be fair. You thought I turned Hammy loose on you. All right, that's understandable. So you pick up the kid and rough him up a little. I figure two mistakes cross each other out. I'm ready to forget them. How would you like Hammy's job?"

"I don't need a job," Retnick said slowly. "Unless you've got something else to tell me, I'm leaving."

"Sure, sure," Amato said softly. He got up and came around the table, looking at Retnick with cold, sharp eyes. "You want to be a hard guy, eh? How long you think you'll last, eh?"

"What's your guess?"

"I don't have to guess," Amato said, his lips curling contemptuously. "Big tough guy, eh? Make trouble for me." Amato's grip on his temper was slipping; his voice was suddenly hoarse and thick. "Well, I tell you this. You're a bigmouth, that's all. A bigmouth slob. You forget about Ventra, forget about Ragoni, forget about my business. You bother me, and you'll get your head blown off. Understand?"

"Why should I forget about Ventra?" Retnick said, very softly.

"Because I say so!" Amato shouted, and with the back of his hand he slapped Retnick across the chest. "You do what you're told if you want to stay alive. I tell you—"

Retnick smiled and hit him in the stomach, almost casually, and Amato bent over, hugging his arms tight to his body and sputtering feebly. His face was very red as he sagged helplessly against the kitchen table.

Retnick spun around and struck Lye's forearm with a chopping blow of his hand. Lye's gun clattered onto the floor, and he stiffened against the wall, one arm hanging uselessly at his side.

Retnick picked up the gun and put it in his pocket. Staring at Amato he said thickly, "Don't crowd it."

"You'll die for this, Retnick," Amato gasped. "I swear to God."

Retnick backed to the door. "Shut up, Nick. I don't want to kill you."

Outside, Retnick crossed the dark street and stopped in the shadow of a parked car. For a moment or so he watched Amato's door, but it remained closed; Lye wasn't coming after him tonight. He walked to an all-night drugstore, and from there he put in a call to the Thirty-first Precinct.

"This is Steve," Retnick said, when he got through to Lieutenant Neville.

"Well, hello," Neville said. He sounded tired, but underneath that his voice was pleased and surprised. "Kleyburg told me you'd called him. When do we get to see you?"

"Tonight. Right away, if you can make it. This is important."

Neville hesitated. Then he said, "Okay, Steve. Where are you?" His voice had changed slightly; now it was crisp and official.

Retnick told him the address he was calling from. "I'll be waiting outside."

He stood in the darkness a few doors from the drugstore, his back against a brick wall. A few moments later a black sedan slowed down at the intersection and he saw Neville's lean face in the yellow light of a street lamp. Retnick stepped out to the curb, the car stopped alongside him and he climbed in. Neville turned and faced him, a smile softening his features.

"I've been hoping you'd call," he said. "Let's hope it's not too late, Steve. You've been working on your own so far. Maybe you'll have to play it out that way."

NEVILLE'S tone bothered Retnick. There was no man in the department he'd respected more than Neville, no man whose approval had meant more to him. But they were like strangers now; the old warmth of their relationship was gone. And it was he who had changed, not Neville. He knew that much. "I've done all I can on my own," he said, watching Neville's pale, alert eyes. "I need help. I thought I could expect it from you."

"Why didn't you come to me when you got out of jail?"

"I wanted to work alone."

"And what have you accomplished? You knocked hell out of that simpleton—Hammy. And you've warned Amato to be on his guard. Do you consider that a brilliant bit of work?"

"I've done better than that," Retnick said, his voice hardening. "I've got a link between Mario Amato and the man who murdered Frank Ragoni."

Neville sighed. "You're going to tell me about Red Evans, I suppose."

"You know about him?" Retnick said, surprised.

"We try to earn our money," Neville said. "We know he drifted into Amato's gang, and disappeared the night Frank Ragoni turned up missing. What have you got?"

"Quite a bit more," Retnick said. He told Neville of Ragoni's conviction that he knew who had killed Al Ventra; of the winchman, Grady, who had been warned to stay off the job by young Mario Amato; of the accident by which

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Red Evans had almost killed Ragoni, and of Dixie Davis and his, Retnick's, certainty that she was still seeing Red Evans in Trenton. "Here's how it looks to me," he said finally. "Ragoni was on the spot—either because he knew who had killed Ventra, or because he was fighting to keep Amato and his hoodlums from taking over the local he belonged to. Mario Amato hired Red Evans to kill Ragoni and make it look like an accident. That didn't work, so Evans stuck a knife in him and blew. Doesn't that sound right to you?"

Neville shrugged. "It could be."

"I talked to Mario tonight," Retnick went on. "I could have beaten the truth out of him, but that wouldn't have held up in court."

Neville said sharply, "How did you get to talk to Mario?"

"I took him to my room."

"You're begging for trouble."

"Okay, okay," Retnick said. "But I'm getting what I want. Don't you see this the way I do? If we throw young Mario and Red Evans together we'll get the whole story."

"And you want me to pick up Mario? Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Look, Steve, you were trained as a cop and you know the meaning of evidence. You've got suspicions but you can't prove them by slapping people around. We've got two detectives working on the Ragoni murder. Leave the job to them. That's my advice."

"Supposing I get Red Evans?"

"We'll get Red Evans if he's guilty," Neville said. "That's all I can give you, Steve, a piece of damn' good advice."

"Save it," Retnick said. "Put it away with your pension."

"Okay, if that's the way you want it," Neville said angrily. "Where can I drop you?"

"The boardinghouse. It's on Fortieth and it's on your way."

"You're a stubborn fool," Neville said, and started the car.

RETNICK'S street was dark and empty. As Retnick opened the car door, Neville said, "Hold it a second."

"More advice?"

Neville sighed. "I'm trying to help, Steve. Get this chip off your shoulder and start thinking sensibly. Will you do me a favor?"

"Good night," Retnick said. He slammed the car door and went up the short flight of worn steps to the doorway of his building. He took his keys from his pocket and turned around to get some light from the street lamp. Neville was halfway up the block when Retnick turned back to the door and fitted his key in the lock. The key stuck and he pulled it out and turned once again to the light. And it was then that he saw a man moving stealthily along the line of parked cars at the curb. He hesitated an instant, feeling the sudden heavy beat of his heart. The shadow moved again, slowly.

Retnick turned back to the door. Standing perfectly still, he counted to three, and then he dropped to his knees and dived down the stairs toward the sidewalk. The momentum of his lunge rolled him over, and he came to his feet in a crouch at the curb. By then the street was echoing with the report of a gun and the scream of a ricocheting bullet. A second shot struck the front of the building, sending particles of brick whining into the darkness.

Retnick saw the flash of the gun's muzzle two car lengths ahead of him, on the curb side of the cars. He held Lye's gun in his hand. The silence was complete now and he knew that Neville's car had stopped somewhere up the block.

Retnick heard the scuff of the shoes of the man who had fired at him; he was moving closer. There was no place to hide. Retnick could only wait for Neville.

Somewhere down the block a window was raised and a woman shouted into the silence. Retnick knew Neville would probably come back along the line of cars on the opposite side of the street. Crouching low between two cars he found a tin can and tossed it over the cars onto the sidewalk.

AS THE can clattered on the pavement, Retnick saw the bulky figure of a man raise up. Then he heard Neville yell sharply, "This is the police. Drop that gun."

Retnick stood up. In the glow from a street light Retnick saw a big man in a camel's-hair coat raise his gun and aim it in the direction of Neville's voice. A shot sounded and the man hugged his stomach; then he dropped his gun. Then he fell forward and cried, "No!" in a high, incredulous voice.

Retnick climbed over the bumpers of a car and jumped down onto the sidewalk. Hammy lay sprawled on the pavement staring up with wide, frightened eyes. Several men were hurrying to the scene, their running footsteps loud and clear in the night.

Neville walked over to Retnick's side. He was pale, and there was a sharp glint of excitement in his eyes. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yes. He missed twice."

Neville knelt beside Hammy. It was obvious the big man was dying. He looked lonely and scared.

"Did Amato tell you to kill Retnick?" Neville asked, speaking sharply. "Come on, Hammy, get squared away before you die."

"I had to kill Retnick," Hammy said weakly. "He made a bum out of me. I thought it would make Nick Amato feel better if I got him."

"Who killed Glencannon?" Neville asked him.

"I don't know who killed anybody," Hammy said. "You didn't have to shoot me. I had a lot ahead of me."

Neville folded Hammy's fedora and slipped it under his head. "You don't owe Amato anything," Retnick said. "Who killed Al Ventra? Do you know, Hammy?"

"Amato threw me out," Hammy said. "Everybody said he killed Al Ventra."

Neville said, "Do you know where Red Evans is now?"

"I think he's in Trenton."

"Could you get him to New York?" Neville asked Retnick.

"I don't need Red Evans," Retnick said coldly. "Didn't you hear Hammy say Amato killed Al Ventra? That's all I've been trying to find out."

"That won't convict Amato."

"It's enough for me," Retnick said.

"Now listen," Neville said sharply. "We can get Amato my way. We need Red Evans, but we can't extradite him. If you get him, I'll pick up Mario Amato. Then we'll get the truth. And the truth will point at Amato."

Retnick hesitated a second. "Do I have your word on that?"

"You have my word," Neville said. "But be careful, Steve. Red Evans is a very tough boy."

"Sure," Retnick said, looking down at the body on the sidewalk. "So was Hammy." . . .

From the Thirty-first, Steve Retnick

walked to Tenth Avenue and picked up a cruising cab. What he had to do was simple and clear: find Red Evans and drag him to New York. How he would do this was neither simple nor clear, but he wasn't worrying about it. What worried him now was Davey Cardinal—and that hoodlum's interest in Marcia. Retnick's concern was illogical, but he couldn't shake it. The driver looked around at him, and Retnick gave him an address a half block from where he had lived with Marcia.

This was a neighborhood he knew well, although he had lived here only a few months. But in that time he had memorized the street; it was clearer in his mind than the streets of the Lower East Side where he had been raised.

When the cab drove away, Retnick stood in the shadow of a tree and looked up at the lighted windows of his wife's apartment. For a moment or so he stood completely motionless. It was difficult to realize that he had once lived there, and more difficult still to imagine what sort of man he had been then. He knew in an objective way he had once been happy, that he had laughed easily, that in his life there had been the warmth and sustenance of love; but when he tried to examine these memories they became distorted and blurred, twisted by his anger.

But during the occasional moments when he could think of Marcia apart from himself, he thought of her in motion—smiling or talking, looking up quickly to laugh at something in the paper, attacking the housework in brief shorts and sandals, her legs slim and brown and quick. He thought of her fussing in the kitchen over dinner, preparing enough food for six people because she was proud of his appetite. She had always thought him too serious. "Don't *worry* so much," she used to say, laughing at him. He never quite understood this unreasoned optimism; it amused and puzzled him at the same time. But his attempt to fit her into any of the categories he knew had always failed; she was too direct in some ways, too subtle in others, and when he tried to hold her fast she went through his fingers like quicksilver.

A CAB slowed down and stopped a few doors from Marcia's apartment. A man climbed out and the taxi drove off. For a few seconds the street was quiet, and then Retnick saw the man stop to look casually at the doorway of Marcia's apartment. Then he strolled on. Retnick recognized him—Davey Cardinal, Amato's enforcer.

Cardinal stopped two doors beyond Marcia's building and stood in the shadows.

Retnick checked the gun he had taken from Joe Lye. Then he crossed the street toward Cardinal. When he saw the pale shine of his face, he stopped and said, "Hello, Davey."

Cardinal came out of the shadows slowly, a stocky man with a tight little grin on his dark features. "You keep funny hours, Steve," he said.

"My wife lives just two doors from here," Retnick said.

Cardinal shrugged. "Maybe I'll run into her."

"No, you won't," Retnick said. Then he took the lapels of the little man's coat in one hand, and when Cardinal's arm dropped swiftly, Retnick drove the muzzle of his gun into Cardinal's stomach with cruel force.

"Steve!" he cried out softly, frightened and hurt.

"Listen to me," Retnick said, staring into Cardinal's eyes. "You beat it now. If anything happens to her, I'll come after you first. I won't ask who did it. I'll get you."

Cardinal wet his lips. "Don't kill me," he whispered.

"I want to kill you," Retnick said. "I'd like an excuse. Remember that." He shoved the hoodlum away.

Cardinal turned and started up the sidewalk, almost running.

A CAR door slammed behind Retnick and he turned quickly. His wife said good night to the cabdriver and started for the entrance of her building. Retnick stood perfectly still in the shadows, hoping she wouldn't see him. But she hesitated at the sidewalk, seeming to sense his presence in the darkness.

"Steve?" she called softly.

Retnick walked toward her.

"The bartender told me you were at the club last night," she said.

"I wanted a drink."

Her gray eyes were puzzled and hurt, but she managed a little smile. "That's direct enough," she said. "And do you want a drink now? I have one upstairs."

"Never mind." It was hard to look at her, to see the hesitant appeal in her face. She had changed more than he had realized; the careless confidence she had always had was gone.

"Why were you waiting here, Steve?" she said.

"It's too involved to go into," he said. "Look, could you manage to get out of town for a week or two?"

"I'm planning to leave for good."

He felt suddenly confused and angry. "Where are you going?"

"Chicago. It's a better job, my agent thinks."

"You do what he says?"

"Not quite. He's wanted me to leave for two years. I thought there was something to wait for in New York."

"You'll be better off in Chicago. I'm not making friends these days, and somebody might think of causing you trouble. It's a long shot, but it's there."

She frowned slightly. "And you'd care if something happened to me?"

"I couldn't care less," he said, but his voice was bitter with anger at himself, at the stupidity of his answer. Why was he here if he didn't care?

"Steve, Steve," she said softly. "Look at me. Please! I want to talk to you. I want to tell you what happened—how it happened while you were away." She stared imploringly into his eyes. "It was so unimportant, Steve, so tragically unimportant. That's what I want to make you understand."

"I suppose you told him I was unimportant—'tragically unimportant,' in your nice phrase."

She stepped back from him. Then she said, "It's a waste of time to go on hurting me, Steve." Her lips were trembling but her eyes were suddenly as cold as his own. "Is there any limit to the punishment you think I deserve? I've been lonely and afraid for years. Isn't that some kind of payment? Well, to me it is. So far as I'm concerned the account is in balance. From now on I'll judge myself by my rules—yes, and by Father Bristow's. His rules are based on love, and yours are based on hate." She drew a deep, unsteady breath. "That's a long speech, but it's the last you'll hear from me." Turning, she ran toward the apartment door.

"I never wanted to hurt you," he shouted, but the door was closing.

Why had all this happened to him? he thought. There was no reason to any of it; his life had been smashed casually and carelessly, and now the only way he seemed able to give what was left of his life any meaning was to destroy those who had wrecked his happiness. An uncomfortable chill went through his body, and he shook himself quickly and began walking. He wouldn't let himself think about what he was doing; he couldn't afford to—he must act, not think.

RETNICK was up at six the next morning. Today he had to find Red Evans. This was Thursday, Dixie Davis' day off, and if she followed her usual pattern she would go to Trenton to meet Evans. Retnick decided to pick her up there. That would be less risky than trailing her from New York.

Leaving the state without permission would violate the parole, but that was a chance he was willing to take; he was ready to pay any price to hang Amato.

By eight o'clock he had taken his post in the station in Trenton where he could watch the passengers who got off the New York trains. He waited all morning and most of the afternoon, but she didn't show up.

It was after five o'clock when he got back to New York, and almost seven before he got to Dixie Davis' apartment. When he rang her bell, she answered immediately. "Who is it?"

"Retnick," he said. "Remember?"

"Look, Buster, there's a gadget called the telephone," she said. "People use it to make dates with."

"I didn't have time to call," he said. "This is important."

"Okay, come on up."

She was waiting for him in the doorway, a bored smile on her lips. She was wearing a red silk dress and ankle-strap shoes. "Well, what's new?"

Retnick walked past her into the neat and impersonal room. "We're all alone, eh?" he said.

"You want a robe and slippers?"

"You don't sound very friendly."

"I don't like guys barging up here like it was a saloon with a free lunch," she said. "I told you once, I'll tell you twice, use the damn' telephone if you want to see me."

Retnick stared at her, his face and eyes hardening slowly. "I don't want to see you," he said.

"You know where the door is," she said. "If you don't like it here, blow."

"You're sitting in a very rough game," Retnick said. "Doesn't that worry you?"

"I sleep just fine," she said.

"You're still seeing Red Evans," Retnick said slowly. "Where is he? That's what I'm going to find out."

"Get this straight: if I see Red Evans that's my business. He could be a murderer fifty times over and he'd still be a better man than you are."

Something in her manner puzzled him; she was relishing this moment, chin raised, eyes flashing, playing it as if she were facing an audience.

Retnick caught her by the shoulders. "I'll bet you don't want to get hurt," he said softly.

THE speed and power in his hands wiped the little sneer from her face; she stared up at him, breathing unevenly, terrified by the strange look in his face. "Don't," she whispered, and her eyes flicked past him to the closed bedroom door.

An audience, Retnick thought, and a little shock went through him. They weren't alone.

He heard the metallic click as the doorknob turned and he saw the straining effort Dixie was making to keep her eyes on his face.

"Don't move," a voice behind him said quietly. "That's good. Now take your dirty hands off her."

Retnick released the girl and she backed away, pale with relief.

Hands went over Retnick's clothes and body. Then the voice said, "Okay, tough guy, let's look at you."

As Retnick turned, a fist struck the side of his face. The man who had hit him stepped back quickly, the gun in his hand aimed at Retnick's stomach. "All right, start something," the man said, smiling faintly.

Evans was a tall man with sloping shoulders, and a loose, reckless mouth. His hair was bright red, and his brown eyes looked muddy and dangerous.

"The love tap was necessary," he said, balancing himself on the balls of his feet. "My story goes like this: you broke in, started beating up my girl and then I had to kill you in self-defense. Does it sound all right? You used to be a cop. You ought to know."

Retnick shrugged. "It sounds okay. But what's your story for Ragoni? Did you kill him in self-defense too?"

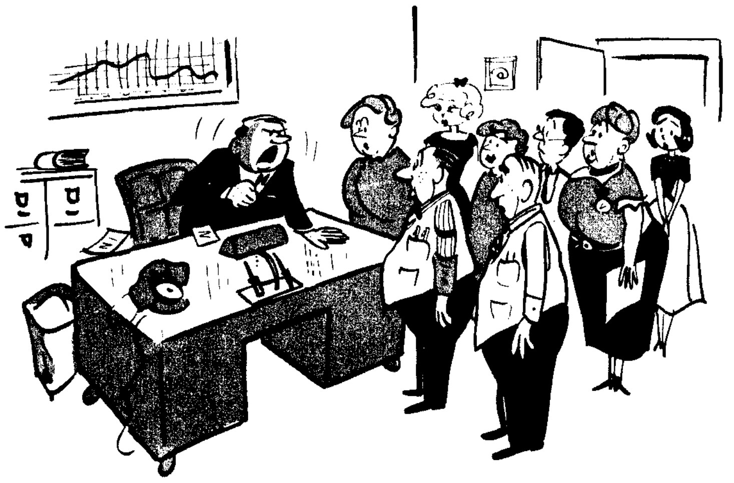
"I don't need any story for Ragoni," Evans said, but he wasn't smiling any more. "I never touched him. But it annoyed me when I heard you were talking pretty loud about me and Ragoni. I checked with Amato, and he told me you got this delusion I killed your pal. So I decided to set you straight."

"Before you shoot you'd better be sure your girl will back up the story."

Evans smiled. "She'll back me up."

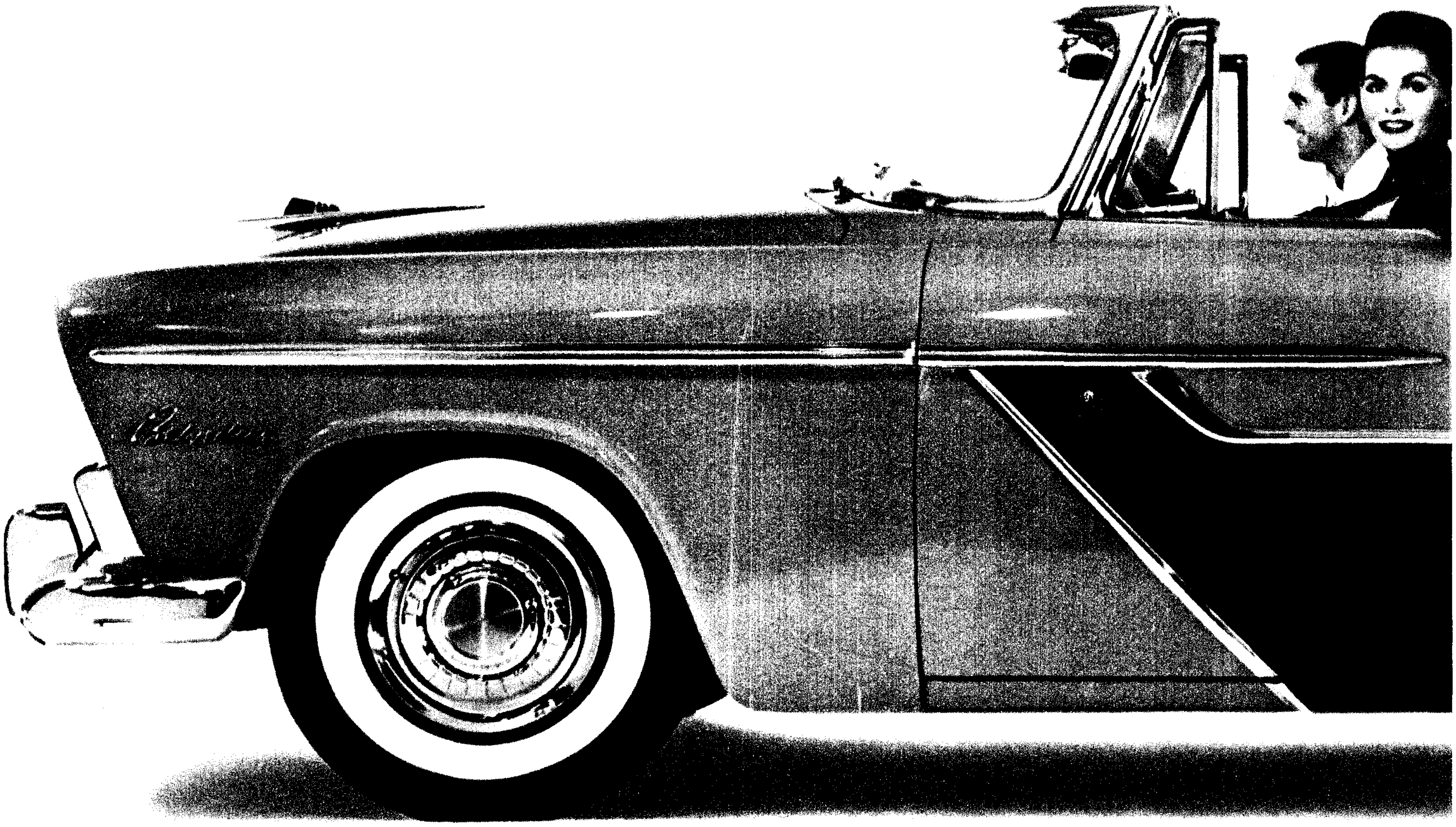
"She offered to lead me to you for a thousand bucks," Retnick said.

"So she's been double-crossing me,"



"We're one big happy family here and it's got to stop!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



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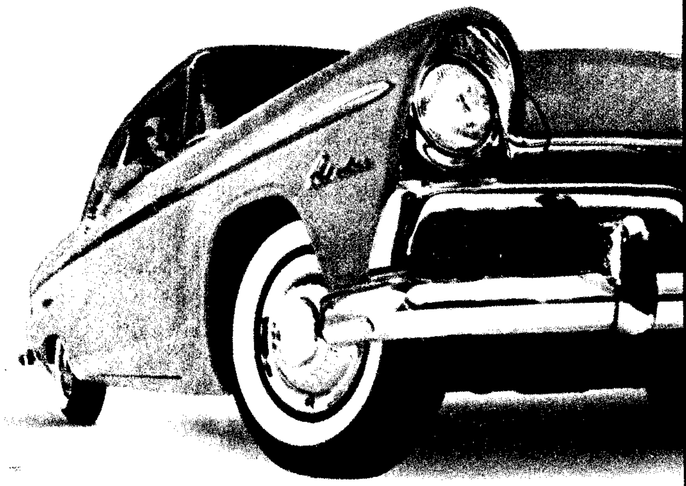
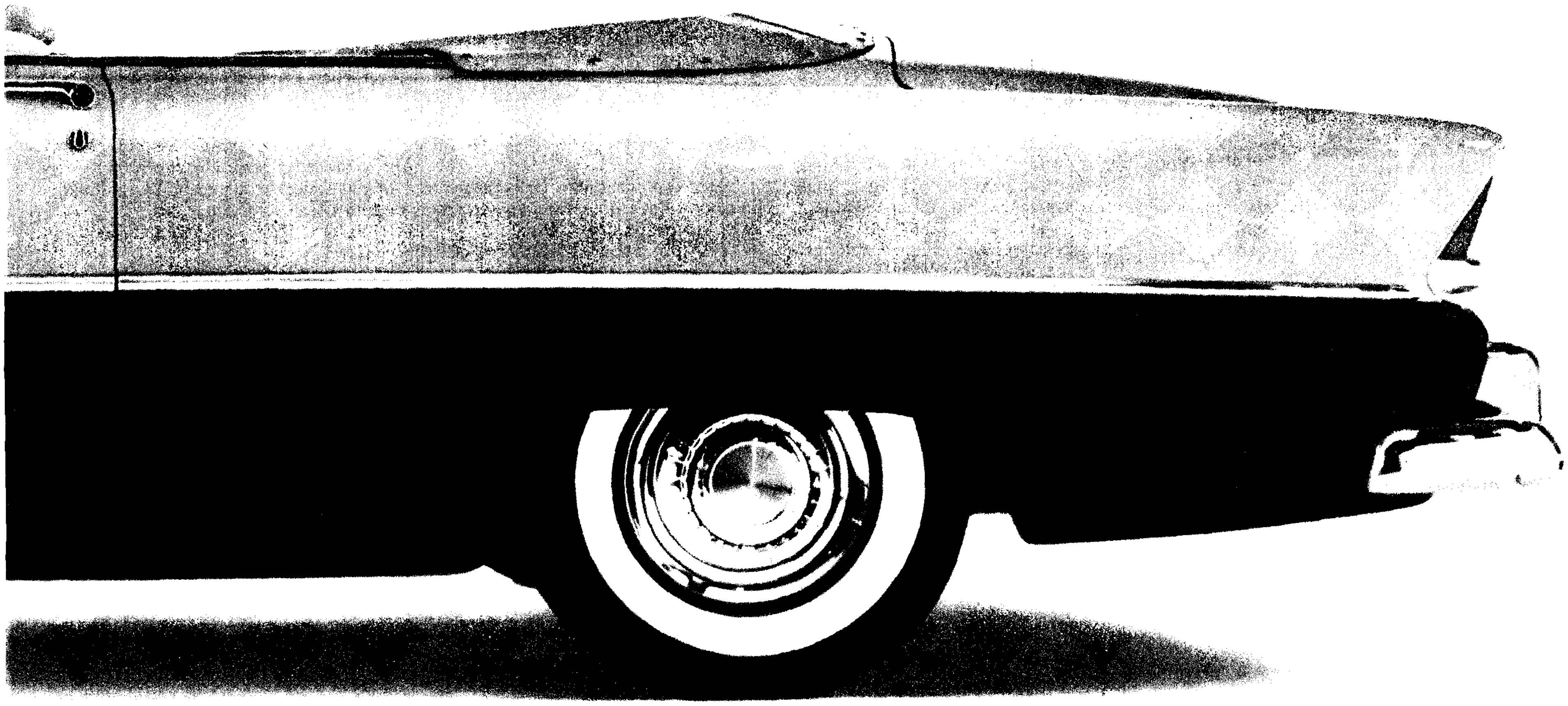


6-cylinder Plymouth Belvedere Four-door Sedan



1955 Plymouth Belvedere V-8 Convertible. Unretouched photograph.

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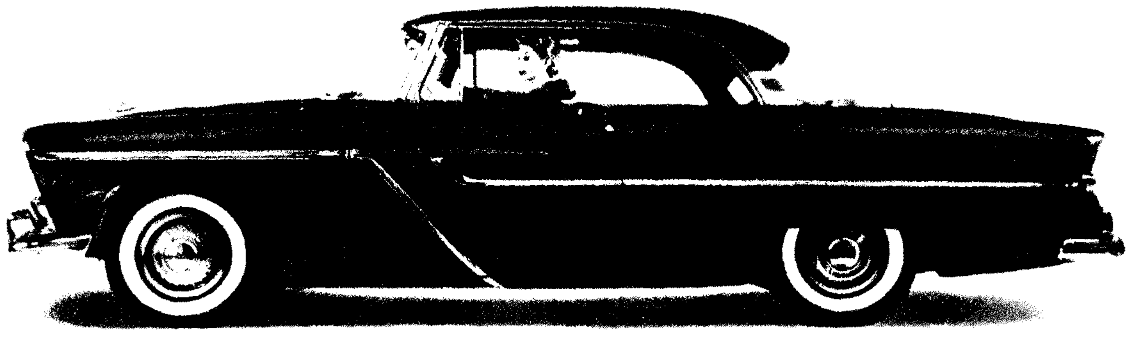
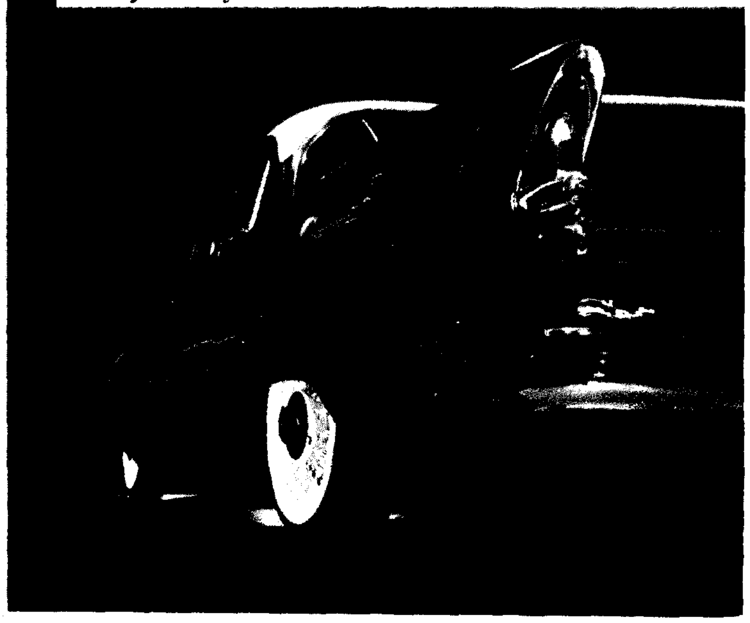


6-cylinder Plymouth Belvedere Four-door Sedan



Evans said. He looked sadly at Dixie. "You're a naughty one."

"It's funny," Retnick said, hardening his voice. "Real funny. How do you suppose I knew you killed Ragoni? You think I heard that on the radio?"

Evans' expression changed slightly. "Okay, big shot, where'd you hear it?"

"Ask her," Retnick said.

"He's just trying to steam you up, Red," Dixie said. One thin hand moved uneasily along the seam of her skirt. "I never told him anything."

"But he knows something," Evans said, looking thoughtfully at Retnick. "Or else he's guessing."

"I'm guessing, sure," Retnick said. "I guess Mario Amato paid you to do the job on the winch in Ragoni's crew. And I guess it was just damn' carelessness when you almost hit him with a load of freight." He smiled. "You want me to keep guessing?"

Evans looked genuinely puzzled. "Who's been talking to you?"

"Red, wake up!" Dixie cried. "He's just stalling."

"Something cute is going on," Evans said. He looked mad and dangerous. "Come here, baby."

"What do you want?"

"Just come here."

WHEN she reached his side he put an arm around her and twisted his fingers into her hair. His eyes and gun stayed on Retnick. "I want to get this straight," he said, very quietly.

"Red, don't!"

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "Now listen, baby, if you talked to anybody I got to know about it. I got to know if I'm being fitted for a frame."

"Red, I swear—" she cried.

"If you squealed, say so."

"I swear I never talked, Red. Stop it, please."

"I believe you, baby," Evans said.

Unconsciously, his hand tightened in Dixie's hair, and she said hoarsely, "Red! Stop it!" The words were thick with pain in her straining throat. She tried to drive a sharply pointed heel into his foot, and then her right knee jerked upward in a convulsive reaction and knocked his gun hand up.

Retnick was on him like an animal. He caught Evans' upraised wrist with one hand, his throat with the other, and slammed him backward across the room. Retnick's attack knocked the girl to the floor. Evans' body struck the wall with a crash, and pain streaked into his eyes as his head snapped against the wall.

"Tough guy," Retnick said, and closed his fingers with all his strength on Evans' wrist.

Evans screamed in pain, the sound of it high and incredulous in his throat, and the gun clattered from his distended fingers to the floor. Retnick hit him in the stomach then, and felt a brutal and guilty satisfaction in the blow. Breathing heavily, he stepped back and let Evans slide to the floor.

Then he walked to the telephone, put in a call to the Thirty-first, and asked to be put through to Lieutenant Neville. When Neville came on, Retnick said, "I got him. Evans."

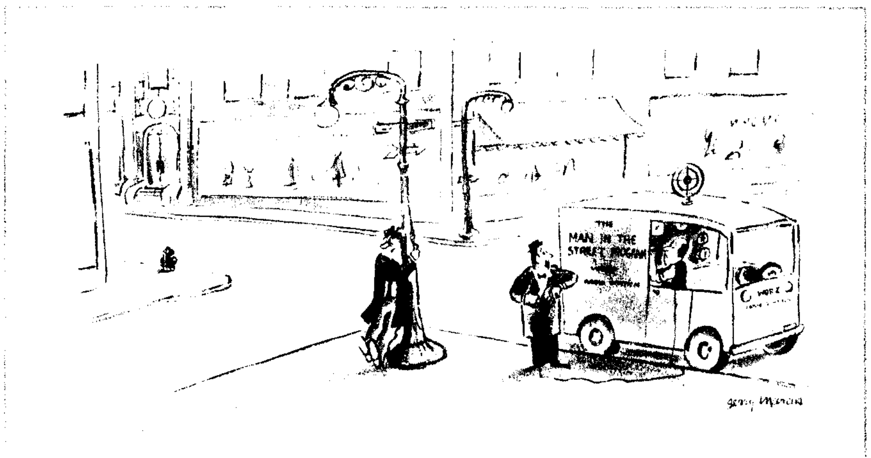
"Where are you?" Neville asked.

Retnick told him and Neville said, "Sit tight."

Retnick put the telephone down and lighted a cigarette. Inhaling deeply, he felt some of the tension dissolving in his body.

"You're working with the cops?" Dixie asked, pushing herself up from the floor.

"That's right."


THE MAN IN THE STREET PROGRAM
Jerry Marcus

"We're on the air in three seconds . . . it's either him or nobody!"

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

"You made him think I crossed him," she said, glancing at Evans with a little shudder. "What'll happen to me when he gets loose?"

"That's your problem."

She was very pale and her lips were trembling. "Why did you put me in this spot?"

"You put yourself in it," Retnick said. "This guy is a killer. He killed a man he'd never seen before, slipped a knife between his ribs for a piece of change. And you knew about it. You thought he was a hero." Retnick made an abrupt, angry gesture with his hand. "Behind every one of these vermin is a dummy like you, loving them, treating them like glamor boys." Retnick stopped and ground out his cigarette. He felt disgusted with himself. "You'll be okay," he said.

She was weeping now. Fear had stripped the cynical, wise-guy mask from her face. She looked suddenly childish and vulnerable. Even the cheaply sexy clothes seemed incongruous on her small, thin body.

The buzzer sounded and Lieutenant Neville walked into the room a few seconds later. "You okay, Steve?"

"Sure."

Neville stared down at Evans. "They never look worth the trouble they make," he said. Then he nodded at Dixie. "Who's this?"

"The girl friend," Retnick said.

"You've got to protect me," Dixie said nervously.

"Will you testify against him?" Neville said.

"There—there's nothing I could tell you," she said, and looked away. Neville turned to Retnick, dismissing her completely. "Did you get anything from him?"

"He's your boy," Retnick said.

Neville touched Retnick's arm. "You fade," he said quietly. "We'll pick up Mario Amato now and toss these two babies together. I'll get Kleyburg on it. When there's a break I'll give you a buzz." . . .

Retnick waited in his room at the boardinghouse. He sat on the edge of the bed smoking one cigarette after another and checking his watch every few minutes. It was after midnight now; five hours had passed since Evans and Mario had been picked up.

Nothing could slip, he thought. Evans would be in a savage, nervous mood, half convinced he was being measured for a frame. Young Mario was a weakling and a fool. Slam them together and you'd get an explosion of squeals and denials. But it hadn't happened yet—

The telephone rang shrilly and Retnick got up and went out into the wide, dark hallway. He lifted the receiver and said, "Yes?"

"Steve?" It was Neville's voice, edged with weariness.

"Yes. Did they crack?"

Neville sighed. "It's a bust, Steve."

"Evans practically admitted to me that he killed Ragoni," Retnick said angrily. "And he practically admitted that Mario Amato paid him to do it."

"They don't admit anything now," Neville said. "Now listen: we picked up Mario at his uncle's house four or five hours ago. Kleyburg made the pinch. Amato raised hell. He told his nephew he'd have him out by morning. Mario believed him, I guess. He won't talk. And neither will Evans."

Retnick said quietly, "Look, Lieutenant, is that creep Connors around? You know, the detective on Amato's string."

"Sure he's around. He's trying to find out what's up. But I've kept him away from this deal. Why?"

"Tell him young Mario has spilled everything."

Neville was silent a moment. Then he said wearily, "Do you want to back a hunch against that boy's life?"

"I'm not interested in Mario's life," Retnick said. "I want to hang Amato. If he thinks his nephew has squealed on him, he'll play into your hands."

"No!" Neville said angrily. "I've gone as far as I can with you. I'm not going to set up a murder to prove that your guess is right."

Retnick knew he'd been foolish to hope for Neville's help on a shady maneuver; Neville played to strict rules. He said, "Is Kleyburg around?"

"No, I sent him home an hour ago. Why?"

"It wasn't important."

Retnick replaced the telephone. Maybe Neville wouldn't help him, but Kleyburg would.

THE old man wore a dark blue flannel robe with slippers, and his gray hair was still damp from a shower. He peered up at Retnick, a happy smile touching his face. "Steve, this is wonderful," he said.

"Thanks." Retnick walked into the familiar, comfortable living room and dropped his hat on the sofa. The air smelled pleasantly of coffee and pipe smoke. Snapshots of Kleyburg's sons stood along the mantel.

"It's great to look at you, boy," Kleyburg said, putting his hands on Retnick's shoulders.

"Evans didn't talk. And neither did Mario," Retnick said.

Kleyburg shrugged wearily. "We did our best, Steve."

"There's one angle left," Retnick said. "Tell Nick Amato his nephew squealed."

Kleyburg smiled uncertainly. "Now, Steve," he said at last. "We can't do that. Anyway, Amato wouldn't believe a story like that."

"We can handle that," Retnick said, fixing Kleyburg with his bright, hard eyes. "You pass the word to Connors. Connors will run to Amato with it. Amato will believe Connors. Then we'll tip off Evans' lawyer that young Mario squealed. We can do that through a stoolie. Evans will start singing to protect himself."

Kleyburg shook his head. "You—can't be serious."

"All it will take is one call—from you to Connors."

KLEYBURG said weakly, "No, Steve. Spreading the word that Mario squealed would be like handing him a death sentence."

"Amato isn't going to kill his own nephew."

"Steve, I can't do it," Kleyburg said, rubbing a hand helplessly over his forehead. Turning away he stared at the pictures of his sons on the mantel. "I have never pulled anything shady or crooked in all my years on the force," he said, and it seemed as if he were speaking to his boys now instead of Retnick. "Maybe that's no claim to fame. But I slept nights. I never had any trouble looking at myself in a mirror. You see why it's impossible, Steve? I can't take a chance on that boy's life."

"You've got a fine bleeding heart for hoodlums all of a sudden," Retnick said bitterly. "Did you forget that I got hurt too? I lost everything that made sense in my life, but that doesn't mean anything to you. This is be-kind-to-the-Amatos week."

"Steve, don't talk that way."

Retnick turned and walked to the door. "It's the way I feel, Miles."

"I want to help you."

"Forget it," Retnick said. He knew he didn't have the right to hound Kleyburg this way; if there were chances to take, that was his job, not this old man's. Miles Kleyburg was straight, and it would be a hideous mistake to change him.

"Now wait," Kleyburg said, frowning. "You always helped me. When we worked together you were the one who took the tough jobs, kicking in doors, walking into dark alleys. And me, I sat in the car holding down the radio most of the time."

"Miles—"

"I realized what you were doing," Kleyburg said, interrupting. "Saving me because I had kids to raise. And I was selfish enough to let you do it. And now I've got to pay you back."

"Forget it. That was a pipe dream of mine. It wouldn't work anyway."

"I can't let you go like this."

Retnick smiled faintly. "So long, Miles."

When the door closed, Kleyburg stood staring at it. Finally, minutes later, he walked slowly to the telephone. He dialed a number automatically, and while waiting for an answer he stared across the room at the pictures of his sons. His lips trembled then, and he blinked his eyes rapidly. A voice sounded in his ear and he straightened his sagging shoulders. "This is Kleyburg," he said. "I want to talk to Connors. Is he still around?"

"I'll get him," the clerk at the Thirty-first said.

Kleyburg let out his breath slowly and turned away from the snapshots of his boys. —WILLIAM P. MC GIVERN

(This is the second of three parts)

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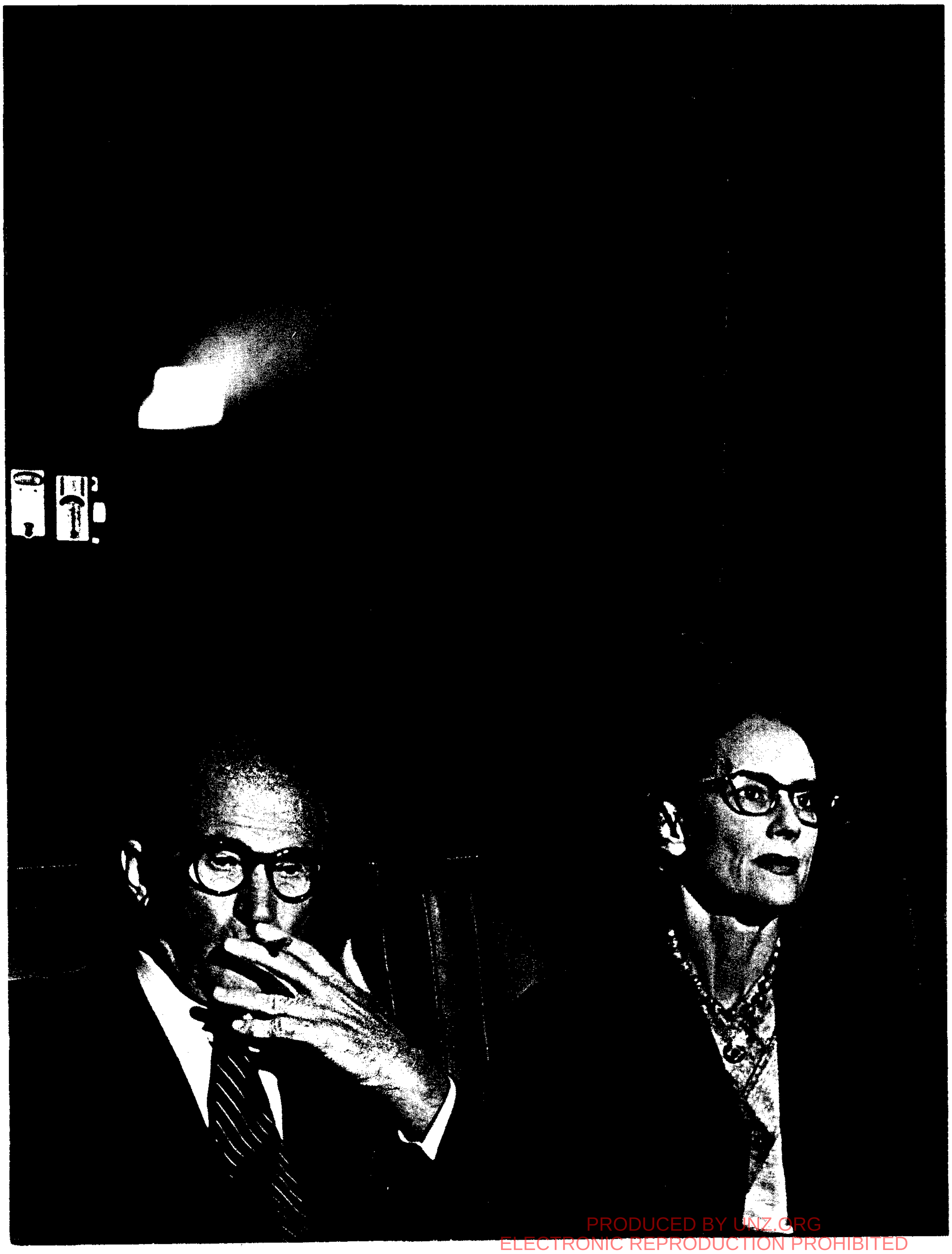
THE GOLDWYNS —*and*

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

April is a red-letter month for Sam and Frances, business as well as marital partners. They're filming one of Broadway's gayest musicals—and marking their 30th wedding anniversary

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN AND MARTIN HARRIS



Goldwyns watch the day's "rushes" of Guys and Dolls in projection room. He makes major production decisions, and she looks after "the bits and pieces"

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, Hollywood's perennial rugged individualist, is back in full-scale production. Refreshed by a three-year rest after making Hans Christian Andersen, Goldwyn is concentrating all his energy on Guys and Dolls, the famed musical based on a Damon Runyon tale of Broadway saints and sinners. No armchair producer, he piles up more mileage than a messenger boy as he skips from sound stage to rehearsal hall to designer's office, and threads his way nimbly through studio streets crowded with cars, trucks, moving scenery, grips, carpenters, dressmakers and raffishly clothed actors—the "guys" and "dolls" themselves.

Amid this helter-skelter confusion, Goldwyn sometimes nearly collides with a bright, birdlike figure who also seems in constant movement. For a brief moment the two may pause, giving a quick image of boss and secretary in earnest, businesslike conversation. But the bright figure is no secretary. She is Frances Goldwyn, the producer's wife, business associate and Jack-of-all-trades around the studio—the other half of one of the most durable partnerships in Hollywood. In this team Sam makes the lordly decisions. Frances, according to her own description, sees "that the bits and pieces are in good order."

Sam is the first to say that his wife's estimate is far too modest. "I'd be lost without Frances," he admits. Then the producer, who doesn't like even banks as partners, adds: "She's the only real, close partner I've ever had."

Guys and Dolls is Goldwyn's 68th picture as an independent producer. It is a musical he says he has long wanted to make—badly enough, in fact, to pay $1,000,000 for it. But his pride in finally acquiring the rights to the Broadway hit show is matched by his pride in reaching another milestone—his thirtieth wedding anniversary on the 23d of this month. It is for Sam a moment for self-congratulation, a confirmation of his much advertised sagacity, good taste and stability.

Frances extended her partnership with Sam from the marital into the business field some 20 years ago. Goldwyn was seriously ill at the time, and Frances moved into the studio to "answer phones and pick up mail." Very shortly, to Sam's ill-concealed delight, she became a vital but unobtrusive force there. Today, though few persons know it, she is treasurer of the Goldwyn company.

Frances has her own private office at the studio and a full-time secretary, yet her duties defy precise

Chauffeur Carl Alexander gives Mrs. Goldwyn her lunch bag. She eats in office or in her car

"Guys & Dolls"

definition. "She does all the chores that normally are the responsibility of an associate producer, only she doesn't get any screen credit," says one veteran studio worker.

The Goldwyns' day begins in their big modern Georgian home in Beverly Hills with breakfast at 7:00 A.M. Then, while Sam leaves by chauffeured limousine for the studio, Frances busies herself with household duties—among them, putting a fresh blade daily in her husband's razor, discussing the state of the house with the maids and dinner preparations with the cook.

With these chores out of the way, she drives her own expensive coupé to the studio; she likes to have her car at hand so that she can dash off to Farmer's Market to shop, or do other errands.

Her chief concern in the shooting of Guys and Dolls, as it is in all Goldwyn productions, is the *décor*. Weeks before Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine reported for rehearsals, Frances was working in close association with designer Irene Sharaff on costumes and with production designer Oliver Smith on sets and color composition for the picture. Now that filming has begun, she keeps sharp, critical eyes on the condition of the costumes and physical appearance of the sets. She also acts as unofficial supervisor over the make-up and hairdressing departments, and she is as much concerned about the appearance of an unskilled dress extra as she is about Miss Sim-

Mrs. Goldwyn (left) supervises costumes and sets for the musical. Here she confers with designer Irene Sharaff, costumer Al Nichols

Guys and Dolls dance director Michael Kidd (on right) rehearses (from left) Johnny Silver (who plays role of Benny Southstreet), Frank Sinatra (as Nathan Detroit) and Stubby Kaye (Nicely-Nicely Johnson). The three are looking for a place to stage crap game

“If you marry me,” Goldwy

Stubby Kaye reads the Goldwyns a parody based on a Guys and Dolls number. It was entitled, Sit Down, Sam, You're Rocking the Boat

mons, who plays Sarah Brown, the mission worker, or Miss Blaine, who originated the role of the cabaret entertainer Adelaide on Broadway.

Sam, meanwhile, is busy with the thousand and one details that always crop up during a shooting schedule. “No matter how much you think you know,” Goldwyn says, “you always find that you can make mistakes.” For example, he decided on the first day of shooting that the coloring of the skin texture of the actors was too heavy and ordered it lightened. He also directed a change in Miss Simmons' lip design—normally a Cupid's bow. He insisted that the upper lip should be “rounded out.”

As sort of an extracurricular studio duty, Frances watches over Goldwyn's private apartment at the studio. It consists of a kitchen, a combination living-dining room and a bedroom. Although Frances prepares the menus, she rarely attends her husband's lunches in the apartment. One day Sam's luncheon guest may be Ed Sullivan, in from New York to discuss a TV program based on the filming of Guys and Dolls; on another, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives Howard Dietz, Charles M. Regan and Arthur Loew may arrive to discuss the distribution of the movie. But most of the luncheons are actually staff meetings of Sam's top associates at which administrative problems connected with Guys and Dolls are thrashed out.

While Goldwyn is playing host, Frances usually lunches on a sandwich—“the very best meat left over from the night before”—brought from home in a paper bag. She may eat in her office or sit in her car, or drive off to a little dressmaker's shop to eat while being fitted for a dress or suit.

The Goldwyns' afternoon is much like the morning. Sam, often as not, visits the set to “absorb atmosphere,” as he says, and chat casually with director Joseph Mankiewicz. He rarely discusses the scene being shot. “I regard the director as the field general,” Goldwyn says. “He's the boss on the set and I give him his head.”

If Goldwyn has suggestions or criticisms, he saves them for the luncheon sessions or end-of-the-day conferences with Mankiewicz after they have looked at “rushes” of the day's shooting. The other day, Sam decided he was not satisfied with the materials used in the suits and shirts to be worn by Frank Sinatra (as Nathan Detroit, the gambler who can't find a place to stage his floating crap game), Stubby Kaye (as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Nathan's man Friday) and the other actors in a crap-game scene next morning. Sam felt the clothes were too similar in color. In a late-afternoon conference with Mankiewicz and Frances, he arranged for new fabrics to be selected and run up in time for the morning shooting.

The Goldwyns seldom can relax completely even in the evening. Usually, there are guests for dinner. Sam seldom hires an important personality without first inviting him home for an informal chat. Brando, Goldwyn's choice for the role of Sky Masterson, the big-time gambler in Guys and Dolls who falls for the charms of the mission lass, was no exception. When he arrived at the Goldwyn home, he had grave misgivings about playing a singing role. But in no time at all, Goldwyn was demonstrating his fabulous salesmanship. “Before I realized what was happening,” says Brando, “I was drifting off on a cloud saying to myself, ‘You're only a bathtub singer, boy, but if the man insists you can sing and dance, why not take the chance? After all, it's his money.’ ”

When, at the end of the day, the Goldwyns are finally alone, Guy and Dolls is still their main topic of conversation. They mull over current problems and try to anticipate future ones. Although Sam

During a break in rehearsals, Marlon Brando clowns for amusement of Jean Simmons. Brando will make debut as a singer in the new Goldwyn musical

would be the first to concede the invaluable part Frances plays in his business, his wife firmly says: "Nobody makes up Sam's mind for him. I won't say I can't be quite positive, but Sam always makes his own decisions."

While Goldwyn was trying to make up his mind whether to put in his million-dollar bid for Guys and Dolls, he asked Frances one night—just before going to bed—what she thought about it. "If you're set on making the picture," she told him, "go ahead and buy it at any price." (Sam also asked their son, Samuel, Jr., a producer in his own right, what he thought of the idea. "You deserve to have it, Dad," young Sam replied. "You've worked hard enough." In telling a friend of the incident later, Goldwyn said, "You'd think I was buying a toy, the way my son sounded.")

Thus Guys and Dolls dominates the Goldwyns' lives from morning till night—just as have all the other Goldwyn productions in turn since Sam and Frances were married in 1925. Sam himself had warned Frances when he proposed, "If you marry me, you'll find that you've got a full-time job. It will be all you can do to handle me." She was Frances Howard then, a promising twenty-one-year-old stage-and-screen actress who had just been co-starred with Adolphe Menjou in a movie called The Swan. They were married in Jersey City, New Jersey, after a subway ride from New York. In the years since, she has managed Goldwyn as he never expected to be managed—and she readily concedes that it has been a full-time job.

Moreover, she confesses that she no longer finds some of her husband's well-known idiosyncrasies as humorous as she once did. For example, Sam never carries a wallet or change in his pockets lest it spoil the drape of his suits. Frances frankly is tired of paying his taxi fares and dinner tabs when they are traveling.

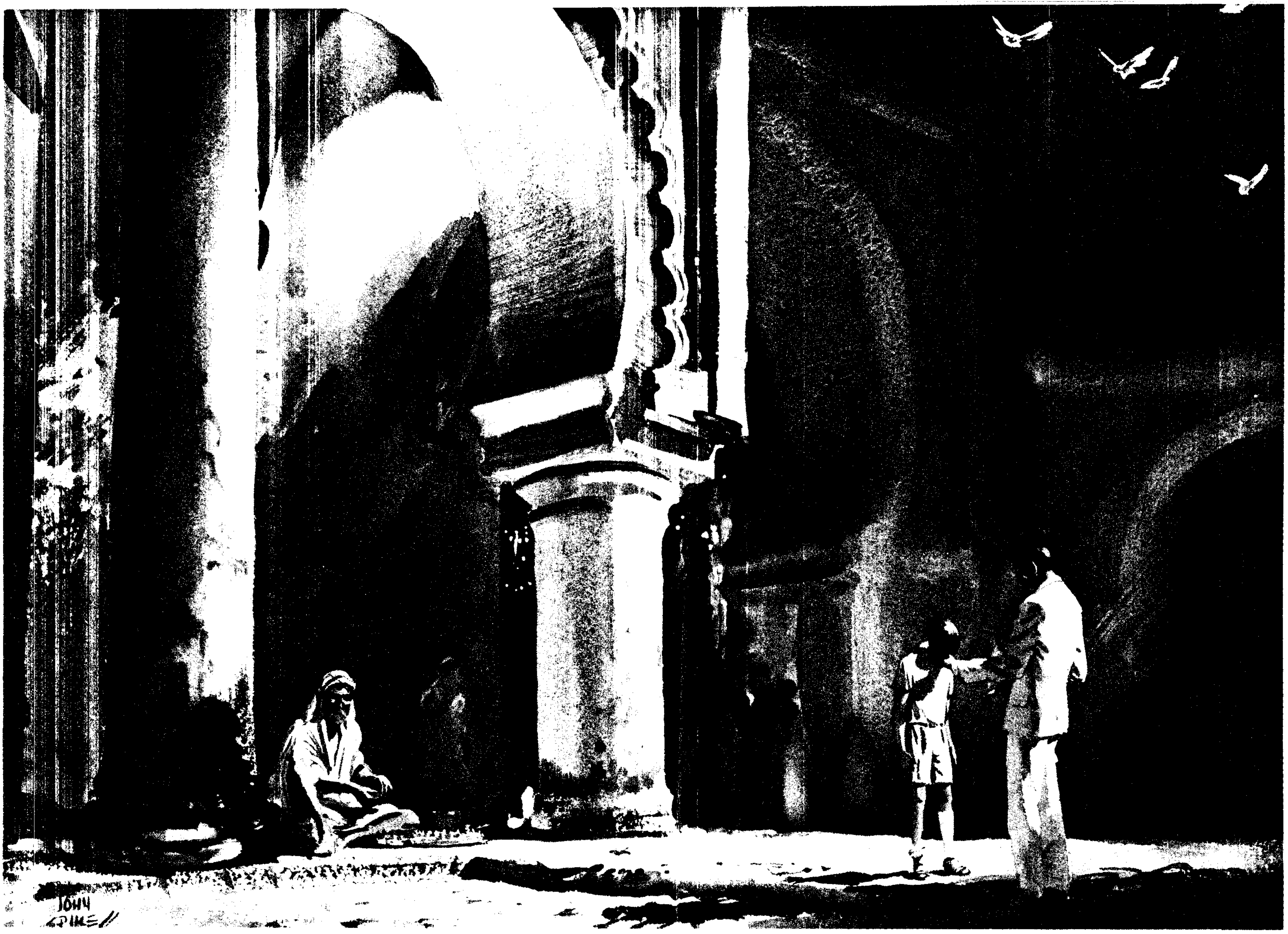
Further, she doesn't know quite how to fake her husband's excitement over their thirtieth wedding anniversary. He is giving a dinner party for close friends at Romanoff's in honor of the occasion, and it is the first time they have marked the anniversary outside their own home.

"I'm not so sure all this fuss on Sam's part is as complimentary as he intends it," she says. "Sam thinks it's so remarkable that it sounds like he didn't expect me to hold onto him, and I'm not so certain I shouldn't feel a little insulted." ▲ ▲ ▲

Goldwyns review progress on Guys and Dolls with director Joseph Mankiewicz (second right), composer Frank Loesser

Kidd (left) explains a routine involving Sinatra (right) to Goldwyn. Kidd was also dance director of show on Broadway

Brando and Goldwyn swap ideas on set. Actor will play Sky Masterson, the gambler who falls for a mission girl



"They say you couldn't catch a crook if he was under your nose," Faisal said. "Who are *they?*" Chafik asked

ROYAL THEFT

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Chafik's reputation hung in balance. He had to catch the master thief of Baghdad—a man no one had ever seen

INSPECTOR CHAFIK of the Baghdad police, a sleek man in a cool white suit, stood near the gateway of the al-Waqi'ah Mosque in the old part of the city, tapping his foot impatiently. It was the hour of *zuhr,* the day was Friday—the Moslem Sabbath—and the Inspector had an appointment with his son to attend the noon service.

"If I had made *my* father so wait, the application of a slipper would have justly rewarded me!" Chafik announced to the holy man who squatted in the shade of the temple wall.

Chafik had a thin, swarthy face, prominent cheekbones, and a long narrow head on which a black *sidarah* was set precisely. He was a proud man; his upper lip, below his neat mustache, curved arrogantly, and he had a trick, when speaking, of rising on his toes to give an illusion of stature.

Thought led to thought as the Inspector considered the punishment due his son; and, as was his habit when agitated, he began to talk to himself. "The metaphorical chastisement I received this day from my director was not justified," he said aloud. "Am I the only policeman in Baghdad? Are there not others to prevent this series of holy-day crimes? Why . . ."

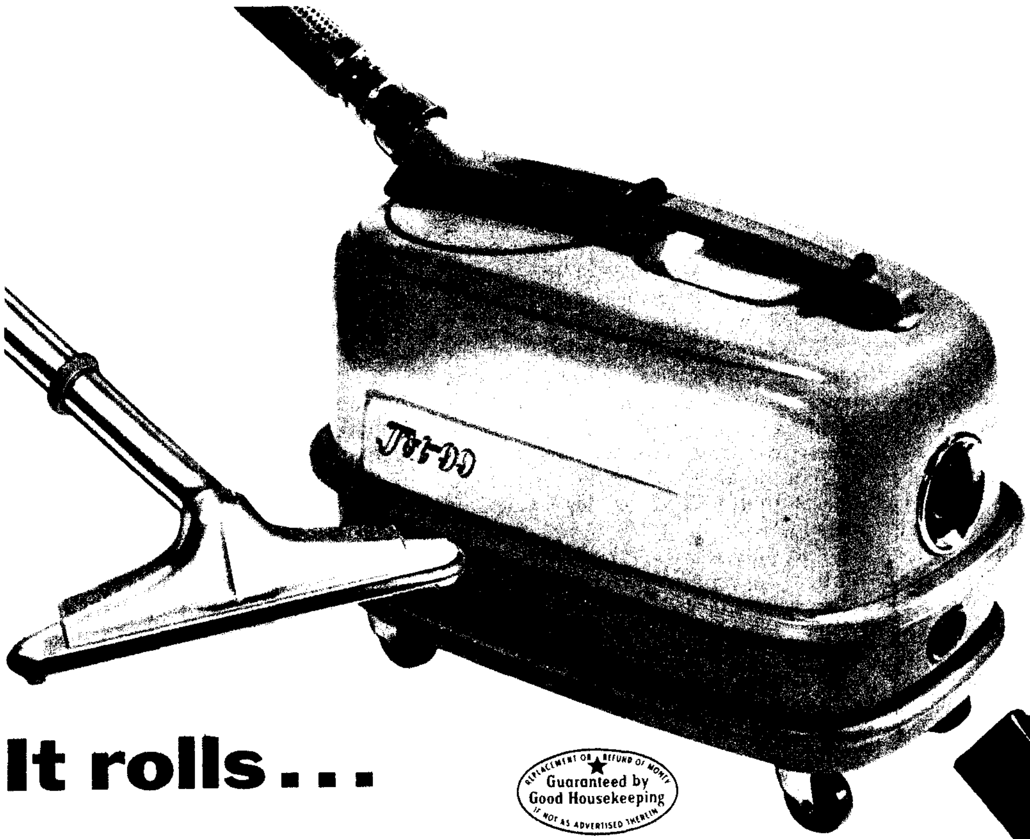
His voice became shrill. He heard it and was embarrassed by the presence of the ragged holy man, who raised astonished eyes from his work of molding beads of clay, mixed with dust from a saint's tomb, which were sold as charms. The holy man had a wisp of hennaed beard, the badge of one who had been to Mecca, and the sunken cheeks of a fanatic.

"Heed me not," Chafik said. "Anger has loosened my mischievous tongue. Nothing, alas, can loosen yours, Husain the Voiceless."

He patted the dumb man's shoulder and watched him engrave on the finished bead the Arabic characters for "the Pardoner," one of the many names of God given in the Koran. Husain set the amulet in the sun to bake and immediately started another. He was a permanent part of the street scene, familiar as its cobblestones. The chanting of the worshipers disturbed the doves that nested on the blue dome of the mosque, and Chafik looked up as they rose in a swirling cloud. There, where the birds flew, was peace; below, in the tortuous streets of the drab city, stalked a menace that had outwitted the best efforts of the police.

The crimes had begun five weeks before, and all had taken place on Friday, when business premises and cafés were closed and the mosques were thronged. Robbery was the motive and the victims were the gold- and silversmiths who traded in Bagh-

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



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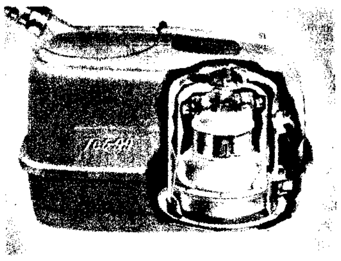

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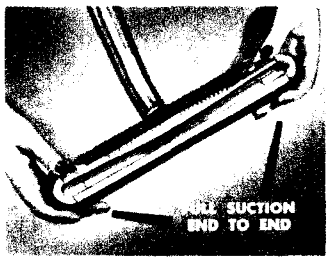

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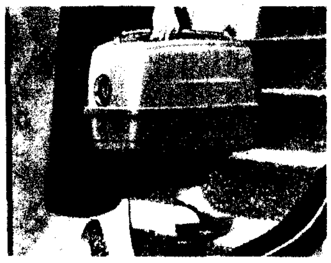

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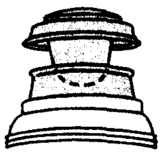
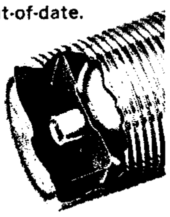




dad's ancient bazaars. There had been terrorism, brutal clubbings, and no witness had dared come forward.

Chafik checked over precautions he had taken this Friday. He had divided into small areas the warren of covered ways that extended along the left bank of the Tigris River, and he had assigned plain-clothes men to patrol them. A mobile squad of picked officers under the charge of his personal assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, was strategically located to cordon off any sector where trouble arose.

SECRECY was essential, and to explain his own presence in the old part of the city, Chafik had arranged to meet his son for the *zuhr* service; he was known in Baghdad as a devout man, so it was natural he should attend a mosque. Chafik J. Chafik, what a hypocrite you are! he reproved himself; but God has loving-kindness and will surely understand. Nervously he toyed with the heavy signet ring on his left hand and looked up and down the street, aware that the underworld would destroy him if the lash of his authority lost its sting.

The neighborhood policeman, Officer Yusif, went by and Chafik made a mental note to chide the man for so elaborately pretending not to see him. Impatiently he looked at his watch and raised the dividend of punishment due his tardy son.

There was the clatter of feet in the empty street. A small boy, running, turned the corner and the Inspector sighed with relief. Forgotten was anger and the thought of corporeal reprimand; fondly he looked at the boy who came to him with head hanging.

Faisal was an adopted son, and in a flashback Chafik saw the ragged urchin, a waif of the bazaars, whom he had taken into his childless home. He had never regretted the impulse, nor had Leila, his wife of twenty happy years. Little Faisal had filled the only gap in their lives.

Alarmed by the boy's unusual humility, the doting father said, "Fear time, my son, do not fear me. We are both slaves to the hours."

Faisal continued to hang his head and Chafik said in a sharper voice, "Look up! Eye should meet eye when men talk!"

"My father, it is because of the eye I do not look up."

Chafik put a hand under his son's chin and raised the heart-shaped face. One of Faisal's eyes was brimming over with tears. The other, closed to a slit, was encircled by a darkening bruise.

"So! You fight on the holy day!"

"It was not that I wanted to fight, my father—truly, I was very meek and took their insults. But when they said you could not catch a crook even if he was under your nose, and that your nose was a big one, then I—"

"Who are 'they'?"

"My men, my father."

The Inspector knew that Faisal referred to the pack of waifs who infested the bazaar. The boy had kept in touch with his old friends, and, inspired by Leila, encouraged them to become useful citizens. Now, the threatened prestige of his father had lost him face, and his leadership of the gutter children was at stake.

And so it begins, Chafik thought. The jackal pups yap at my heels and soon their sires will come to feast on me . . .

Faisal, wound up, was saying, "And it was George, the red-haired one, who said that about your nose, my father, and you know George, his father was an English soldier in the war and his mother one of the women who—"

"Enough!"

"He hit me and I hit him and he blacked my eye and I hurt my hand on his teeth and we fell to the ground and—and he got up and kicked me and I punched him until he cried and—"

"You and I," Chafik interrupted, "suffer alike. My director reprimands me, your 'men' challenge you. Truly we need prayer's comfort!"

He stopped in the gateway of the mosque to look back and saw the local patrolman pass again. Husain the Voiceless had removed his ragged gown and now squatted in his loincloth as he searched for the unwelcome guests that lodged on his emaciated person.

"Do you see what he is doing, my father?" exclaimed Faisal with the embarrassing clarity of youth. "All my years I have never seen the like! Holy men *never* destroy the little things that bite. They say they were sent to keep us awake to recite the Koran, and—"

"Come, Faisal," said Chafik, "let us put our minds to sweeter subjects."

He knelt to remove his shoes and then, hand in hand with his son, walked humbly into the cool, whitewashed interior of the temple.

AN HOUR passed. They had listened to the imam's sermon and commenced the ritual that followed. Inspector Chafik, at peace for the first time in days, stood with hands to his ears to pray. His glowing eyes were fixed on the vault of the dome, where crystal chandeliers vibrated to the chant of the worshipers.

The little man's spiritual concentration was interrupted by Faisal, who tugged at his father's coat, pointed to the courtyard, and whispered excitedly, "Sergeant Abdullah is here, my father!"

A massive man, dark as a mahogany carving, was outside, walking toward the temple. The buttons of his uniform flashed the fire of the sun, and the holster of his gun, polished by wear, was no less bright. His shadow moved ominously before him, and the man stopped at the threshold of the holy place to signify he was here for other duty than prayer.

Chafik said, "Alas! I am not to gain a merit in heaven this day!" He told Faisal to stay until the service ended and then go home. He stepped over the prostrate worshipers and joined his assistant.

ONE glance at the gaunt, expressionless face of Sergeant Abdullah was enough, and the Inspector put on his shoes and followed the man to the gate. "Are you as voiceless as Husain here?" he demanded when they were in the street.

"No, sir, but I could not talk on a secular subject within those sacred precincts—"

"You croak like a bird of ill omen!"

"Yes, sir, I regret to—"

"Another raid?" Chafik suddenly felt cold in the sun.

"On the premises of Elias Samoon, the jeweler, sir. So far as I can ascertain, they took only certain pearls entrusted to Samoon, who was to prepare a necklace for one of the royal princesses. And that is not all . . ."

Abdullah's dark eyes filled with compassion for his superior as he finished: "This time it is murder, sir!"

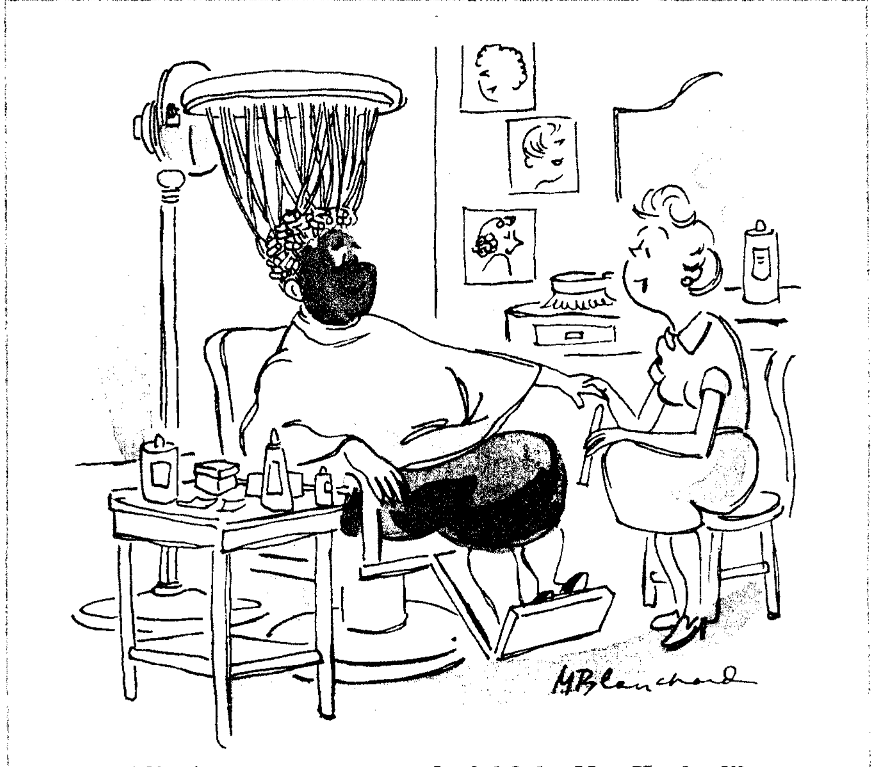
They went at once to the jeweler's shop not far from the mosque. Inspector Chafik curved his fingers to his forehead, completed the salaam, and said to the corpse, "Elias Samoon, we are both victims of my failure. The club that killed you destroyed me too."

Sergeant Abdullah interrupted: "Sir, you did all that was possible!"

"When a cracked pitcher returns empty from a well it goes on the rubbish heap," was the Inspector's bitter reply.

He raised the head of the old jeweler. Samoon's thin skull had been crushed by the first blow, yet the intruder had continued the beating—to make sure, Chafik decided. Samoon must have recognized the man, who therefore had to kill him. Chafik looked at the safe, expertly blown, at the still-crowded trays of bracelets and rings; there was a gap in the otherwise untouched display and he questioned his assistant.

"The pearls were there earlier, sir,"



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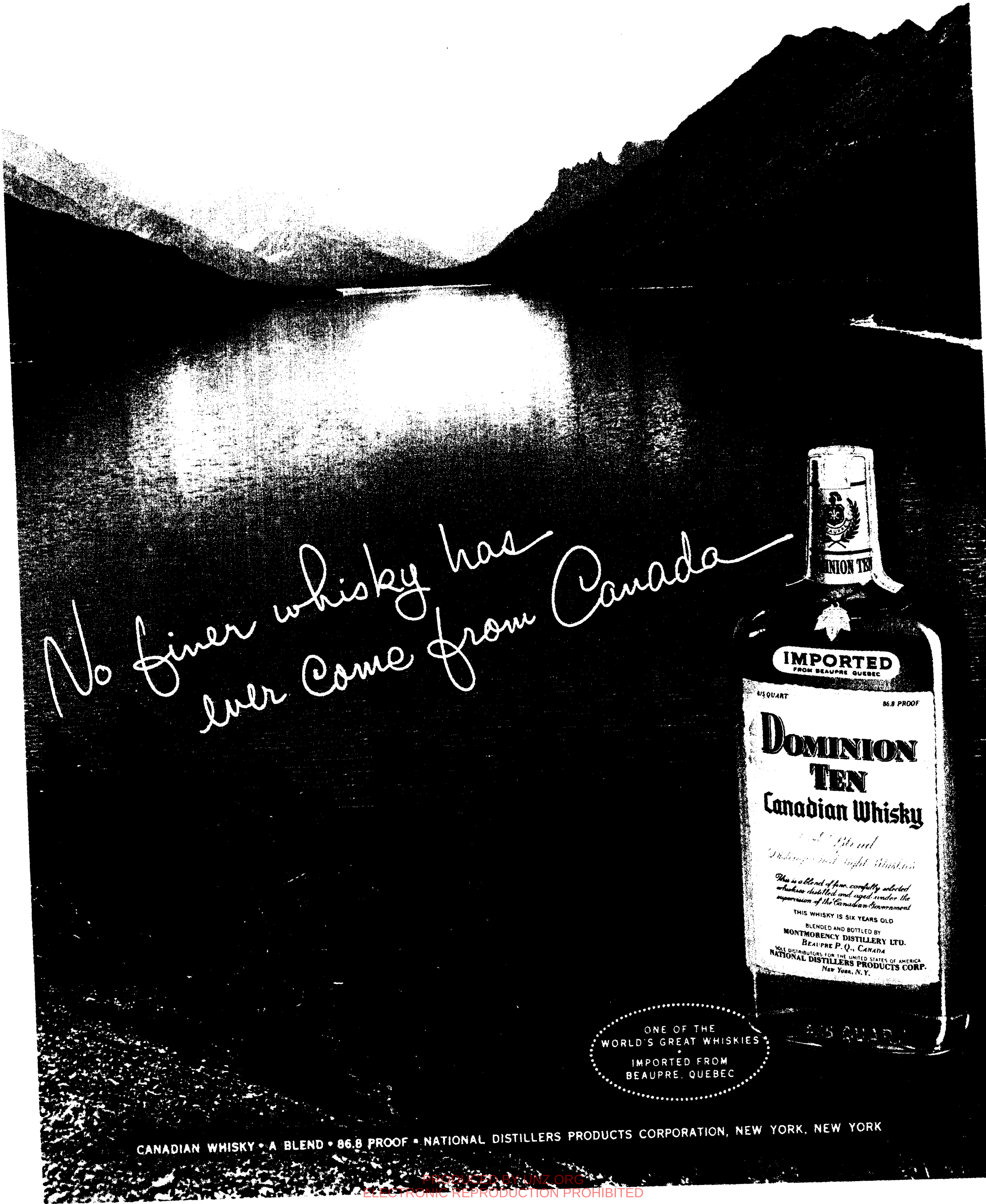
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Abdullah answered positively. "You may remember I was personally entrusted with their delivery to the deceased."

Chafik nodded. He wondered how the presence of the royal pearls here had become known, and thought perhaps the jeweler, Samoon, had boasted of his appointment to the court—so natural when an artist, and an old one, had arrived at his zenith.

THE pearls were rare black ones, perfectly matched, incredibly valuable. The raider had wisely avoided the temptation to take any of the bulkier pieces, which would have been difficult to hide. "So he curbed his appetite; he has admirable discipline," said Chafik. "Such a man will go a thousand miles and wait years before he disposes of his loot. What action have you taken, Abdullah?"

"I have closed the bazaars, sir. Nobody can go in or out."

"There are so many ratholes, and we have no description of the particular rat that was here. What about the patrolling officer?"

"The thief incapacitated him, sir. We found him in a doorway and he is still unconscious. The alarm was given by the man in the next sector."

"When did you arrive?"

Sergeant Abdullah frowned. "There was delay," he confessed. "I had deployed my squad to the goldsmiths' bazaar to seize an unsavory individual. One named Abu Nahabi, sir. I detained him for loitering."

"Abu Nahabi, Father of Thieves," said Chafik. "An underworld character of note. He has the brains to stage these raids but I am doubtful of his patience. I will interrogate him later; he may have served as decoy."

The little man lighted a cigarette and drew gently on it to make it burn evenly. He noticed fragments of dried mud on the floor, possibly brought in on the killer's feet, and bent to sweep them up.

"No witnesses?" he asked Abdullah.

"Like yourself, sir, the devout of Baghdad were at prayer and the bazaar was deserted. The deceased, of course, was not of our faith; so unfortunate—otherwise he might be alive. However, there is a woman who claims she saw a man running, a man wearing a cloth over his head."

"How does she describe him?"

Sergeant Abdullah expressed contempt for civilian witnesses: "Tall, short, lean and fat, the usual confusion. But she insists he ran down the Street of the Weavers, which leads to the mosque, sir."

"Perhaps the policeman who patrols there saw him." The Inspector put the fragments of dried mud he had found into an envelope, slipped it into his pocket, and went out.

The al-Waqi'ah Mosque was five minutes away and he found Yusif, the local officer, standing at the gate watching the holy man, who was still absorbed in his devout work. Yusif shook his head when Chafik questioned him. "I saw nobody, sir."

"Then we deal with an invisible man! Did nothing untoward happen on your patrol? Nothing?"

Yusif hesitated; he was a good officer, but dull and factual. "I—I imagined something . . ." he said.

"We are informed by learned doctors of psychiatry that imagination is the picturing power of the human mind, triggered by an actual event. Therefore, my dear Yusif, do not blush; kindly tell me your experience."

"Sir, it is absurd," Yusif said; "but after you entered the mosque and I returned on patrol, I had the illusion—I—it was as if a house was missing from the street, sir!"

Chafik was disgusted. "A house had disappeared, eh? Doubtlessly you have sunstroke!" he said dryly. He turned to question Husain the Voiceless.

The holy man answered by inscribing in the dust with his forefinger the word meaning "nothing," and returned to his task of bead making. There was a pile of freshly molded amulets in front of him, and on each one he engraved the Koranic name for "the Protector."

"Apparently sacred charms, like secular merchandise, come in popular lines," said Chafik.

He lighted a cigarette and over the flame saw a redheaded urchin dart from an alleyway. The boy's freckled face was bruised and, when he opened his mouth and shouted, "Yah, Father of Noses!", he exposed a gap where a tooth had recently been knocked out.

Dirt, flung with deadly aim, spattered the Inspector's jacket; the boy was gone before Sergeant Abdullah, outraged, could move.

Chafik stopped his assistant's pursuit, saying, "It is true my nose is overlarge and I cannot see the evil under it. Moreover, Abdullah, my son has already punished George."

He walked away, head high, his eyes alive with shadows, like the warning shadows of vultures gathered to a desert kill.

THEY were holding Abu Nahabi, the Father of Thieves, in a nearby police station, and Chafik interviewed him in a bare, whitewashed room. The man, arrested on suspicion, was truculent and leaned over the Inspector's desk and shook his manacled fists.

"Can a citizen not walk in the bazaar?" he shouted. "I demand my rights!"

Inspector Chafik put a box of cigarettes at his left elbow, an ash tray to his right. He sat and smoked and was silent until the first butt was discarded; then he said softly, "You shall have your rights."

"That's more like it!"

"The right to pray before they hang you," the Inspector added.

"What? What?" Abu Nahabi's choleric face went gray.

"The right to cleanse your soul with confession before it stands before God for judgment," Chafik continued. "Elias Samoon is dead. Even if you did not do it, the diversion created by your presence in the goldsmiths' bazaar confused my men—made it possible for another ruthless individual to go to Samoon—so at the least you are an accomplice. And an accomplice to murder is hanged."

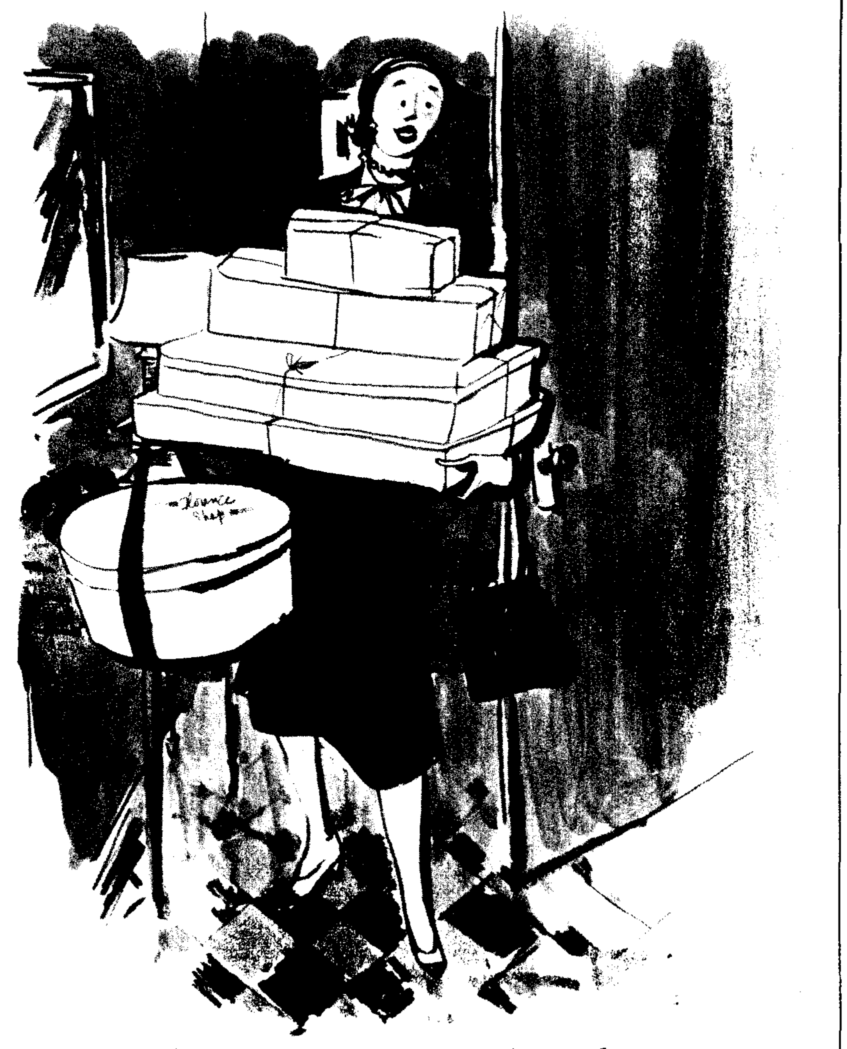
The little man tidily arranged the discarded butts in the ash tray. "I commend you to the hangman," he went on conversationally. "Fear him not, he is experienced. He will strap you and take you to the scaffold and stand you on the trap; he will put a white hood over your head, lodge a noose under your chin, and drop you fluttering into eternity. The snap of your overlong neck will be the last sound you will hear."

The Father of Thieves went to his knees. "Sir, sir! Not I! I did not kill Samoon!"

"Then who?" Chafik demanded, his voice calm.

"The hooded one, the leader—"

Chafik remembered the woman who had seen a hooded man running in the bazaar. "So there is such a man!" he



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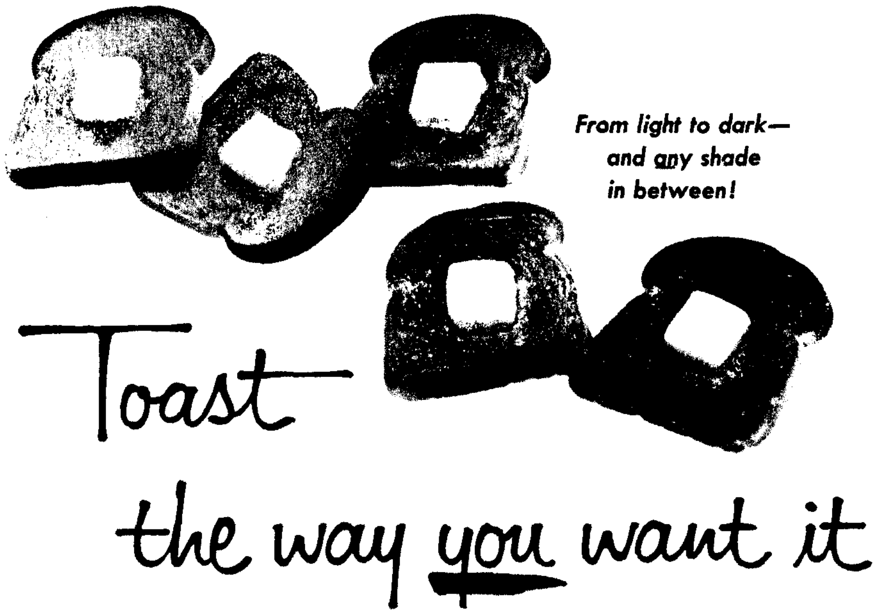

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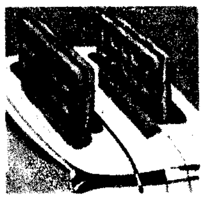

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exclaimed. "Name him, thief!—perhaps I can save you from the scaffold."

Abu Nahabi cried, "He calls himself Ali Rafah and he lives at the house of Zeinab on the Street of the Fountain. He did this killing—not I!"

"Describe Mr. Rafah."

"A man of medium build, thin. I never saw his face; he keeps it covered. A disease has eaten it—"

"And his soul! How long have you been his lieutenant?"

"Six months."

"Oh, faithful servant! How well you served the Devil! And what have been your wages?"

"Nothing yet. He said we must wait, that the things taken must be passed cautiously."

The Inspector considered this, then chattered aloud to himself: "Just as I thought—patience. Also a persuasive personality and the ability to command authority. What a man!" He toyed with his signet ring, looked casually at the Father of Thieves, and said in a monotone to Sergeant Abdullah, "Remove him: I am reminded of creatures that live under stones."

WHEN the sergeant had taken the man out and then returned, Chafik said, "H'm! It's curious."

"Sir?"

"The Street of the Fountain, where this Rafah fellow lives, is in the neighborhood of the al-Waqi'ah Mosque. I was so close to him and didn't know!"

They went to make their call on Ali Rafah. The house was built around a court where a dusty palm tree struggled for life, like the people who lodged in the sordid rooms.

Chafik said to the woman, Zeinab, who owned the place, "O Mother of Cockroaches, where hides Ali Rafah?"

"Respect my sex, thou Father of Noses!" shrilled the hag, and Sergeant Abdullah inserted his foot before she could slam the door. "All right!" Zeinab grumbled. "But why do you want Rafah, that quiet one?"

"You admire quietness?"

"I do not like voices that hiss like snakes, such as yours."

The Inspector held his tongue and followed the woman up the stairs. When they passed a dark cave in the wall, he asked, "What lives there?"

"One who has more merit than you," Zeinab answered tartly. "I give it as a godly gift to that holy man who sits at the mosque gate."

"You mean the amulet maker?" Chafik looked in; there was a straw pallet, a tattered blanket, a bowl for food, foulness and the scampering of rats. "Truly your charity will be rewarded in heaven, Mother!" he said ironically.

THEY went to the top floor, where Zeinab stopped and drummed on a locked door. "He lodges here, the quiet one."

"Why do you call him 'quiet'?"

"Rafah gives no trouble. He goes out when it is dark and comes back when it is dark. During the day he stays soundless in his room."

"Admirable tenant! When did he come?"

Zeinab considered. "Some seven months ago. I remember it was a month after I took in the holy man, Husain." She beat on the door again. "Strange! Rafah must be there; I did not see him go out."

The Inspector looked at the sergeant; Abdullah applied his shoulder and pushed the door in, deaf to the screeching of the woman. "Empty, sir," he intoned.

Nobody had lived in this room for a long time. The air was stale and the floor carpeted with dust. Chafik's shoulders drooped with defeat, and then straightened as he turned to the landlady.

"Did you lie to me, old woman?" he asked in a deadly calm voice.

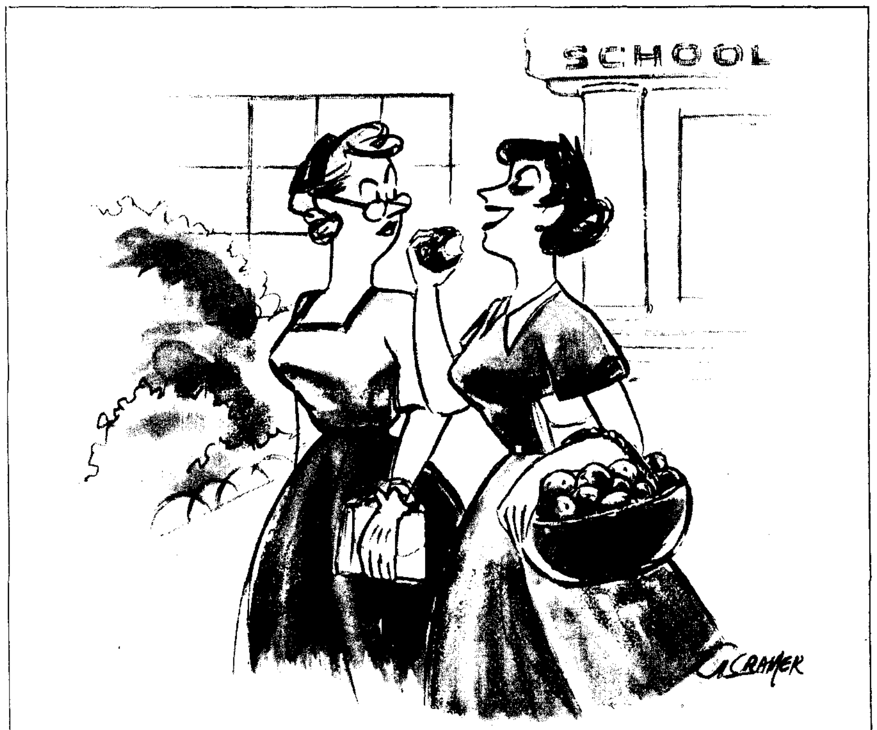
She stared blankly into the room. "Rafah lives here! Every week he comes to me and pays the rent. He lives here! Would you have me doubt my eyes?"

"Surely those inquisitive eyes see everything. Or almost," Chafik added thoughtfully. "Did you perchance see his face?"

"It is covered. He said he had had an illness, and—"

The Inspector shrugged. "The same story, a faceless man; he lived here yet did not live here. Alas, old woman! You gave lodging to a jinni!"

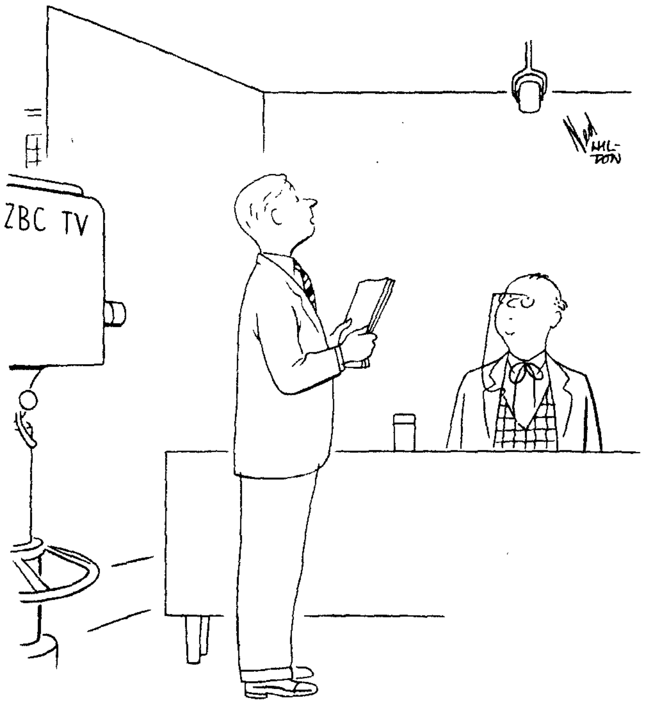
Zeinab fled in terror, and Chafik, amused, pulled up a chair to the rickety table. He sat with elbows propped on



COLLIER'S

"Give them low grades, keep them worried—that's the secret"

A. CRAMER



"Sorry, sir. Your fiery speech in favor of television censorship will have to be censored"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

the table, his chin in his hands. Sergeant Abdullah leaned against the wall, resignation on his dark face.

Time was measured by the pyramid of cigarette butts piled in a saucer. After a while Chafik said conversationally to himself: "Rafah went to her and paid his rent; she never had to come to this room. Now that's important, and so is his quietness. Oh, he was here, all right. She saw him go in and out and she sees everything. But what did he do all day? And how did he get out on Fridays in daylight without her seeing him?"

Chafik pulled at his tie and shouted. "The fellow's a Houdini! Look at that unimaginative cluck, Yusif, I had posted at the mosque: he had a tale about a house disappearing when Rafah was about!"

The Inspector's thoughts were diverted and he scratched himself, grumbling, "Bah! there are lice here in this filthy hole!" His thin face lighted up with humor and he said, mimicking the falsetto of his son: "They were sent to keep us awake so we can recite the Koran, my father."

Suddenly he stood up, so abruptly the chair fell over. "Abdullah!" he called.

"Sir?"

"Reprimand me—I had forgotten something."

Chafik took an envelope from his pocket and carefully poured onto the table the fragments of dried mud he had swept from the floor of the murdered jeweler's shop. "Clay," he murmured, and he carefully picked out the larger pieces and fitted them together. Finally he had enough and turned wordlessly to his assistant.

The sergeant said, "Sir, I observe it is a beadlike object and there is an inscription on it: one of the names of God, sir."

"'The Just,'" said Chafik. "And I remember another name—'the Protector,'" he added.

Abdullah, now excited, exclaimed, "This is one of the amulets made by the holy man who sits at the mosque! The killer of Elias Samoon must have carried it as a talisman. Therefore at some recent time he must have bought it from Husain. Therefore Husain may remember him. Therefore—"

"Therefore do not put the untrained horse so eagerly to the fence!" Chafik interrupted. "However, I am encouraged by your reasoning. Kindly go to the jail where we hold Abu Nahabi, the Father of Thieves, and—"

"He is to hang?" the sergeant asked hopefully.

"In due course, without a doubt. Meantime, release him and warn him by his neck to attend at the al-Waqi'ah Mosque with his fellow jackals. And, old friend—"

"Sir?"

"Telephone my home. Tell my son to gather his 'men' and bring them to the same place. Particularly I require the presence of a boy called George; he criticized my nose."

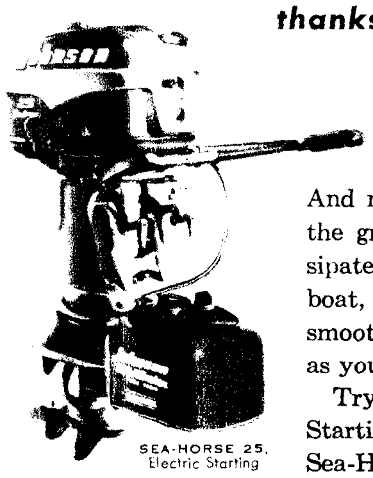
THE sunset prayer had yet to be called when Inspector Chafik drove up in an open car and made a characteristic entrance; his shoulders were squared, the white jacket was perfectly set, and he was careful to turn his fine profile to the audience as he lighted a cigarette.

They were all there, the mob that Abu Nahabi had obediently gathered under the whip of fear. A group of urchins of assorted sizes and ages had been marshaled in the background by Faisal, who basked in his father's rediscovered authority.

Chafik made an ironic salaam and went to stand on the mosque steps near Husain the Voiceless. The holy man, disturbed by the gathering, pouched his amulets and shuffled away. The inspector gave a prearranged signal, and Sergeant Abdullah, master of ceremonies, ushered in the neighborhood policeman, who obviously disapproved of the performance in his street.

"Ah, Yusif, how your light runs before you!" Chafik said with gentle sarcasm. "Look about, faithful one, and tell me if the house has disappeared again."

Yusif ignored the audience and examined the street brick by brick. He frowned and then cried, "Indeed a house has disappeared! What a woodenhead I am, sir! The holy man isn't



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here; it was his absence I noticed the other time!"

Two plain-clothes men escorted Husain the Voiceless back to the mosque steps. The dirty and emaciated man clung to his hennaed beard and kept his eyes humbly lowered.

"I need all on my stage, and you went out on the wrong cue—for you," said the Inspector. "And you went so quietly, just as you always do, Husain the Voiceless, Rafah the Quiet . . ."

THE silence in the street made it unnecessary for Chafik to raise his voice as he went on: "I know by my records there was a maker of amulets named Husain who lived in the holy city of Kerbela. Perhaps he died, perhaps he was murdered, but a man who resembled him came to Baghdad eight months ago and was given lodging by the virtuous Zeinab. A month later one who called himself Ali Rafah, and who hid his face because he said it was ugly, came to the same house; yet he never occupied the room he rented. I submit this was the same man, holy by day and a hooded thief by night.

"This man is clever, very clever," continued Chafik. "Least of all was he suspected by the policeman who patrols this street. Yusif is too familiar with the scene; he did not see when Husain went away to do murder—he thought a house had disappeared!"

Then the Inspector said with pride, "It was a boy—my son—who noticed the major error. Holy men do not destroy the little things that bite them; they believe them to be blessed, sent to keep them awake to recite the Koran." He turned to Husain and reproachfully shook his head.

Husain still fingered his beard, but his eyes were watchful and on the mob.

"You fear them? Did you plan to cheat them?" Chafik asked, deliberately raising his voice. "Were you going to go away with the loot and leave them to hunt the sewers of Baghdad for their faceless leader? And where is all that loot, where are the pearls? What have you here, Husain the Voiceless, Rafah the Quiet?"

Chafik snatched the leather pouch the man wore at his side and opened it. He took out a clay bead and held it up: "This is one of many inscribed 'the Protector,' " he announced. "A jest he played with me when he rolled them in my presence, but not a nice jest to play thus with a name of God."

Between strong fingers the clay crumbled as Abu Nahabi and his friends pushed forward, their feet shuffling on the cobblestones. Inspector Chafik showed them the black pearl hidden in the amulet.

"Find your voice and confess, murderer!" he said to the silent man. "Or shall I leave you to them?" He got into the police car, and as it moved slowly away, the mob surged in on the criminal like a tide.

Clubs and knives came from under tattered robes. They were a jackal pack, the gutter sweepings of Baghdad, blind with hate and wanting blood. "Kill!" came the cry. "Kill! Kill!" And stones began to fly.

Husain ran after the police car. He clutched at the rear but could not hold it and fell; he got up and ran again. Stones battered him, and he shrieked: "Mercy! By the Compassionate One! Mercy!"

Chafik looked back and smiled. "God has so many names," he said. "One is 'the Just,' which was on the amulet you left by accident with Samoon's body!"

"Mercy! They'll kill me! They—"

"Confess!"

"I killed Samoon! I didn't intend—he came on me and knocked the cloth from my face and recognized me as Husain. I had to kill him then!"

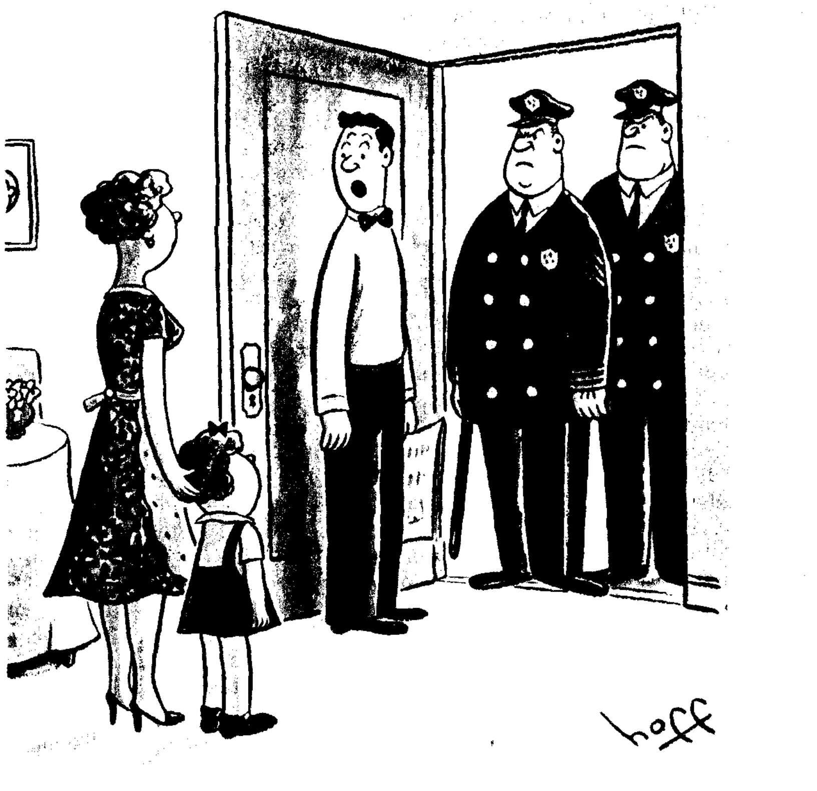
The Inspector ordered the car to stop, and Sergeant Abdullah dragged the man to safety just in time. As they picked up speed, Chafik stood and called over the mob to his son, who ran with other whooping urchins in the rear.

"Faisal!"

"Yes, my father!"

"Tell George he is quite right, I do have a big nose—the better to smell criminals with, my son!"

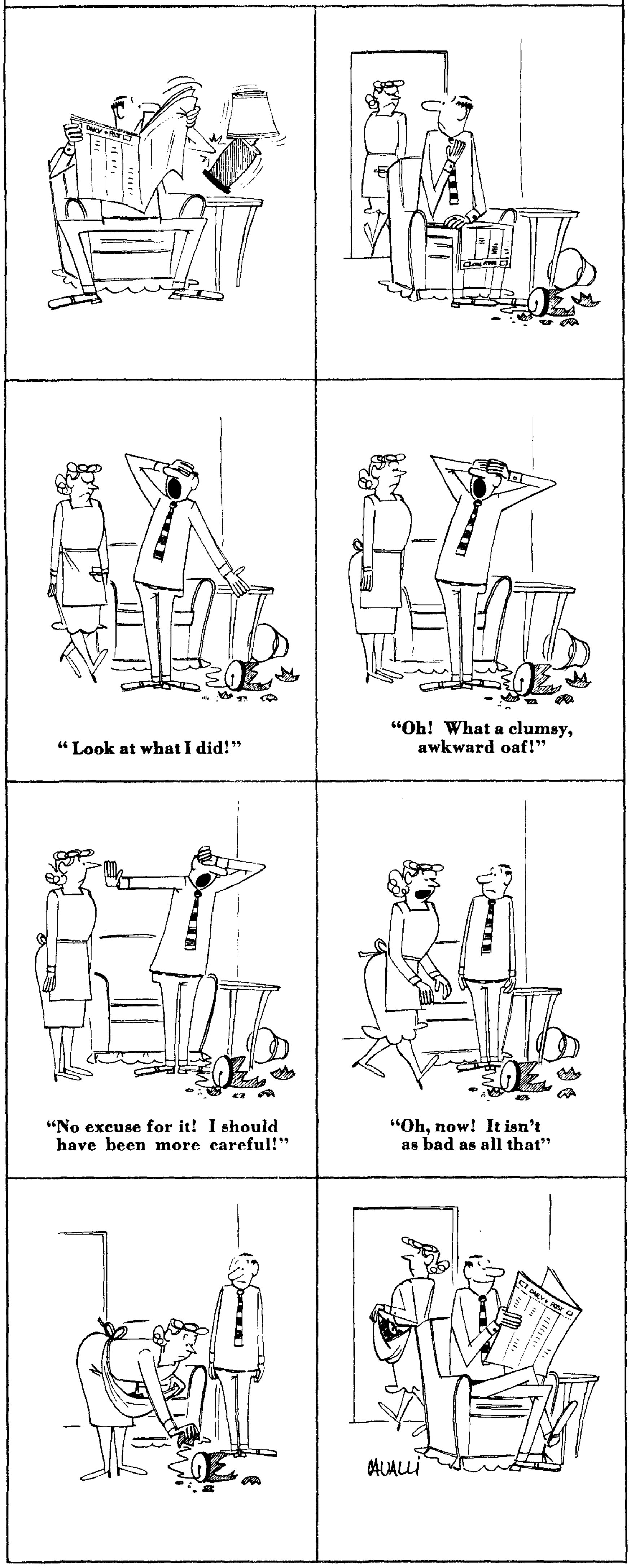
Inspector Chafik, ego repaired, lighted a cigarette. —CHARLES B. CHILD

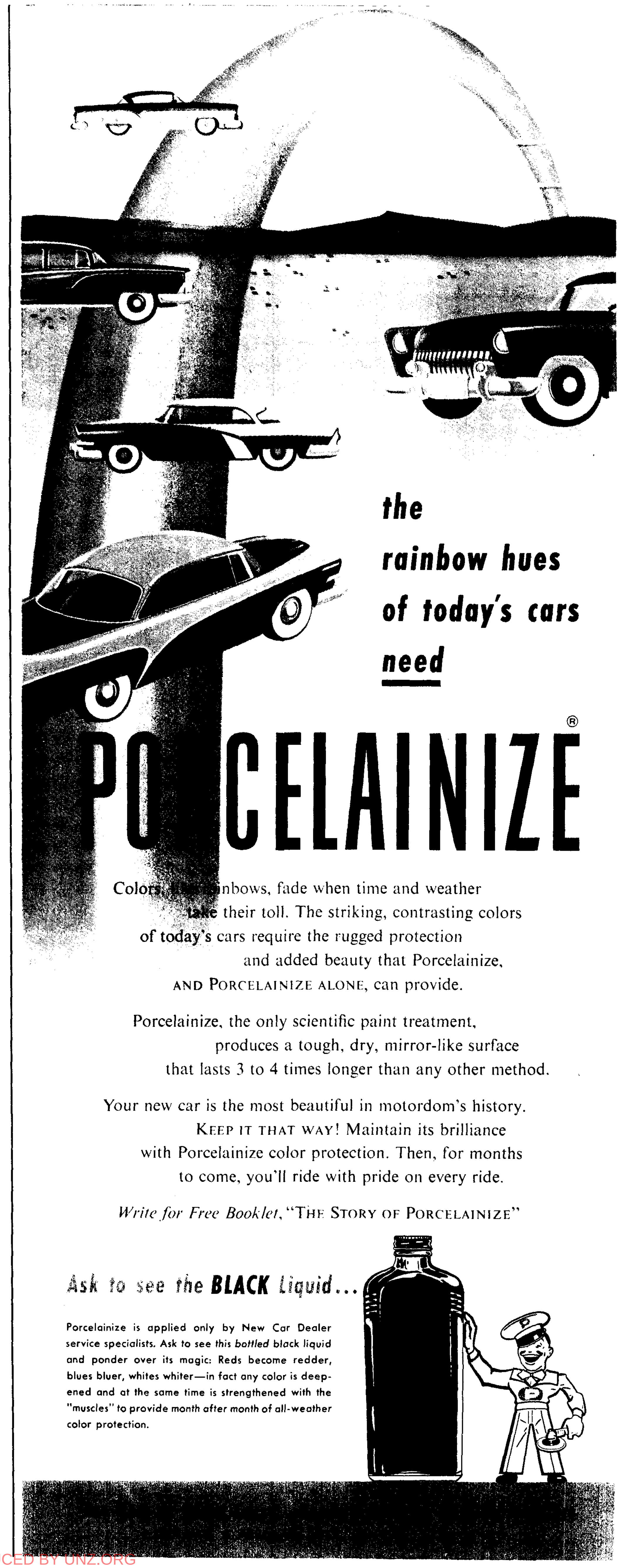


COLLIER'S "Your brother has given us as reference again" SIDNEY HOFF

ENCORE!

By DICK CAVALLI


DAILY POST
" Look at what I did!"
"Oh! What a clumsy, awkward oaf!"
"No excuse for it! I should have been more careful!"
"Oh, now! It isn't as bad as all that"
DAILY POST
CAVALLI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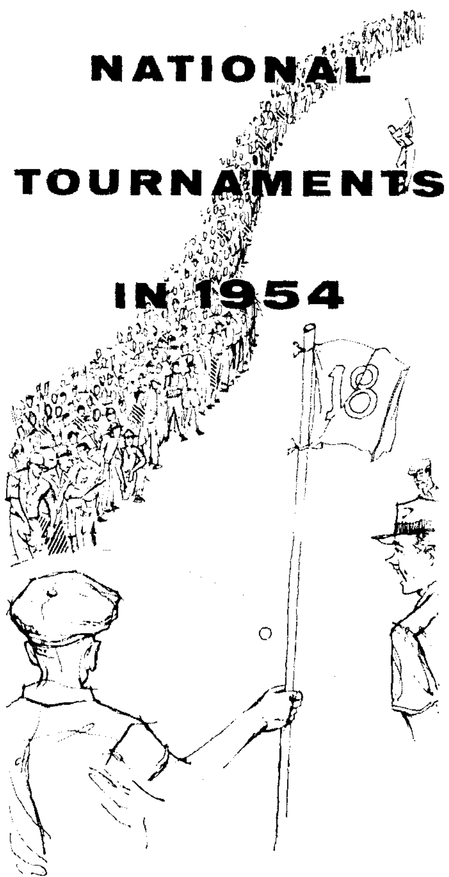

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AN EXPERIMENT that may, in time, have a marked impact on both American industry and the American home has been in progress in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for three years. Into an unimposing, two-story building in the rear of its main office, Arthur D. Little, Inc., the country's oldest, largest private consulting research company, has herded seven inventors to find out what, if anything, will result through the careful cross-pollination of various types of creative genius—and whether inventors, collectively, can invent on order.

"What they told me here when they hired me," says William J. J. Gordon, head of what is known at Little as the Invention Design Group, "was to get together the people I wanted and invent something the world needed."

Since that day in May, 1952, Gordon and the six kindred spirits he collected have come up with 18 inventions and a half-dozen new concepts. Thus it soon may be possible for the lady of the house to affix, at the one extreme, false eyelashes in one minute or to erect, at the other, a new home—without nails, saw, hammer, plane or strain—within a week.

Some of the inventions the seven men have thought of without being asked; some they have produced on demand.

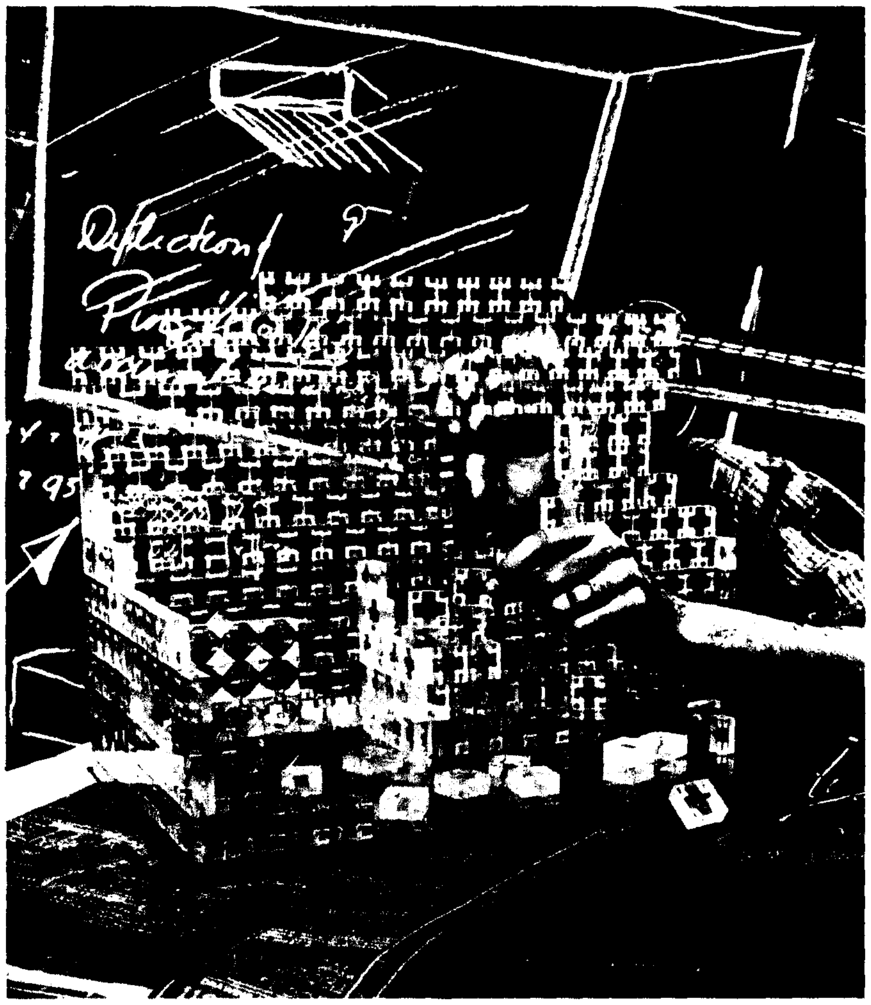
"The eyelashes," says Gordon, "was a client problem. A guy said it takes something like ten minutes to apply false eyelashes, and he wanted a way to do it in a minute. The trouble with applying eyelashes manually is the natural timidity people have about approaching the eye with the hand. We're coming up with a small, reasonably priced mechanical device that will set the lashes precisely, with no possible risk of contact with the eyeball."

It requires an appreciable length of time, however, after one of the group's ideas has been translated into a working model, for the client to perfect it and then produce it in quantity. That's why the eyelash-affixer and other products of the group's thinking are still on the secret list and why Little has been keeping quiet about the group. It is possible, however, to reveal certain developments that are covered by patents or don't require the commercial element of surprise. One such is the house that can be designed in the time it might take to work out a diagramless crossword puzzle, and erected in a week.

"It starts," says the thirty-five-year-old Gordon, "with you and your wife talking about a new home. You just send away for a box of numbered model blocks and you spend the winter evenings building with them until you have the house you want, with everything located just where you want it."

Next, you send the numbers of the blocks to the manufacturer, and in due time a truck delivers 2-foot-by-1-foot-by-½-foot precision-fitting construction blocks, numbered the same as the model blocks, made of lightweight wood refuse with a plastic bond, and impregnated with any color you desire.

"So you go off to work," says Gordon, "and when you come home you take a look and you say: 'Gee, honey, you put together a quarter of the house already.' It's that easy. All the blocks are hollow so that your heating, plumbing and wiring just run right through them. After you put up a section of blocks you wipe them with a sponge soaked in solvent which binds the blocks into a monolithic mass."



GEORGE WOO

William B. Martin, one of Arthur D. Little, Inc.'s seven inventors, with model blocks, part of radical new build-your-own-house scheme

The plastic house, which is a speculative idea of the seven inventors rather than one produced on order, may not go into production.

A large Eastern contractor has offered to back it with a dollar for every dollar put up by Little, but Little is in neither the construction nor investment businesses. Its interest ends the moment it comes up with a useful idea.

The Last Word in Can Openers

Thus, it may also be that nothing noticeable will ever come from the group's findings in such distantly related fields as fish persuasion, grass mowing or manure handling. On the other hand, you will see on the market before long a radically new can opener invented for the EKCO Products Company; a multipurpose tool, the various working surfaces of which revolve into place, and a fish lure that holds to a prescribed depth in any current.

Before the Gordon group will undertake a contract, it makes, at no charge to the client, a preliminary study to determine whether the invention is possible. It then may cost the client from $6,000 to $160,000, depending upon the item and whether the buyer desires only the working model or the final prototype, engineered, aesthetically designed and backed up with a production, distribution and marketing analysis.

"A client may just come in," says Richard J. Coveney, head of Little's business-research staff and the man who originated the idea of the inventors group, "and say, 'Invent me something.' On the other hand, he may want something specific, like a new pen. He will get not only an entirely new concept of a pen, but the whole package—the invention, the patent rights, the way to produce it, and the way to distribute and market it."

There is, of course, some element of risk for both Little and the client. What the client will be paying for at the beginning will be one or more group-discussion periods—which are the key to the group's success but which might strike a hardheaded businessman as a waste of his money.

These sessions are always held in the morning and usually last three hours with the first hour devoted to getting the minds meshing on a broad plane. Gordon says he avoids immediately revealing the problem—the item to be invented—for fear of inhibitions or prejudices in regard to the subject. He doesn't want the group either to freeze or to become infatuated by some glit solution.

nvent It

[illegible]

By W. C. HEINZ

Many of the clients who have thrown their headaches to the Gordon group are among the nation's top industrialists —one does a billion dollars in sales annually and several others lead their fields—and they employ their own research staffs. As experts tend to be overcautious, however, these staffs are often stymied by their accumulated knowledge of a subject, and thus the biggest thing the Gordon group can contribute is the daring new concept.

All-Night Quest of a Key Word

"I don't want any preconceived notions getting in the way," Gordon says, "so a lot of times I stay up all night thinking of the key word for our discussion."

If, for example, the group had an order to invent a new type of knife, Gordon might take "separation" as his key word. In the case of the can opener the key word was "opening," and the group ultimately came up with an entirely new opening principle that is the cleanest, most efficient yet discovered—by going back to nature and discussing "opening" as it pertains to pea pods.

The members of the inventors team, besides Gordon, are Carleton Marden, fifty-seven, a master machinist; Robert T. B. Davison, twenty-nine, who majored in anthropology at Harvard and once worked on Florida shrimp boats; E. Alden Eriksson, thirty-nine, an industrial designer whose great contribution is his ability to depict ideas in three-dimensional drawings; William B. Martin, thirty-one, a chemical and industrial engineer who has also studied sculpture and painting; John Cheney, forty, also an engineer-sculptor; and Stephan H. Swift, thirty-seven, an industrial and mechanical engineer who is the group's business manager. Gordon himself majored in history, agriculture and psychology at various colleges, and ultimately was graduated from Harvard, where his major studies were the philosophy of science and aesthetics, and physics.

The group holds its sessions at one end of a large room. All discussions are recorded on tape.

"Fatigue is a big thing in these sessions," says Gordon. "With some people fatigue is destructive, but it's hard to avoid because some guys have too much energy and they resist until they're fatigued. I've got to bring them all up to the point together, so if I see a guy getting tired I may do something crazy, like knocking a chair over with myself in it, or I may call on somebody else for some facts. Then, when we all get hot, it's like hounds baying. Everybody's talking at once and getting closer to the blackboard and grabbing chalk out of one another's hands—and that's it.

"Take the problem of fish persuasion. Something has to be done to help the New England fisheries. Labor is so high here that, to compete, New England must stay ahead technically. This was one of our speculative ideas."

In this case, as usual, Gordon warmed the group up for more than an hour on the general subject of persuasion, jumping out of his chair, pacing the floor, cajoling here, cautiously side-tracking there, until, finally, he felt the group ready to receive the problem. Then he introduced the subject of commercial fishing.

GORDON: All right, hold it! Let's see where we are. The problem is to figure out a way so commercial fishermen will lose fewer nets. Nets are expensive and every damn' worth-while fish always wants to hang around old wrecks, which is just where you bust nets.

ERIKSSON: How about strengthening nets?

DAVISON: No good. If the nets didn't break, the draggers would be pulled down.

CHENEY: How about nets rigged so that they would automatically veer away from wrecks?

GORDON: Well, let's get a little more general. What is a net? It's a kind of persuasion, pretty rugged persuasion at that. What other kinds of persuasion are effective for fish?

ERIKSSON: Any kind of bait.

CHENEY: Artificial bait. Flies.

MARTIN (*to Davison*): What kind of persuasion could be used in the shrimp industry?

DAVISON: Dynamite! We were always mending nets on the shrimp boats.

GORDON: Well, there seem to be two kinds of persuasion, luring and driving or killing. You fool the fish with bait or you force them with explosives.

CHENEY: You know, it hurts your ears when an explosive goes off underwater in the vicinity.

"So," Gordon explains now, "this is where we closed in. Fish are hurt by sound. Why not use controlled sound to herd or drive them? This is the concept we're working on now."

A New Idea for Mowing Lawns

By rejecting previous devices and the idea of merely changing the outward appearance of an article, the group searches for new principles, such as this one. Thus, on the problem of lawn mowing, they are ignoring all present methods and working on the idea of burning off grass tops without using flame.

Discussions often have a devastating effect on the members. Most of the participants emerge emotionally and mentally depleted.

"Just recently," says Davison, "I came out of one of the discussions, went into the machine shop and cut an eighth of an inch off the wrong side of something we had in the shaper. I find the best thing to do is to just have a quiet lunch."

The members of the group feel, however, that although working under this kind of stimulation takes a lot out of them it adds much more in the forced development of their creative talents, and that each man has become a more productive person because of it.

Their employer sees it from another viewpoint. "Actually what we're doing with this group," says Earl P. Stevenson, Little's president, "is stirring up a caldron. We're telling large corporations: 'Why don't you do it another way?' Up to now we're very pleased with the results."

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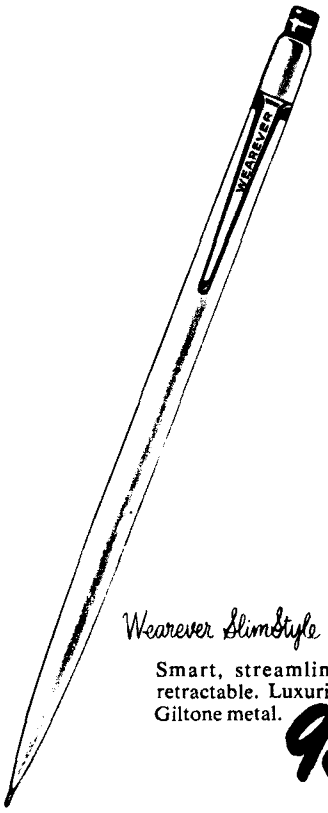

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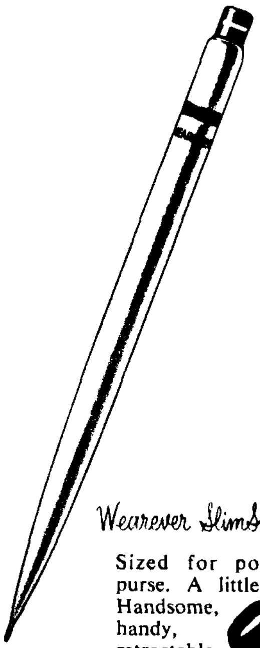

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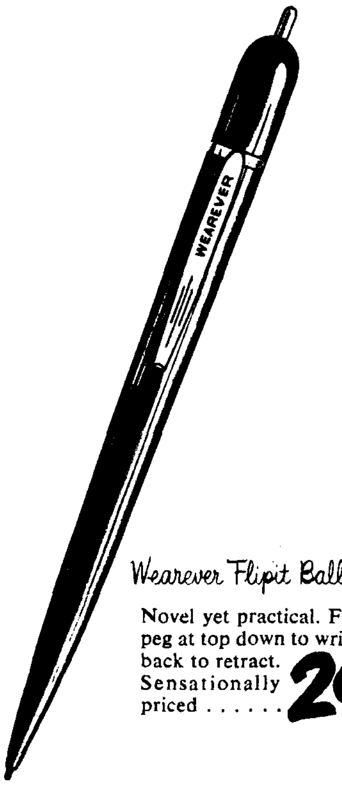

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Prices higher in Canada

FIVE-O'CLOCK *deadline*

By DAVID LEVY

This was television: in a few minutes comedian Curly Ames or V.P. Jim Conway was going to be a million-dollar loser

It was almost five and Jim had waited more than two hours for Curly's call. If it didn't come now, it never would

JAMES CONWAY was only forty, but suddenly this afternoon's tensions made him feel worn and old. He loosened his tie—not enough so that anyone could tell—slumped down into his big red-leather chair and glanced at the golden-sunburst clock on the mahogany-paneled wall across from him. Five minutes to five. His fingers touched the telephone which had not rung for almost three hours. To him, it seemed almost hostile. He was waiting for Curly Ames to call back. He had to wait, but waiting had its hazards, and to call Ames a second time was to court oblivion.

He glanced at the heavy, ornate connecting door to his right, the door to Wayne Foster Fleming's office. Miraculously, it had not opened during the entire time that he had been waiting. But the deadline was five o'clock. Fleming had asked him to get the message to Curly. "It's a must," he had said, which meant that if Curly did not comply willingly, Conway had to make him.

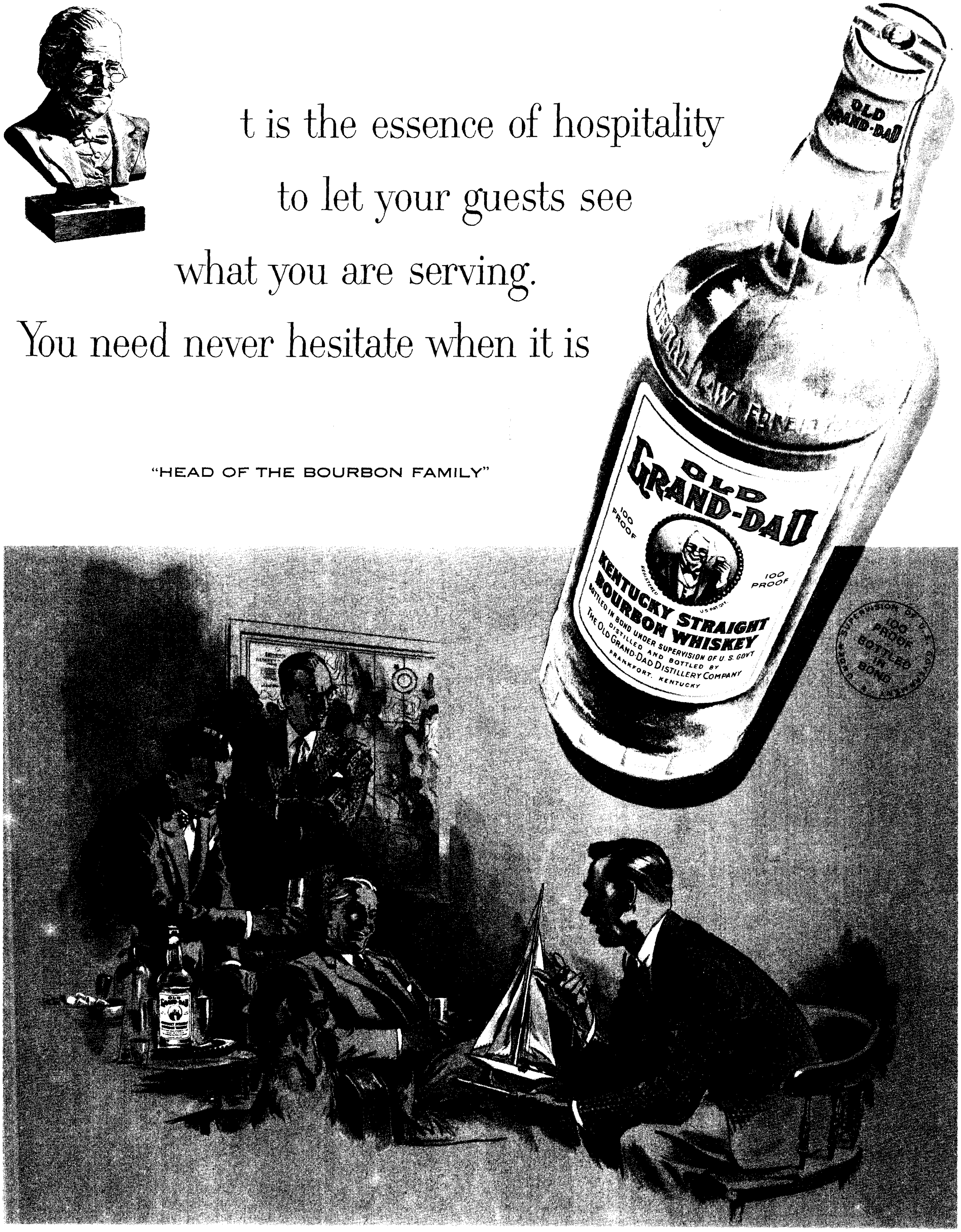
The long wait was nearly over. Jim Conway opened his desk drawer and toyed with an elaborate lighter his wife had given him years before. It was designed to look like an antique pistol and when it was new it had been a conversation piece. He recalled how excited Susan had been when she'd placed it on his desk, a plain desk then, and in a small office. "For my man of elegance," she had said. "May his future setting be built around this little gem." Now, in the luxury of his present surroundings, the little pistol seemed strangely out of place.

He and Susan had moved ahead, easily and happily. She had created an atmosphere of domestic security, and if his career had been at times a source of concern, he was realistic enough to appreciate the necessity of competition. He had met every challenge and had risen steadily. He had even, he felt, managed to do so without hypocrisy and without compromising the principles by which he lived.

He straightened in his chair as the door across from him slowly opened. It was his secretary. The clock outside in her office and the big sunburst were operated by a single mechanism. Mr. Conway had a rigid rule that last-minute letters to be signed and final instructions for the next day were matters to be taken up at precisely five to five. She was a minute late. He knew she had delayed to give him time and he was grateful. At the first sound of the latch he had taken up a sheaf of papers from his desk and, pretending to be absorbed in them, walked to the Gothic window overlooking Madison Avenue.

She came in, placed the letters neatly on his desk, checked his pen and silently walked out. He knew that she knew. It was even possible that the whole inner executive office knew. Big Jim Conway was in trouble. For the first time in nearly twenty years Big Jim had met his match. And the man who

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL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The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug stores – money back guarantee. *®

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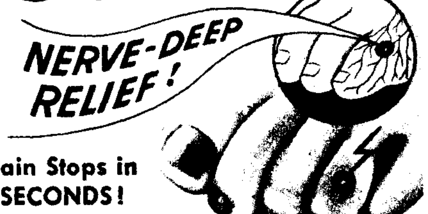
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Corns Sore Toes, Tender Spots

Pain Stops in SECONDS!

No waiting! *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop pain at its *source* almost instantly . . . remove corns one of the *fastest* ways known to medical science . . . stop corns *before* they can develop . . . ease new or tight shoes . . . prevent sore toes, blisters. No other method does all this! For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Ill.

Super-soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS FAST! A few drops of Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in the nail groove relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Insist on Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL.

was cutting him down to size was little Curly Ames, idol of millions, an unknown five years before but now high among the nation's top entertainers.

Only a few hours before, old white-haired Wayne Fleming had come into Jim's office. He had announced that he had taken on the chairmanship of the Love Thy Neighbor Week and had promised the committee that he would have the star of his television program, Curly Ames, launch the campaign informally that very night.

"You see, Jim," he had said, "they haven't really ever got anywhere with this idea of Love Thy Neighbor and they came to me. Now, as you know, a lot of important men, good friends of ours, are on the committee; we can't let them down. We've got to deliver tonight. That's why I thought I'd better ask you to take this up personally with your friend Curly. I can't trust this to anyone else." Fleming had closed the door softly as he went back into his own office.

Jim analyzed every word the old man had said, every inflection of his voice. It was the old man's picture that would be in tonight's paper accepting the chairmanship, but it was "we" who had to deliver. And in this case "we" stood for just one person: Jim Conway. The old man had made that clear by using one of his favorite compliments; he had told Jim he couldn't trust anyone else.

Jim wondered why the old man had promised the committee that Curly Ames would hail the Love Thy Neighbor Week this very night. Impulsiveness wasn't a part of Fleming's nature. Wayne Fleming was a cool, well-oiled machine. Something had prompted this unusual gesture on his part, but what? And why? The very fact that Jim Conway couldn't put his finger on it sent a cold shiver through his body.

HE WISHED Susan were beside him, but he knew she was shopping. That was part of their Friday routine: Susan always drove into town to shop, picked him up at six, then they had dinner, went to the theater and topped the evening off by going dancing. He knew some of their friends thought the whole routine was an act, particularly the dancing part. But he loved every moment of it, from the first dance, when Susan would shut her eyes and he would softly hum the music, to the sign-off from the orchestra. If they had retained the appearance of youthful vitality it was, he knew, more than vanity; it was pride, one in the other. And it was even more; it was love.

He glanced at the clock. Three minutes to five. He had told his secretary at two thirty that he would take absolutely no calls, except from Mr. Fleming or Curly Ames, and she knew, of course, that the old man rarely called; he just stepped over to the connecting door. The open telephone, then, was for young Curly. Jim looked down at the crowded street below. None of those people down there gave a damn for him; none of them cared in the slightest about this contest between him and a television entertainer.

But Curly Ames was no longer just an entertainer. He was big business itself. He owned this show that Jim Conway had bought to promote their company five years earlier. And Mr. Ames was Mr. Big in another, very important, way. Not only was he the company star, he was also on the board of directors, a consultant to the company on matters of merchandising and sales.

Jim remembered how he had stood at this very window exactly five years ago. Curly Ames had just come down from Boston where he had created a mild stir as an unpredictable disc jockey, just as likely to read the fan mail out loud and answer it on the air as he was to play records. He had gained national attention when he had taken all the records he was supposed to play one morning and broken them, telling his listeners he would not plug tunes that were inferior, bands that were mediocre and singers who were machinelike reproductions of bigger names. Jim Conway's company had needed a summer show, and so Jim had decided to capitalize on the iconoclastic young man with the infectious grin and friendly name. Susan had thought it was a good idea too.

He recalled what an incongruous pair they had made that day five years ago, Curly so very young, towheaded, almost diminutive, an eager clean-cut young man whose blue eyes were full of absolute wonderment; he, a full head taller, conservative, showing the first signs of gray at the temple. He recalled his asking Curly how he thought he would like New York.

Curly had looked out the window. "Gosh," he said, "I never thought I'd be here, and look at all those people. Kinda scares a guy."

"It shouldn't scare a performer," Jim had said. "After all, in just one performance on radio you're heard by more people than you'd be likely to see on this street in a year."

"Guess you're right, Mr. Conway. But on radio, you don't see them."

"You better get used to audiences, Curly. Television's just around the corner."

Curly Ames had frowned and looked up at Big Jim. "Now I wonder—if we'd had television the day I busted all those records, would I really have gone and done it."

Jim had laughed. "Maybe not, but from now on you just go on busting recordings—or anything else. You're fresh, and we don't want any part of New York to rub off on you. Your charm, Curly, is to be yourself—and being yourself is to break the rules, no holds barred."

After that initial meeting, Jim saw Curly Ames on only a few occasions during the first year. The younger man had moved cautiously, feeling his way through the big time in radio—inching forward here, retreating a bit there, but all the time gaining assurance, showing he could make the grade.

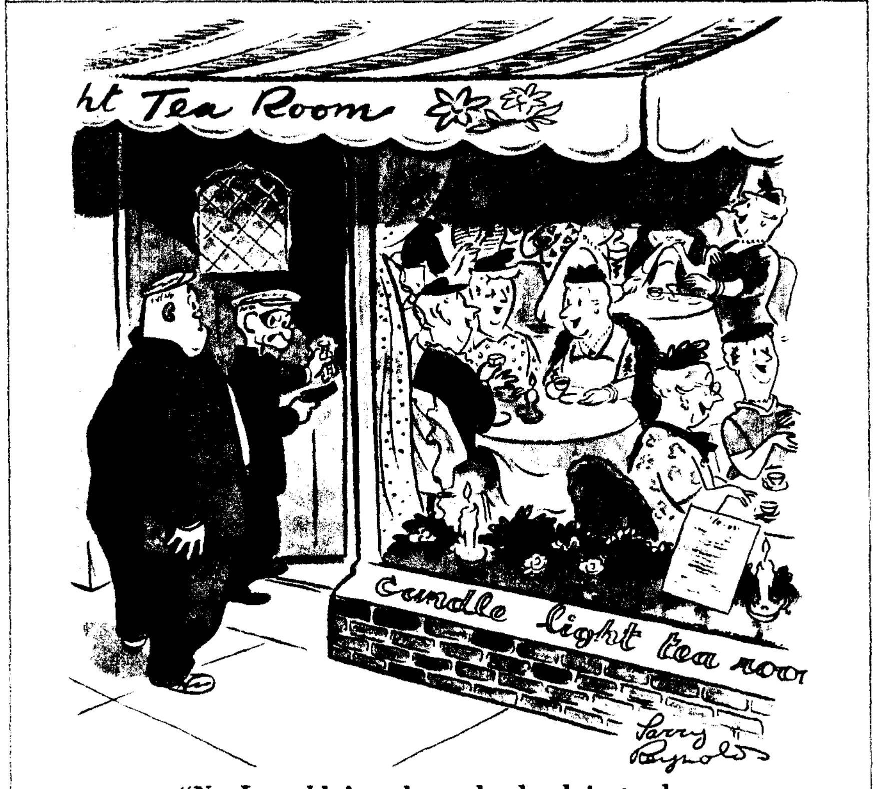
It was true Curly had challenged both the producer and the director on the show with the result that both had resigned in a huff. Jim had been angered by this. But when the producer wrote a bitter note directly to the president, it was Jim who had told Fleming that that was the weakness of an old-line producer; he just didn't understand the dynamics of a fresh, new talent like Curly's. Fleming had accepted Jim's explanation.

AFTER that Curly rose rapidly, and by the year's end he had emerged as the greatest new attraction show business had had in years. And if Curly had been surprised by his singular leap into the national awareness, so, too, was Jim Conway surprised and gratified by his own rising position. The company had long needed a successful radio vehicle through which to sell its products, and Jim had brought it about. It did not matter that he had stumbled onto his good fortune by latching onto an unknown disc jockey from Boston.

At the end of that first year, Jim had decided that perhaps the time had arrived when a bit of advice would be of benefit to the young performer. He had invited him over to his office, this very office where he now waited alone.

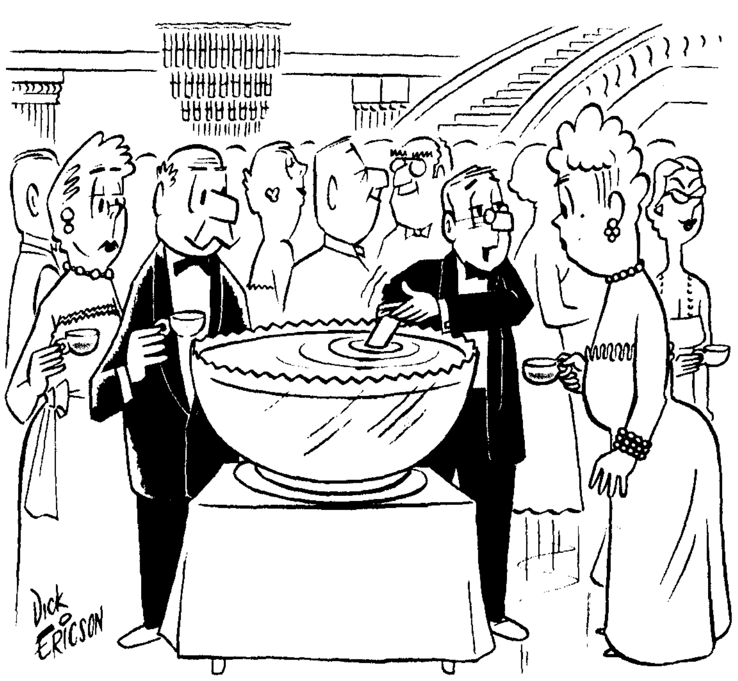
He had had to keep Curly waiting for ten minutes in order to handle a pressing matter for Mr. Fleming, and then he had gone out personally to usher Curly in from the reception room. "I'm sorry," he'd said, "sorry I had to keep you waiting. It was just Mr. Fleming . . ." His voice trailed off as he realized he was offering an unnecessary explanation.

BUTCH



"No, I wouldn't rather rob a bank instead. You just got to learn t' be brave, Butch"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "Dropped my cup" DICK ERICSON

Curly waited politely, and then said, "Been a long time since I been here in your office, Mr. Conway." Jim looked at him puzzled. "Last time I was here we had a nice chat about how I was to break all the rules, remember?"

Jim laughed. "You were real smart, Curly. Real smart."

"If I'd of broken them then I wouldn't be here now," Curly said, chuckling in his half-boyish way. "But maybe now's a better time."

"Don't do anything in a hurry, Curly," Jim said. "Young men in a hurry tire themselves out. Cigar?"

Curly took one and the big cigar looked out of place in his mouth. As though he read Jim's mind he said, "These don't quite fit me yet. Either they got to grow smaller or I got to grow bigger. And I never heard of cigars growing smaller."

Jim got up from his chair. He had always felt that there was a psychological advantage in standing while a guest sat relaxed, deep down in a comfortable chair. "That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about, Curly. You *are* growing, and we're going to help you grow even bigger." He paused, waiting for Curly to say something. The younger man clenched his cigar and looked straight at him. "We want the show to be bigger. Bigger names on it. A bigger band. Big-name writers to help out. In short, the works. Curly, you've had an amazing success and we're going to ride right along with you. How do you like that?"

Curly smiled in his strange disarming way. "I like it," he said. "But I wonder how far you'd of ridden along with me if I wasn't out there riding ahead first."

Conway studied Curly carefully. The words had a touch of insolence, and while his face was that of an impudent boy, there was not a trace of maliciousness showing.

"I want to be frank with you, Curly," Jim said. "To be honest, we couldn't have gone very far. Mr. Fleming has always said, 'We can't afford to ride a slow horse, not if we want to play with blue chips.' And in this company we always play with blue chips. We're pretty big ourselves, Curly."

"I like that. And I love blue chips, Mr. Conway. And I'm mighty pleased that we've come this far together."

"Well, I always think it's a good idea at the end of the first year to look back to where you started and look ahead to where you're going." Jim paused to give Curly an opportunity to put anything he wanted to on the record.

Curly took the bait. "I've been doing just that, Mr. Conway. New York's quite a place," he said, looking approvingly around at Jim's office. "People always told me, 'Wait till you get to New York, Curly, and then you'll have a real brawl for yourself.' Well, I sure found out."

Conway smiled. The young fellow had a way with him, direct and candid.

CURLY got up and began to pace the room. "They told me this was the town of culture, the big time, excitement, the top. They were right, but there was something they didn't tell me. You see, where I came from, Mr. Conway, that was a real place with real people, people with real ideas, and ideals too. I don't mean to be giving you a dose of New England evangelism, but New York is pretty far from Boston—farther than it says on the map, maybe as far as some place in Africa. And you got to leave a lot behind you when you come here, not just a different style of clothes, but different ideas about what's good. You can't tote around nice ideas in Africa any more than you'd walk around in a tux."

Jim said good-naturedly, "I'm getting the words and the text, Brother Ames, but not the point."

Curly chuckled. "That's because you've been sitting on top of the mountain for so long that all you see are other peaks. You forgot the trip up from the valley. Now me, I'm just working my way up the slope, easy like. But someday," he said, pointing to the ceiling, "I'll be up there with the other boys, the big boys."

"I'm sure of it, Curly, positive."

"Yes, sir, this has been quite a year, Mr. Conway," Curly went on. "I found out what this town is really like. A jungle, like I said. Like something in Africa, I guess. And I don't mean modern Africa. I mean like something way back in olden times, back when the boys sported clubs, back when the choice meat and the choice place to sleep and the choice dames were stuff you conked a few guys on the head to get."

He walked over to the window and pointed down to the street. "And that's New York today—at least the part you

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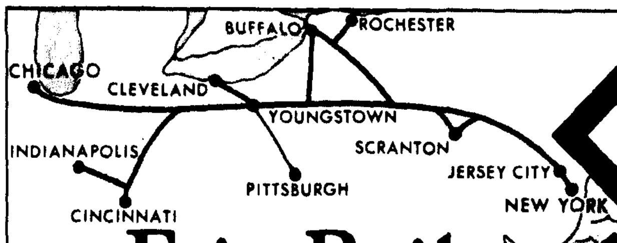


ERIE
Erie Railroad
..Mark of PROGRESS
DEPENDABLE SERVICE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

and I are in. Nowadays the boys wear those pink button-down-collar Oxford shirts, striped ties and pointed shoes; and, brother, they can give you the works in more ways than their ancestors ever dreamed of. And look at the way they fight to get the right address, eat at the right place, drink the right liquor. It's the same old story as the cave man beating his way to the best spot on the side of a hill. And the dames? Well, you pick on one with a juicy bank statement or the right face and figure or the big name, and you're home. That's New York on my side of the fence, Mr. Conway"—he smiled and sat down—"on your side too."

CONWAY looked at him sharply. He felt as if Curly had impugned the standards by which he had lived and worked. For a moment he resented Curly, just as he had always detested all of the bromidic people who dismissed the ethics of business as being something divorced from the personal ethics they loudly proclaimed at home or on the golf course. And what was equally irritating was the fact that Curly, who was now utterly relaxed and had made no specific proposals, was waiting for Jim to speak.

Jim chose his words with more care than he customarily used on lower-echelon people. "I'm not certain that your colorful picture of New York is according to the facts, Curly, but it makes for an entertaining point of discussion."

"I wasn't trying to be entertaining, Mr. Conway," Curly said. "I save that for my radio show—and for next fall's television show."

Again Conway felt a slight touch of irritation, but Curly went on without pausing. "Spades are spades where I come from and big fish are big fish—and you're a big fish," he added politely. "And there's only one way you become a big fish in this jungle. Or maybe," he said with a chuckle, "I should say in this aquarium. No matter. You get that way by eating smaller fish. It's a law of nature. Nothing to try to hide or be ashamed of. Nature provides little fish to be eaten by other fish who gradually become big fish. And when they get to be big fish, they act like big fish, and pretty soon, curiously enough, a lot of ambitious little fish go to work to help the big one get bigger. Like the little ones who lead the sharks around."

Jim Conway poured himself a glass of water. "We're getting rather zoological, Curly, and I'm afraid I don't quite see the picture as—"

"Oh, but there's a reason, Mr. Conway." The interruption jarred Jim. "The reason is that the shark finally gets so powerful he doesn't even have *to bother to see*; the little fellows always take him where the hunting is good. So, in a way it's not surprising that you don't see the picture. That's because you're big."

"Like a shark?"

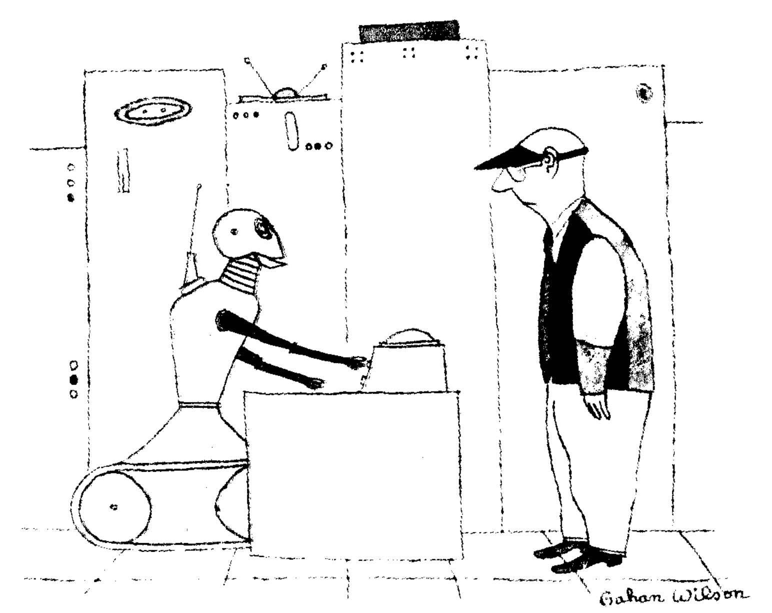
"Well," Curly said, "not in the vicious way in which it sounds. But," he added, "a fact is a fact."

"Right." Conway wanted to end this. "I suppose you're looking forward to this fall's television series."

Curly leaned forward eagerly. "Very much, and I need your advice. Who really knows anything about this crazy business?"

Jim smiled. "It's a new business, Curly. There are no real authorities. Everyone's got to learn. Me, you, everyone."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Mr. Conway," Curly said. "In radio there are a lot of fellows who have it all over me in experience. They know the right words, the right jokes, the right way of emphasizing, the right everything. But in television nobody knows from nothing. We're all equals. That's why I wanted your advice."



COLLIER'S **"You've been with us a long time, Smith"** GAHAN WILSON

TIZZY

COLLIER'S **"I'll tell you why I'm always inviting Jimmy for dinner—he helps my mother with the dishes . . ."** KATE OSANN

Jim's eyes narrowed as he realized that Curly Ames had used one of the oldest and surest ways of winning advance support. Jim's advice was of no importance. He had been an obstacle in Curly's mind, and so Curly had disarmed him. It was plain now that others down the line—smaller fish—had been given the same treatment. Curly got up. "I'm afraid I've taken too much of your time already, Mr. Conway, but the way I had it figured, why shouldn't I get the experience of being my own television producer when there's no one around who knows any more than I do?"

"It requires the assumption of considerable responsibility," Jim said.

Curly was at the door. He turned. "Responsibility—that's something big fish should never be afraid of. Not if they want to get bigger. Thanks for the advice, Mr. Conway." And then he was gone.

Jim had stared at the door. Little Curly Ames had come for something, and he had got it. . . .

The first television show was a spectacular success, and during the next year the country clamored for more of Curly's special brand of entertainment. There were a few bad times though, programs where Curly blithely ignored the program's commercials in favor of more songs or jokes or dances. Fleming vigorously protested the first such cavalier treatment of the company, but Jim soothed him by showing him the sales charts, which were favorable. Even so, Jim had talked to Curly, and Curly had inquired—showing great concern—if sales had been dropping. Jim had admitted that they weren't.

"Well, then, Mr. Conway, what's all the complaining about?" Curly had asked earnestly.

Now Jim Conway looked down at his hands. Unconsciously he had distorted a delicate wrought-iron heron that stood on the bookshelves behind his desk. He looked up—two minutes to five. Softly, Jim began to curse Curly Ames.

At their meeting Curly had said he was afraid of people. Now Jim thought of all the people who were afraid of Curly Ames: the writers and orchestra leaders Curly had fired; the men in the band who had been a moment or two late; the personalities he had thrown off his program for supposedly hogging the limelight. And these weren't all; there were even men at the advertising agency and the network.

At first the casualties were among the lesser people, but gradually key men were threatened. Some of these lost their jobs, some were shifted to other shows. There were times when Big Jim scorned himself for having accommodated the young man's growing appetite for authority, but, he told himself, one couldn't overlook the public's amazing loyalty to Curly.

To answer his own misgivings, Jim Conway had his staff compile all the statistics that might possibly pertain to Curly Ames. Jim wanted to isolate Curly's contribution to the company from that of other efforts in merchandising and advertising. In the end, Jim had to admit that Curly's contributions were substantial, though it was impossible to tell whether he was still rising or beginning to level off. And, Jim ruefully admitted to himself, his own speed of ascent or descent was now tied directly to Curly's.

BIG JIM had become the one man who could deal effectively with Curly. He had not sought the job and he did not like it, but circumstances had put him in the position of sometimes defending, always explaining, the unpredictable attitudes of Curly Ames. It was Jim Conway who was responsible for eliminating personnel objectionable to Curly—at the network, at the advertising agency, and even in the drug company itself. Jim had persuaded himself it was all for the sake of the company, but he often wondered if he hadn't really done it to avoid facing up to Curly's strength.

And yet, never had the company prospered so, and never had he, Jim Conway, moved up so rapidly. His success with Curly, not his twenty years of loyalty to the company, had propelled him into the executive vice-president's chair. That was a fact. And Curly had summed it all up: a fact is a fact.

Now Jim Conway found himself recalling a night when the company had welcomed Curly Ames back from a summer vacation. There had been a party given by the top executives of the company, network and advertising agency. Everyone vied for Curly's favor—except Jim; while Jim had mastered the art of being ingratiating, he faltered at times in the practice. On this occasion he held himself aloof, and Curly sensed it.

Curly's retaliation had been to cut in on Jim—or anyone else—who danced with Susan. Susan's expression had been that of someone pleading for rescue, but no one tempted fate by cutting in on Curly—except for the last dance. Jim had moved in brusquely then, and Curly had shrugged his shoulders, walked away and laughed. He had had his way.

Curly had found television made to his special order. His boyishness contrasted sharply with the aging personalities from radio. And if his remarks had an off-color touch they seemed innocuous coming from a young New Englander who poked continuous fun at the sophisticates of New York. He was Peck's Bad Boy and the public loved him. So Broadway loved him. Hollywood wooed him. The gentry entertained him. The sophisticates catered to him. Jim Conway approved of him.

It was Big Jim who had sponsored Curly's ambition to take a more active interest in business. Curly was a star salesman, not only of the company's product, but of himself. He knew how many homes saw him each week. He knew how many viewers were buying the products advertised on his show. And so he offered his services as sales-and-merchandising consultant to the company. He offered it to the sponsor company first, he said, rather than to another company, because Mr. Conway had been so good to him.

Jim maneuvered the nomination through the board of directors, dispelling the doubts and fears that disturbed some of the others. He acknowledged to himself that as Curly's fortunes rose, so would his; nor did he forget that as Curly's fortunes ebbed, so might his.

Jim assured Mr. Fleming that Curly, though without special training or experience, had a business acumen that could be channeled to the company's advantage. And he pointed out that if the move to bring Curly into the business were rejected, Curly might make similar arrangements elsewhere. Curly Ames was enthusiastically elected to the board of directors and engaged as special consultant in sales and merchandising, reporting to Conway. . . .

It was now one minute to five. Jim Conway looked at the telephone. In one minute Curly Ames would start his rehearsal, and after five o'clock no one could reach Mr. Ames. No calls were taken. No visitors were allowed. After five on the day of the show, Curly Ames was unreachable. Big Jim had waited for nearly two and a half hours.

He had placed his call at exactly two thirty because he knew that then Curly would be in his private dressing room at the theater. Curly would have just finished his lunch, sent over by one of New York's most famous hosts, and he would be using the next hour to review the layout of the show. There was nothing unusual in Big Jim's calling Curly. It had become a practice of his to call on show day to wish Curly luck and to discuss any details that needed attention.

BIG JIM had waited on the telephone as he heard Curly's secretary say, "Mr. Ames's dressing room."

Jim's secretary had said, "Hello, Jane. Mr. Conway would like to speak with Mr. Ames."

"Oh, hello," the other girl had said. "Golly, I'm afraid Mr. Ames is terribly busy, Cathy."

"So is Mr. Conway," Cathy replied briskly. "Would you please tell Mr. Ames that Mr. Conway's calling?"

There was a momentary pause from the other end, and then: "Will you put Mr. Conway on?" In that moment Big Jim Conway knew that Curly Ames had decided to take his measurement. Never before had Curly's secretary hesitated to speed Jim through; never before had there been the challenge of getting him on first. He felt the blood speeding to his head; he knew that his secretary was flustered by the extraordinary request.

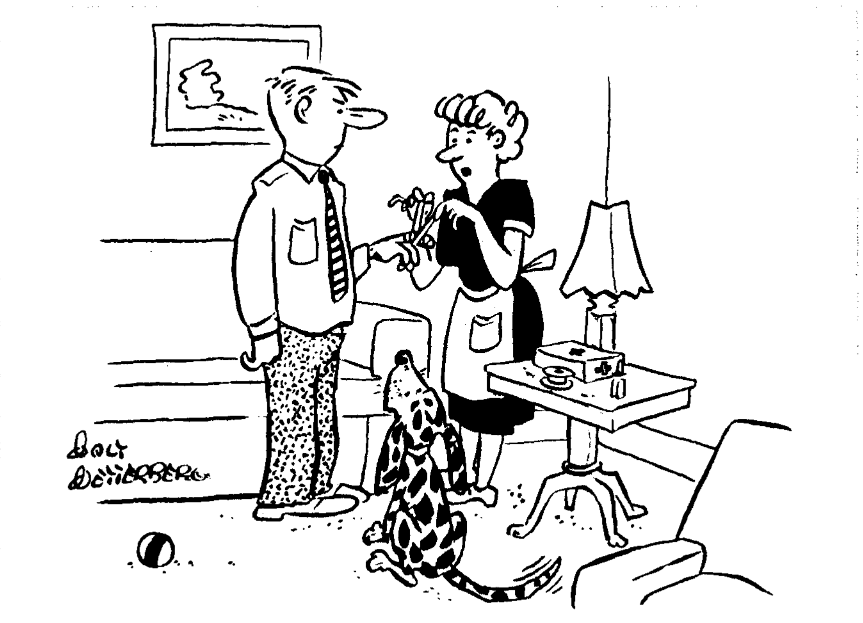
Cathy was well aware of the subtleties of maintaining prestige, of the position of respect and authority required in telephone etiquette. She knew that her boss must never be put on first. A moment later he heard Cathy say quietly, "Mr. Conway is waiting, Jane. Now will you get Mr. Ames?"

This sparring of the secretaries was like the preliminary bout at a fight. Cathy had to win for her own prestige. He admired her tact. Then he heard Jane say, "Just a moment, please."

Big Jim smiled, relaxed. The challenge was being withdrawn. Then he heard Curly's secretary say, "I'm sorry, honey, Mr. Ames is terribly busy at the moment. If Mr. Conway won't mind waiting—"

Big Jim bellowed: "You get Curly Ames on this line, miss, and right now!" He clenched the telephone with all of his strength and was amazed to find himself struggling to catch his breath.

In the instant that he spoke, he knew he was wrong. Now they knew, Curly



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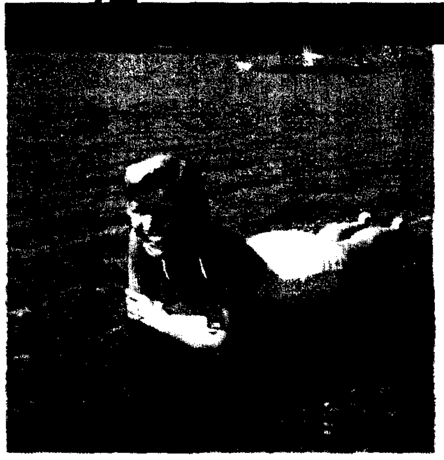

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and his secretary. Mr. Conway was waiting and Mr. Conway was upset.

Curly's secretary said softly, "Just a moment, Mr. Conway." Big Jim knew that Curly was listening on the other end, he could feel him, he could almost hear him breathing. And then Jane came back: "Mr. Ames will call you, Mr. Conway, the first moment he's free."

There was nothing to do but hang up and wait.

And he had waited. He had waited all through the afternoon and now it was five o'clock. Curly Ames, he knew, had done this deliberately. Big Jim had been kept waiting. He had been tempted to call just once more, but he knew Curly would decline to take a second call. Everything would be lost for certain if that happened. He had been challenged and he had accepted. He had faced the silent telephone and the closed door to his right throughout the afternoon.

And now that the five-o'clock deadline was here, Big Jim knew that Curly Ames was also facing a decision: to return the call or ignore it. He had won the first skirmish. To ignore Big Jim was to announce open hostility. To return the call at the last moment was, perhaps, to keep Jim off balance.

SUDDENLY the telephone rang. Jim was startled, but he let it ring three times, and then slowly picked it up. "Conway speaking," he said. He had to sound busy and authoritative.

A female voice said, "One moment, Mr. Conway."

He bit his lip. Another skirmish and Cathy had surrendered. She must have been given no choice.

"Hello, Jim. Shoot." Curly Ames was ready for round two. He had called back but he was going to keep the upper hand.

"I have something that's got to get on the show tonight, Curly," Jim said.

"It's five o'clock, Jim. We can't begin to make changes this late."

"This is something rather special, Curly," Jim said, setting himself the job of selling Fleming's idea.

"Special or no special. It's too late, Conway. I'm sorry."

Big Jim had an insane desire to yank the telephone wires out of the wall, in the wild hope that Curly would be dangling on the other end. He knew he was being told off, that the younger man had finally decided to take him on. And he was turning Jim down without hearing him out.

But Jim knew he had to make every effort. Failure to win for Mr. Fleming would threaten his own position. For the first time in years he looked down the slope up which he had struggled. Suddenly he realized how vulnerable he was. And an upstart was on the point of starting him toppling down. He had to stay on top of the peak, and he had to use every ounce of strength he could muster to do so, even if it meant seeking shelter under the higher peak of the president.

"Curly," he said, "Mr. Fleming made a particular point about getting *this change on tonight.*"

"Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

Jim smiled grimly. Curly wasn't ready to take on him and the old man at the same time. It was cold comfort, but for the first time in hours Conway felt cool and calm. Casually, he explained about Love Thy Neighbor Week. As he talked and expanded on the idea he felt the grotesque inappropriateness of the request he was making. He was asking a man who lived by the primitive standards of the jungle to espouse the loftiest sentiment known to man.

As he gave Curly the essentials of the project, Big Jim glanced at the top paper Cathy had brought in a few moments before, though now it seemed like hours. It was a statistical report prepared by his assistant and it was headed *Report on Curly Ames, his record and future.* As he described the basic idea of Mr. Fleming's campaign, Jim Conway felt that he could afford to be reasonable and polite. The report that lay before him was significant, and a number of other points were beginning to fall into place in his mind. He thanked Curly for taking the time and courtesy to call back. "And I'm sure," he said, "that Mr. Fleming will deeply appreciate your launching this project on the air tonight. Love thy neighbor is something we can all use a little more of."

Curly laughed. "Are you kidding?"

It no longer mattered to Jim. He had fulfilled Mr. Fleming's request. He had delivered. And he had a quiet moment of satisfaction as he beat Curly to the last shot: "That's it, Curly. Thanks a lot. Good-by." . . .

It was five past five. Big Jim looked at the report before him—Curly Ames's record and an analysis of his future as the television spokesman for the company. There was no doubt about it, the figures showed that Curly was a magnificent salesman. There had never been anything quite like him in the business. But great as he was, he had now stopped climbing. The figures revealed what they had forecast months before: Curly Ames had reached a plateau.

He could continue to do well if he stayed on the plateau, but he was through doing wonders. The plateau that he had leveled off at was nothing to dismiss lightly. Curly Ames was formidable, even on paper, but the charts clearly indicated that Curly Ames was also vulnerable. At that instant, Jim Conway knew that part of his own vulnerability lay in the fact that he had allowed himself the luxury of ignoring these indications, which had heralded themselves months before in earlier analyses. Blue-chip business could not afford rationalizations based on emotional relationships.

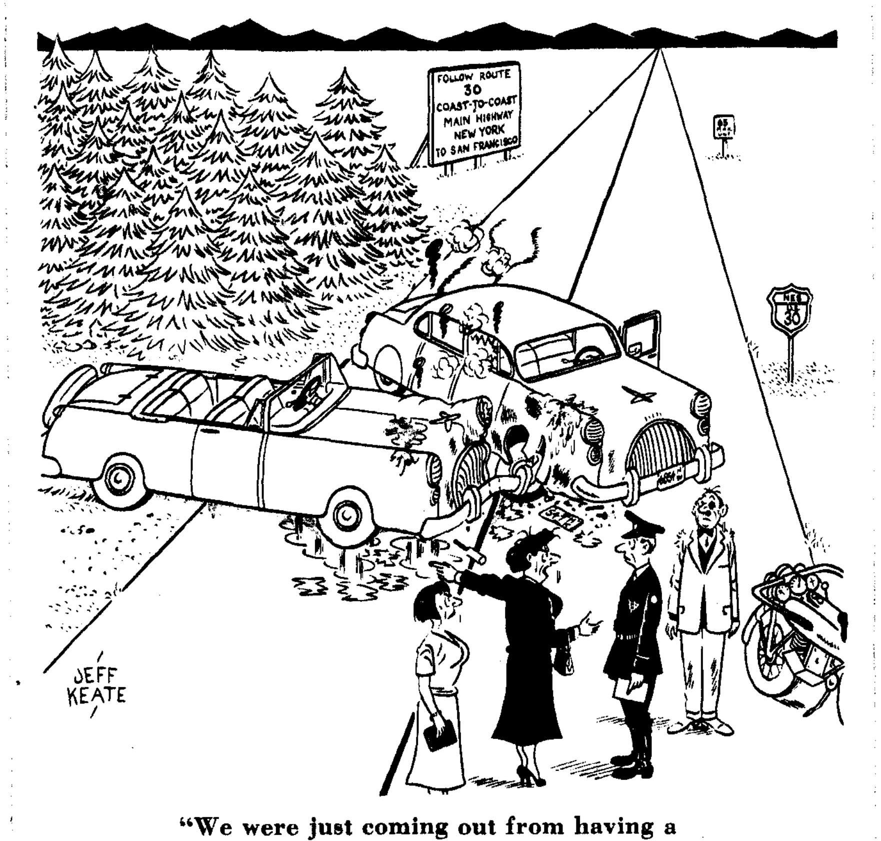
BIG JIM sat glumly at his desk. It was true that he had covered up for Curly for years; probably a psychiatrist would say he had done it to protect himself. He had minimized Curly's temperament, his indiscretions. He had been credited with discovering Curly Ames, and so he had always been loath to disown him. Now, looking at the evidence in this report, he knew he could probably cover up again. He was an old hand at talking away figures.

There had been times when he had placed his own judgment on the scales, and he had seen it triumph over so-called facts. That was the big gamble a business leader had to take, staking his judgment against the facts. But some facts could neither be talked away nor contested after a reasonable period of time. And now danger signals were flying. He had to make his decision and he knew he had to face his true responsibility. He had to look at where the company was going. Curly Ames might stay on top a long time, and he might go down, but Jim was sure he would go no higher.

Fleming was still in his office and Jim concluded that the old man had thrown this assignment at him deliberately; Fleming was the only other man who could have called Curly. Jim sometimes suspected that Fleming had fallen for Curly Ames's line—it was no secret that Curly was wooing the old man—but Fleming was canny. To the old man everyone was expendable. It was only necessary to decide who and when, and he may have decided it was Conway and now.

Big Jim stood up, adjusted his tie, then crossed the room and briskly entered Fleming's office.

"Sorry to bother you, Wayne," Jim said casually. "I wasn't sure you'd still be around."



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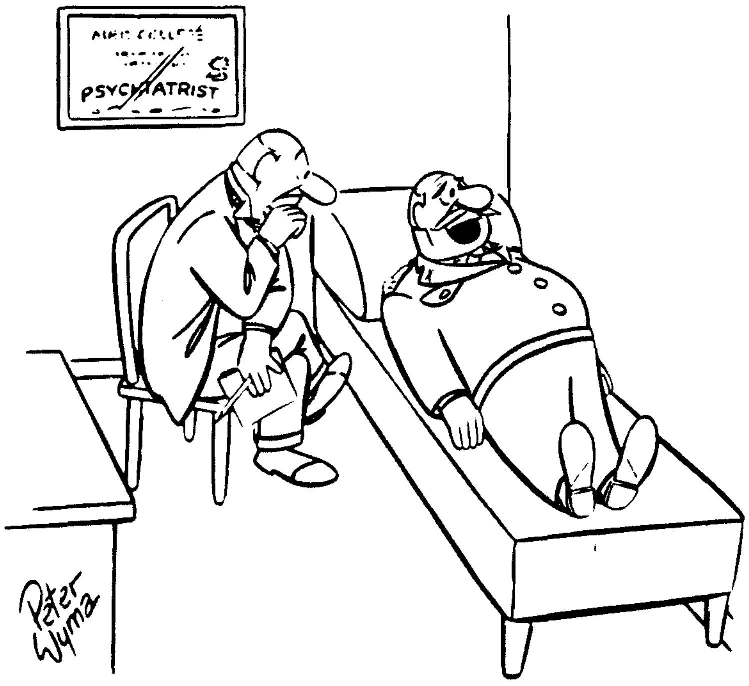
COLLIER'S

"We were just coming out from having a picnic behind that clump of trees when this crazy driver shot out from nowhere!"

JEFF KEATE



COLLIER'S "My regiment hates me" PETER WYMA

"No bother at all, Jim. Just getting set to call it a day." He looked up at Jim and waited.

"I have to apologize," Jim began.

"Apologize?"

"Yes. You remember you asked me to get a message through to our young friend, Curly Ames?"

For a moment the old man frowned. "Oh, that!" he said, as though he had just recollected.

"The Love Thy Neighbor Week."

The old man gave him a quizzical look. "Have any trouble?"

"No trouble at all," Jim replied.

The old man rubbed his hands, obviously pleased. He had promised his associates on the committee that he would promote the idea that very night and he had delivered. He pushed his chair back, and then rose to his feet.

Jim went back to the door to his own office, then stopped, his hand gripping the knob tightly. If he felt agitated he gave no outward sign, yet he knew that he had made a critical decision, one that placed his fate in the other man's hands. "There's one other situation we ought to look into Monday morning, Wayne," he said.

The old man was putting on his coat. "What is it?" he asked.

Jim opened his door. "The time has come when we ought to re-examine Curly. I hate to put it quite so coldly, Wayne, but otherwise I wouldn't be faithful to my responsibility to the company and to you. We ought to take a look at where he's going."

"Jim," the old man said softly, "I think that would be very wise. We could be complacent about our success with Ames and just ride along; on the other hand, it might be just about the smartest move we ever made—next to hiring him in the first place—to let him out when he's reached his peak."

"That's just it, Wayne," Jim said, indicating the papers in his hand, "he's already reached it. It's all here in the latest analysis."

"You're sure?" the old man asked.

"Yes," Jim said. "I'm sorry if it comes as a surprise. I should have seen it months ago myself. The figures speak for themselves. I should have been their spokesman; instead they're mine."

"Well, now," the old man said, "there's no damage done anywhere. The fact is you know his time is up and that's the important point. You've put yourself ahead of Ames and you've put the company ahead of yourself. Sometimes it's hard to do what's right, but what's right is always best. We get off of Ames while we're still on top. Of course, we'll stay up for quite a while on momentum alone, but you'd better start looking for a new horse."

"This will take a bit of delicate handling."

THE old man smiled. "You've had tough ones before, Jim. There'll be a few squawks. But take my advice: when you have to operate, Jim, don't spend a lot of time telling the patient all about it. Just go ahead and do it. And," he added reassuringly, "we can handle all the squawks on this one together." The old man smiled and left the room.

Big Jim Conway felt a release of tension. So the old man had been waiting for him to come to terms with himself! He supposed, had he failed, he might have been dropped too, but the old man had precipitated a decision by asking him to achieve a difficult assignment. Fortunately, in making that decision, he had remained true to his old principles, not Curly's.

His secretary was waiting for him. "Anything else before I leave tonight, Mr. Conway?"

"Nothing else, Cathy," he said, "except Monday, first thing, let me have copies of our contracts with Curly Ames." Cathy smiled as she turned to the door. "You're looking rather pleased, Cathy. Have a good day?"

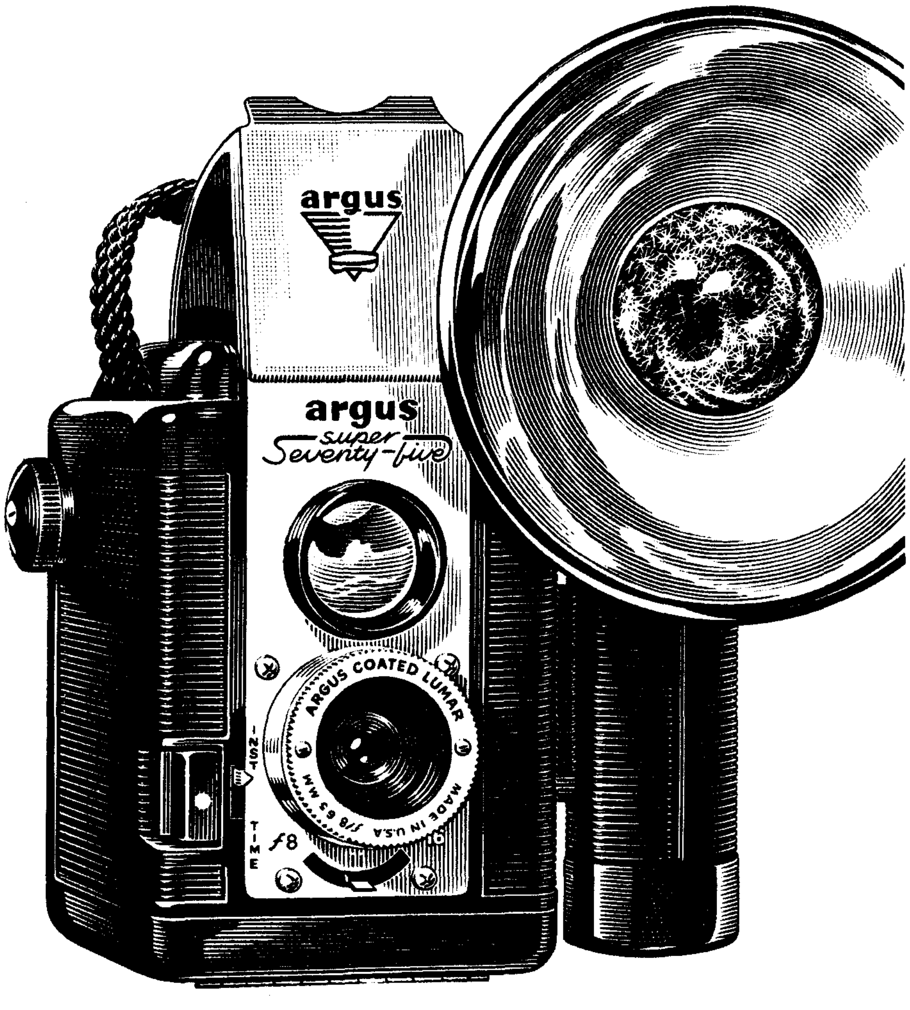
"Looks like Monday will be even better," she said. "That contract comes up for renewal in three weeks."

He thought for a moment; then he nodded. "You're right, Cathy. I hadn't realized it was so soon." He looked down at Madison Avenue and said softly, "I guess Curly was right after all. Facts are facts."

Cathy said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Conway, I didn't quite understand."

He turned and said, "That's all right, Cathy. You may go now." She started out and he added, "Oh, and one more thing, Cathy. Might as well start from this moment on—I will not be in to Mr. Ames."

—DAVID LEVY



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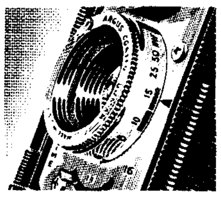

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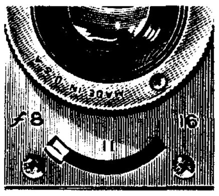

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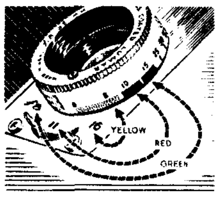

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THE MARVELS IN OUR MUSEUMS:

PANORAMA OF

A GOOD museum, like a good citizen, has a point of view. And the point of view determines whether a museum considers its chief function to teach or to entertain, whether its primary task is to emphasize research or display, whether its most valuable resource is its specimens or its scientists.

At the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, the point of view is this: serve the community first; explore home before venturing into other places; explore today before venturing into other times.

To that end, the Carnegie museum recently installed a Marine Hall. Director M. Graham Netting had long felt the need for a marine exhibit; to the people of Pittsburgh, the ocean is of vital importance and little familiarity.

Two million Pittsburghers live and work in a busy port city, yet they are located many miles inland from the Atlantic, upon the Ohio River. Many of them have never seen the ocean. Many of them never will. But the gap in their practical knowledge has been filled at the museum, by a panorama of the sea which, like all effective exhibits, contains beauty, drama and excitement, with a heavy lacing of useful information.

The new marine exhibit is an outstanding example of teamwork between scientist and artist. A scientist may gather specimens, study them, catalogue them, label them with lengthy data which is meaningful only to other scientists. An artist may color the specimens, light them, arrange them in ways which are attractive but impart little information. But it takes scientist and artist, working as a team, to create displays which fire the eye and the mind simultaneously. At Carnegie, the co-operative technique has achieved for the people of Pittsburgh an instructive, imaginative glimpse into that vast watery world which bears so closely upon their lives, if not upon their land.

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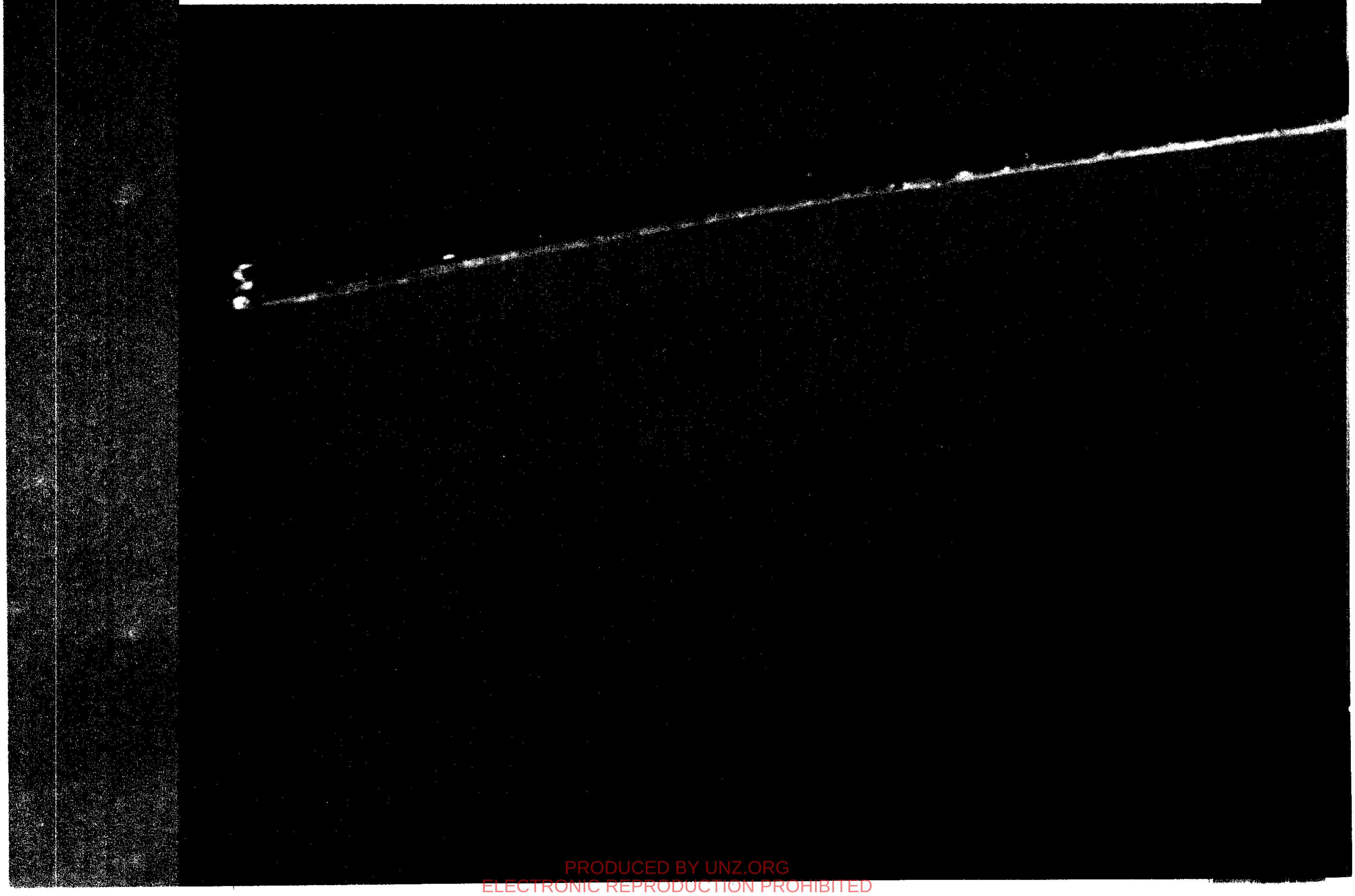
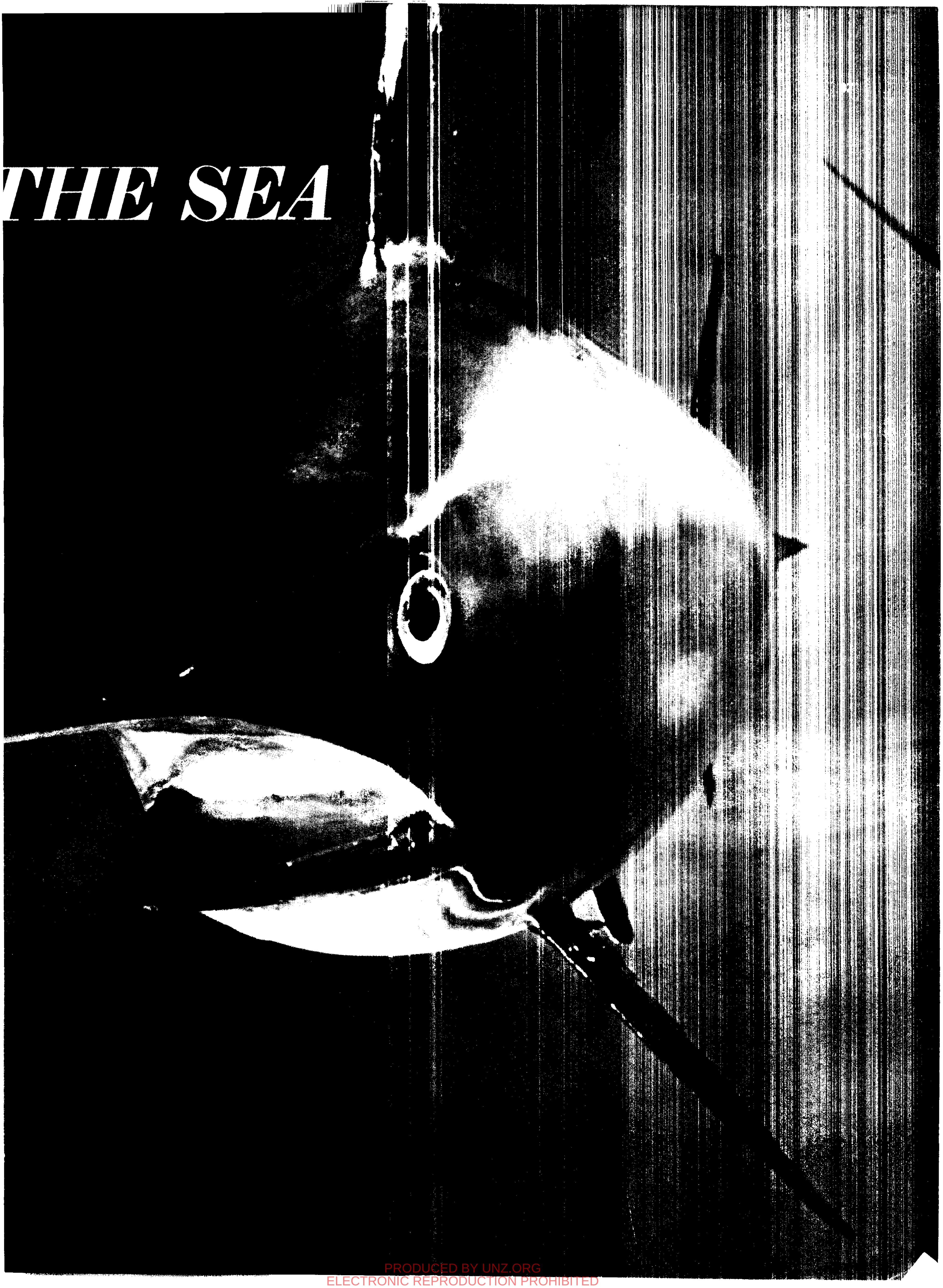
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE



THE SEA



In entrance room of the Carnegie Museum's marine exhibit, overhead lights shine through tinted glass and plastic ceiling, suggesting an underwater effect. Beyond front section, a curving corridor leads to the game fish, coral-reef displays

An Ocean Built on a Budget

The marine exhibit in Carnegie Museum is a dramatic study in fluidity. Two small rectangular rooms have been transformed into a sweeping, curving chamber which widens and narrows and twists like the uncharted path of a deep ocean channel. Special illumination, installed under the direction of exhibit chief James W. Lindsay, heightens the drama: overhead lights filter through the aqua panels of an alsynite (glass fibers in plastic) ceiling, giving the visitor a distinct effect of standing underwater.

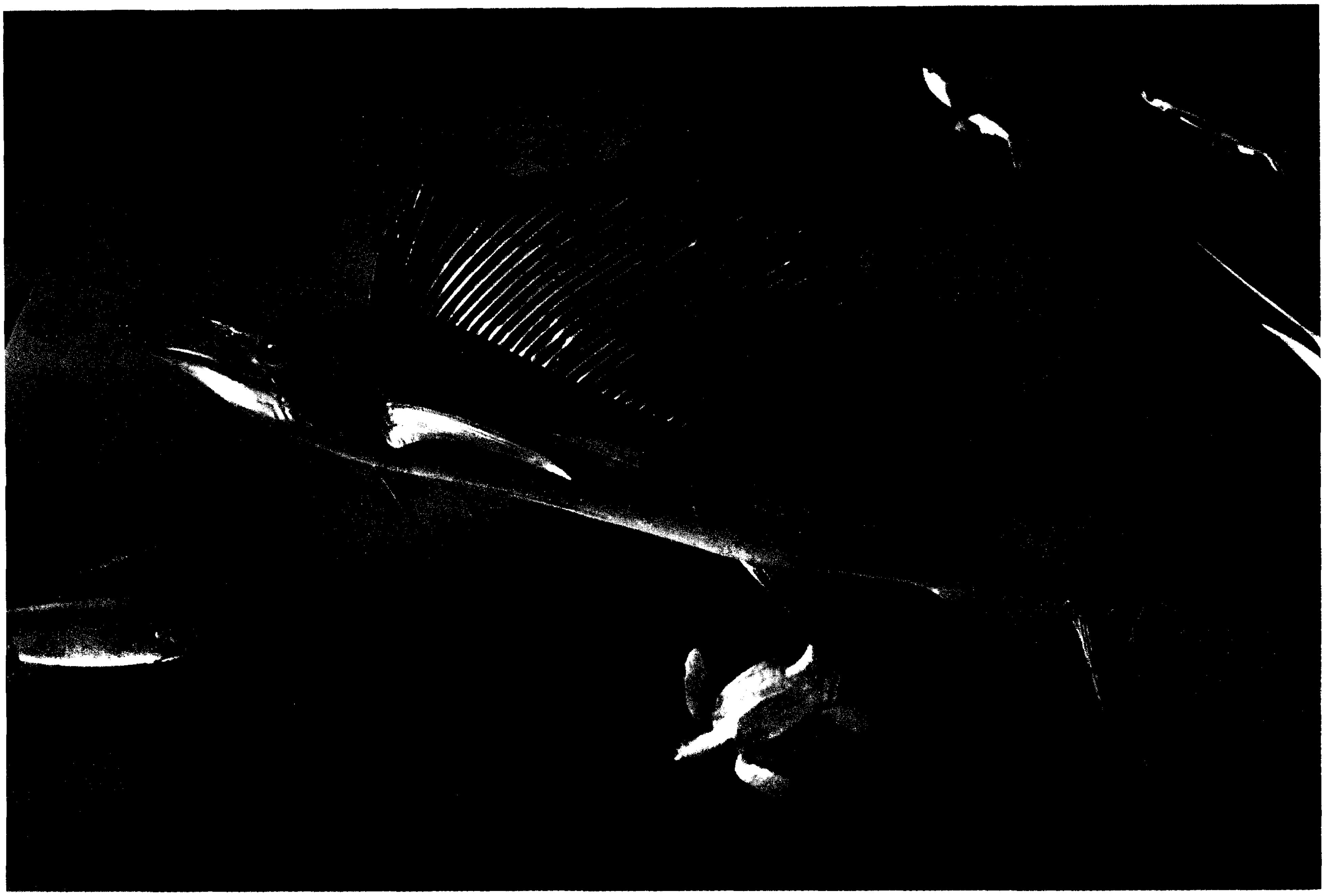
The display opens in a roughly circular "teaching room," in which dioramas and brilliant, imaginative art panels tell the story of oceans in general: their composition, their area, the life which abounds in them. The story line follows the curving walls past a Gulf Stream display and into a narrow corridor, where great game fish hang behind a long glass pane and the ceiling is painted a rich blue-green to suggest progression into deeper waters; then into a small coral-reef nook, where it is suddenly light again and soft blue shadows play upon the colorful little tropical fish mounted among the painted reefs.

The many-faceted story of the sea, ingeniously condensed into the compact area, took three months and less than $11,000 to construct. Visitors were invited to watch the construction and encouraged to comment upon temporary exhibits and labels. A blown-up memo pad, placed in the center of Marine Hall, advises them that money is not plentiful (Carnegie charges no admission) and that financial angels are welcome.

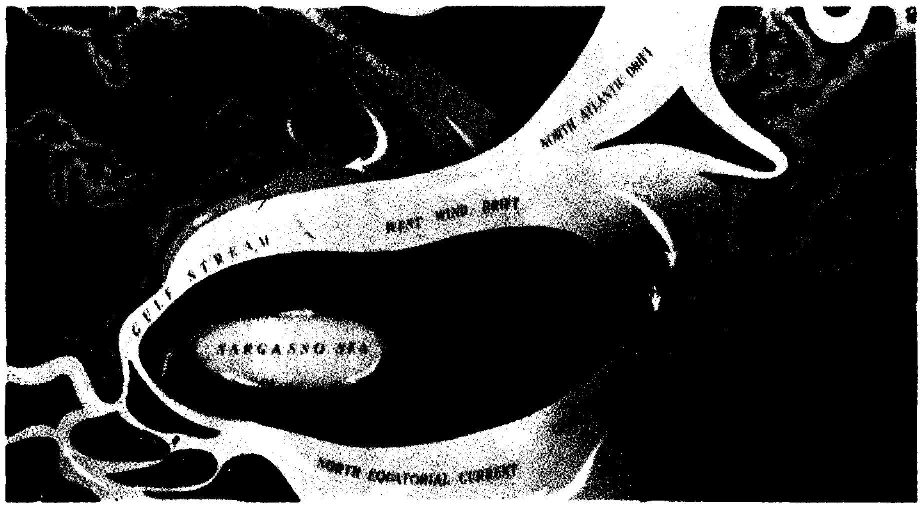
By assigning the public a part in behind-the-scenes operations, the museum attempts to strengthen its ties with the community. Thus it can better anticipate the needs of the people for whom it exists and—as in Marine Hall—work with them to educate first where it counts the most.

CONTINUED

Dramatically suspended in a huge wall case, mounted trophies of late J. Verner Scaife, Jr., of Pittsburgh, reflect broad range of game fish: (l. to r.) Spanish mackerel; striped marlin partly hiding a yellow-fin tuna with its body, a female dolphin with its tail; silver tarpon hanging over striped bass; swordfish hanging between barracuda (above) and male dolphin; Pacific sailfish with a hawksbill turtle beneath it



Enlarged detail of the game-fish exhibit (on left page) accents rich deep-sea atmosphere of the display and lifelike attitude of the Pacific sailfish, which was caught off Guaymas, Mexico, in 1941. Museum used turtle to balance total design of exhibit

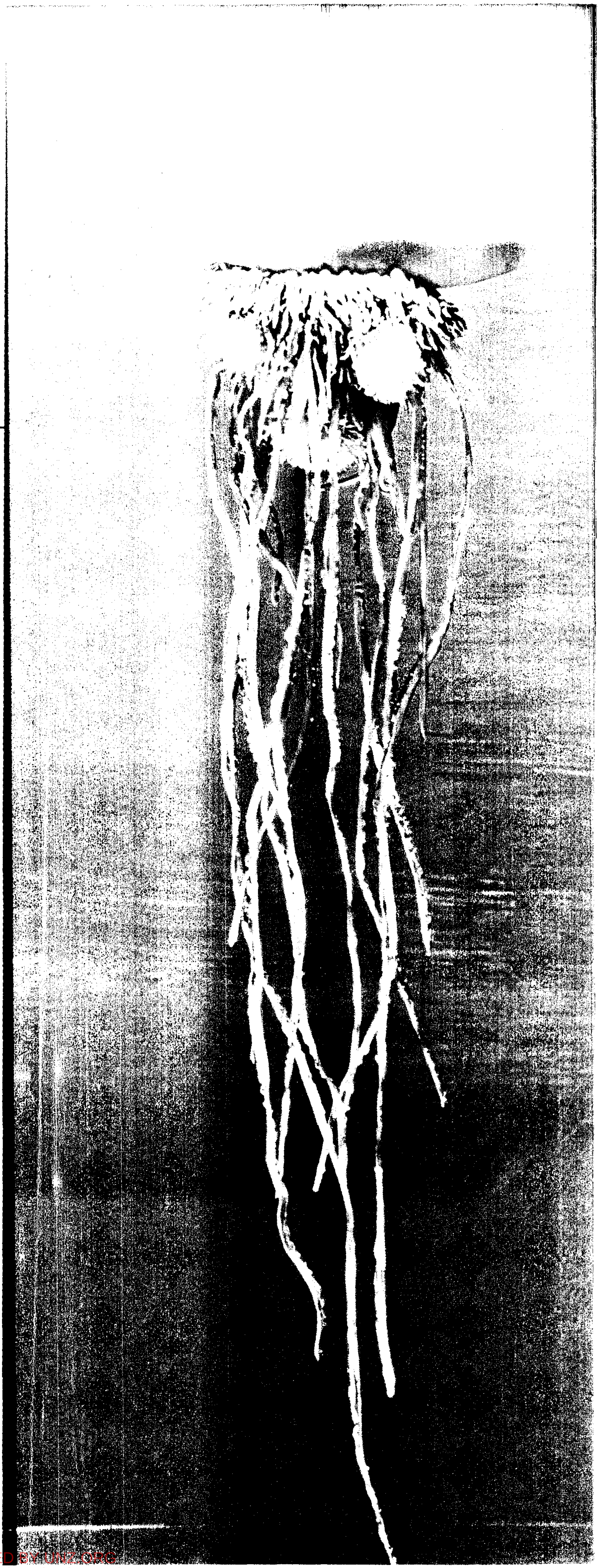

NORTH ATLANTIC DRIFT
WEST WIND DRIFT
GULF STREAM
SARGASSO SEA
NORTH EQUATORIAL CURRENT

Using visual aids to explain whatever specimens can't illustrate, staff artists colorfully depict Gulf Stream, huge swirl of warm Atlantic waters

Minutely detailed diorama shows typical rock formation and ocean life along coast of Maine

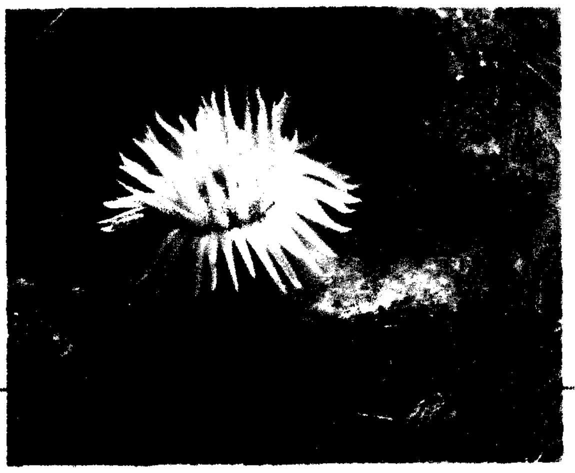
Reproducing the habitat and habits of New England shore life, museum shows dry snails clinging to crevices in artificial rock. Common rock crab appears in the wide crack at bottom

A Bay of Naples diorama contains models of plantlike anemones, which trap small fish in their tentacles. A staff scientist calls them "living stomachs, with fringes on top"



Fine reproduction of Portuguese man-of-war is made of glass, all hand-blown. A group of organisms with a common float, it lives in warm waters, can kill a man with sting

Bits of Maine, Bits of Naples



This model of tube anemone, found in warm waters, is made in actual size of wax, glass

Visitors to Marine Hall learn quickly that the term "earth" is a misnomer for our planet; as the fine art panels in the teaching room show, only 29 per cent of the globe we inhabit *is* earth. Beneath the watery surface of the remaining 71 per cent lies a largely uncharted world of colossal depth —over six miles deep at some points in the Pacific—filled with strange and beautiful forms of life. In the dioramas and murals of Marine Hall, the visitor begins to have some conception of the incredible variety of that life, from the microscopic plankton which is neither animal nor plant to the man-eating monsters of the deep, black sea.

A diorama typical of the Maine seacoast contains minutely detailed wax models of the tiny creatures which cling to the rocks along that surf-torn shore, of the changes in seaweed as the water grows deeper, of the different types of snails and crabs which dwell in various depth zones. Nearby, a Bay of Naples diorama points up contrasting life in Mediterranean waters: the lovely flowerlike forms which are actually colonies of animals, the brilliant anemones which flutter and beckon like silent sirens, and close their graceful tentacles over luckless smaller creatures.

Except for scientists and adventurers, men know little of the life which fills our oceans. In Marine Hall every man becomes an adventurer in a world filled with marvels. It is a flamboyant, foreign world; but the ocean is also the familiar world of trade and travel. In this infinitely practical sense, Carnegie Museum brings the ocean to the community and establishes the relationship between the two. For science becomes most meaningful when it relates in basic, useful fashion to the everyday life of man. —MARTHA WEINMAN

Museum uses art work to achieve sharp three-dimensional effects. In coral-reef display, the painted reef is punctuated with "windows," behind which tropical fish are mounted on vivid blue ground. This display is temporary; Carnegie is seeking an "angel" to finance an ambitious project to collect coral in tropical waters and install a real reef in hall

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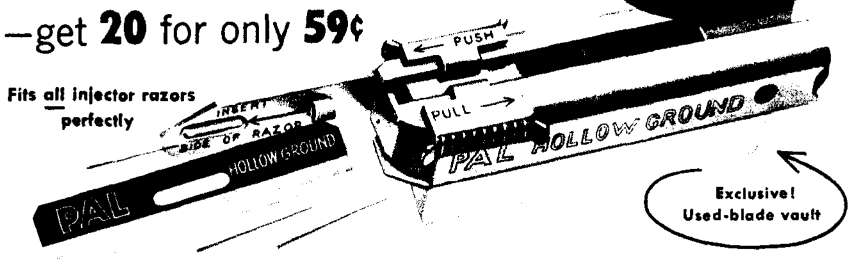

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The Magic Carrousel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"Yes, yes," said Papa gravely. "Yes, Carol. That's very kind of you. But you know Mama and I would never impose—"

"Don't *say* that, Papa," said Elise. "You know we both— But Dr. Gordon—"

"Sure. Of course. We understand, Elise. We understand."

The words emerged choppy and without real meaning. It was the feelings that were clogging the air, feelings that would never find their outlet in simple, ordered speeches. It was as though they'd been set adrift in a lifeboat, to move aimlessly over the waters of the empty sea until death ended their silence.

ON THEIR way home from Oakmere, Ben and Carol wondered if Elise and Henry might not like to stay over for supper. Henry said that it was okay with him. "You know something?" he said.

"What, Henry?" asked Carol. Henry was a slight, intense man with artistic abilities. He held an excellent position as an air-conditioning engineer with a large downtown firm, and painted pictures on Sundays.

"I feel lousy," said Henry.

"Look," said Elise. "We've been over this a thousand times. Papa Tunbril's sixty-seven years old, and Annie's got this heart condition. I even suggested hiring a girl to help them out. But Dr. Gordon—"

"I know. But I feel lousy anyway," said Henry. "It's like two faithful horses put out in a pasture. It's nice rich pasture, and no hard work to do, but that isn't what horses want, is it?"

"Henry, you're too sensitive," said Elise. "You're much, much, much too sen—" And she broke out crying.

Ben said, "Come on, Elise. Let's feel sorry instead for the old people who have to live on the charity of the county. Our parents are never going to want for anything, not as long as Henry and I have a dime left in the bank."

"I still feel lousy," said Henry.

Carol said, "We all do. If anybody can think of some alternative, let's hear it." But none of them could. . . .

Up at Oakmere, Edward and Annie Tunbril were putting their clothes in the drawers and closets of the large room to which they'd been assigned. The woodwork was painted a cheerful apple green. Through the window they could observe the shadowy twilight settling down rapidly over the lush countryside. Annie, who knew how bad Papa was feeling, said, "Well, maybe it'll turn out to be a second honeymoon, Edward. Maybe we ought to sit back and enjoy it."

"No, Annie. It's the end. I died one death when they took my job away." Edward Tunbril had been foreman of a precision-instrument plant before his retirement. "Now they've taken away my home. What else has a person got to live for but his job and his home?"

"His wife and children," she said.

"I'm no longer important to anybody. I could be dead or alive—and the world would go on just the same."

She let him talk. The years had taught her that a man's bitterness is like an infection—the sooner it's out of his system the better.

"There is something not right about this," he went on. "It's not right. I feel as sensible as I did at forty or fifty. Maybe I can't run an instrument plant, but I didn't suddenly become a moron on my sixty-fifth birthday. I want to get up and go to work. But they won't let me—the bosses, the kids, the damned doctors. 'You'll only injure yourself,' they say. And then they proceed to kill me with idleness."

"I know," Annie murmured. "They tell me my heart's worn out. But it doesn't feel worn out. It feels as young as the day we set out on our honeymoon in the old Reo. Remember that old Reo, Edward?"

"Remember it! Every fifty miles we'd have to stop and hunt around for water to fill up the boiling radiator."

"Still, it took us to Niagara Falls and back."

"The miracles you can make happen when you're young!" A melancholy sigh escaped him. "I guess old age is when we're no longer capable of miracles, Annie. When we can no longer do the impossible."

A knock sounded on the door. Annie called, "Come in. It's open."

A lady and gentleman entered. "I'm Mrs. Thorgesen," said the lady. "I own and operate Oakmere. And this is my director, Mr. Mangin. We've no intention of intruding on your privacy, but we do want to welcome you to Oakmere."

"It's a nice place," said Annie.

"I've tried to make it lovely," Mrs. Thorgesen said. "But it can't make up for the families and the homes our guests so sadly miss. I wish with all my heart it could. But we do supply something of value here, and that is dignity. You can be sure that at all times your rights and comforts will be maintained. There is a house physician, Dr. Cadmus, at your disposal. And Mr. Mangin is available to help you with any problem that may arise. Our only hard-and-fast rule is that you cause no dissension among our other guests. Are there any questions?"

Annie and Edward both shook their heads.

"Very well," said Mrs. Thorgesen. "The dining room is open for dinner between six and seven thirty. A few days of adjustment, and you'll find many pleasant diversions." She held out her hand. "And call on us without hesitation if there is anything you need or wish to know."

WHEN they had gone Papa said, "I don't take to that woman. She sounded like a parrot reeling off the same speech ten times a week. Damn it, Annie—"

"Now don't start swearing. The people in the next room can probably hear you right through the walls."

"Annie, I'm goin' to bust out of here. I tell you, I won't be talked to like a child!"

"Then don't act like one," said Annie. "Let's go down to dinner."

"I don't want any dinner," he asserted peevishly.

"Well, I do." She went to the dresser and adjusted the collar of her black silk waist. "Listen, Edward," she said.

"Yes?"

"We're going to give this place a chance. We owe it to Ben and Henry and the girls. There's nothing in the world that drives sons and daughters-in-law crazier than a couple of trouble-some parents. Let's settle into the routine a while. And when the day finally comes when we have to bust out of here, we'll make plenty of preparations and do it proper."

"Okay, Annie." He was somewhat heartened by her words. "You always did have the common sense in this family. Let's go down and see what kind of a mess they give you for food in this place."

THE routine was not hard to settle into. As Mrs. Thorgesen had said, there were diversions. One could ride into town in the station wagon with Billy Devoe to pick up groceries and mail. The food, if leaning somewhat heavily toward chicken, was nevertheless excellent. And Ben and Henry and their wives came out on Sundays.

Ben Tunbril even envied Oakmere a little. He said, "Mama, if only I could get a month or two away from the office and just sit and rest in a place like this and stare at the scenery and not have the telephone constantly ringing—would that be heaven!"

Mama sympathized with him from a lifetime habit of sympathizing with her children. "You work too hard, Ben," she declared.

So she said nothing about the loneliness. She said nothing about the terrible, deadly monotony of Oakmere, which—in spite of its Thursday-night movie, its big-screen television, its Saturday parties where the energetic Mr. Mangin organized games and charades—held these elderly guests in its grip. Perhaps the most difficult part to endure was the little wistful boastings about "my John," or "Milly—you know, my daughter—just elected vice-president of the Mothers' Club."

Old Mrs. Tyler was a case in point. "My Charles is a lawyer too, Mrs. Tunbril. Had one of the best law practices in Ocanoga County. Gave it up though to become district attorney. Has lunch with the governor once a month. They're talking about running him for lieutenant governor two years from now . . ." And on and on and on.

"I'm warning you, Annie," said Edward when they'd been at Oakmere a month. "There's going to be a murder mystery here someday. They're going to find old Mrs. Tyler as dead as a mackerel."

"Stop talking nonsense, Edward."

"When are we going to bust out of here?" he demanded.

"Have some patience. We can't just pack up our bags and wander off into the scenery. We'd have it all to do over again—the boys frantic over our welfare, Dr. Gordon giving us the devil, and everyone saying that we're old and irresponsible and mentally unsound and need to be locked away for our own good."

He said, "You know we'll just slow down in this place, with nothing to occupy our minds and nothing of any importance to live for, and die. And I don't want to die, Annie."

"I don't want to die myself," she said. "My heart gets those little sharp pains at night, and that bothers me. But I just lie there quite still, and in a moment it goes away. I think if I had something important to care about, and people didn't keep reminding me, I'd forget I had a heart condition."

"Well, I'm warning you again," he said. "If that woman tells me once more about how her son started off practically as a juvenile delinquent and is now about to wind up in the governor's chair—"

"Remember, we talk an awful lot about Ben and Henry."

"That's altogether different! They're real men, not screwballs—"

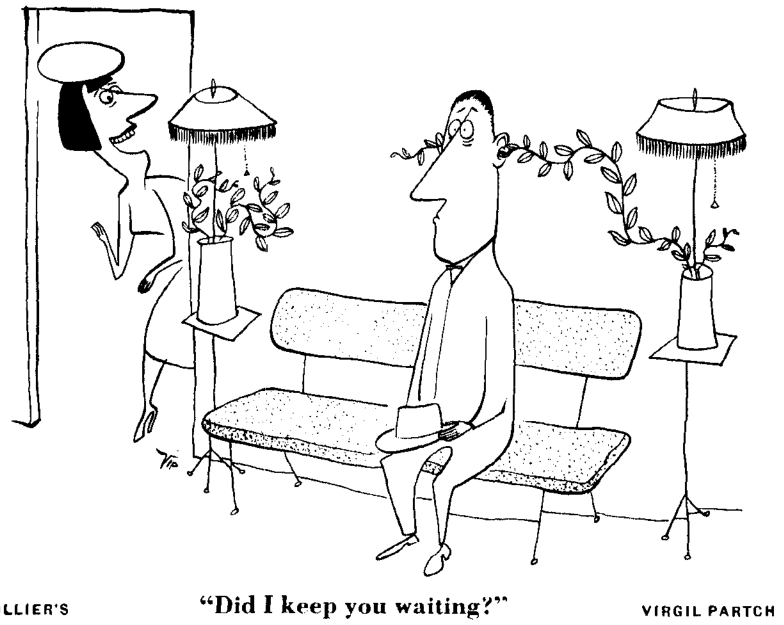
"Sit back in your chair, Papa. Don't scrunch up all tense like that." He sat back, unwillingly. "You see, dear," she said, "I'm thinking of the boys. They've got important lives of their own, with their young ones coming along, and their careers and all. I noticed a few gray hairs at Henry's temple last Sunday. They're no longer our children, Edward. They're grown men. So if they aren't children, we're not exactly parents any more. We're adrift, somehow, and *it's not their fault*, and we mustn't say or do anything—"

"Who's saying—"

MAMA kept on talking. "Edward, will you listen to me. They're gone, our children. They've grown up. And now it's as though we were alone and neglected and cruelly cast aside. But last night, after the jumping in my heart had stopped, I got to thinking—you know, about the Reo, and Niagara and all. We didn't have the children then, did we, Edward?"

He shrugged. "There were some limitations to the miracles even I could perform. But I don't see what you're driving at, Annie."

"We didn't have the children then any more than we have them now. So I was wondering what the difference was. You say you feel as sensible as you did at forty or fifty. And in spite



COLLIER'S "Did I keep you waiting?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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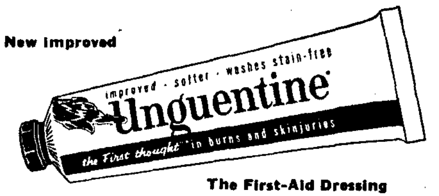
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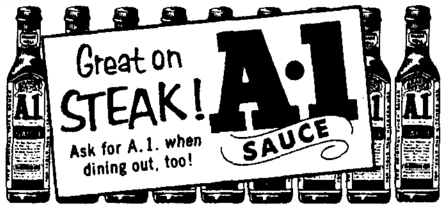
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of Dr. Gordon, my heart doesn't feel worn out."

"In those days," he said, "we had our whole lives before us. That's the big difference, Annie."

The color had risen in her cheeks, and she said with evident excitement, "But, Edward, we still have all our lives before us! All our life is however long we've got to live, whether it's five years or fifty. In those days we had dreams and ambition. What's to stop us from still having dreams and ambition?"

"I can walk into a tool plant and start all over again?"

"No. Of course not."

"What then?"

She shook her head. "It takes a little time to bring a dream to a boil. You didn't get to be a boss machinist overnight."

"We don't have all the time in the world, Annie."

"Then we've got to think of something where you can walk in—"

"At sixty-seven?"

"I know." She looked at him with a smile of affection that only the joys and sorrows of a lifetime companionship can produce, and she said, "We can no longer be young in years, darling. But we still can be young in heart."

He came over and kissed her. He put his hand upon her chest, and the beat of her heart was palpable beneath the black silk shirtwaist. He was past the age of sentimentality, so he said gruffly to express what he felt, "Annie, that Dr. Gordon is a damned old fool. What he doesn't know about hearts would fill a book."

"Yes, I think so too," she said, nodding her understanding.

BUT, as Annie had said, it takes time to bring dreams to a boil. Opportunities in this direction were wholly lacking at Oakmere. Mrs. Thorgesen's technique in handling her clients was to treat them like examples of Dresden china, to see that they didn't knock an arm or leg off or crack themselves up. One of Mrs. Thorgesen's major problems was keeping the women out of the kitchen. "I just thought you might like me to help you with the dumplings," one or another of them would tell Mrs. Williams, the head cook.

"Now, dears," Mrs. Thorgesen would say, "you mustn't bother Williams in the kitchen. Everything at Oakmere is systematized, and unfortunately you're interfering with the system. So do go outside and play a little croquet. I'm sure Mr. Cavanaugh is looking for a partner."

Another Sunday would arrive. The boys and their wives came dutifully out, and they'd all walk in the garden and talk in stilted phrases about how well everything was going. The two old folks had a problem, and they were thinking hard about it, but it was Henry *who was most affected.*

After one visit he could no longer control his feelings. He was so nervous that evening he knocked over the smoking stand while waiting for Elise to fix supper. "What's eating you, Henry?" demanded his older brother.

"What's eating me! Ben, how long do you imagine we can let this go on? Can't you see they're eating their hearts out?"

"We said the moment they were dissatisfied we'd take them home," Carol reminded him.

"You know Mama and Papa," said Henry. "They'd rather die than complain. It's getting to be torture for me to go out there on Sundays. Today was the worst of all. They kept pretending they were happy, saying how considerate everyone is, when all the time I could see they're just pining away with loneliness."

"Henry," said Carol, "we've talked and we've talked—"

"All of you listen to me!" It was Elise, who had come in from the kitchen. "We've gone over this I don't know how many times. Now I don't want to hear another word about it tonight. Or tomorrow night. Do you understand?"

They stared at her in amazement.

"There's nothing we can *do* about their being old. So stop talking about it or I'll go crazy."

"Elise is right," said Ben. "We can't turn back the clock. So let's talk about something else."

THE two old people, meanwhile, had formed the habit of taking walks in *the afternoon. They had found a secret* pleasure that helped relieve the monotony of Oakmere, because there was a tiny antiquated schoolhouse at the crossroads where the children in the district liked to play. And somehow it was pleasant to hear the gay shrieks and the laughter of the young ones at their games. The little old schoolhouse was boarded up and no longer in use, but the playground still had its fence and wooden benches, and one day Edward bought some rope and constructed a seat swing, and Annie brought the children ginger cookies.

It was most exciting. In fact, they could hardly wait for the night to pass in order to be back once again with the children. Edward settled their disputes, and Annie showed them a form of hopscotch with which they were unfamiliar. Eventually they became known to the youngsters as Mr. and Mrs. Tunkel—their version of Tunbril.

Annie said, "You know, Edward, the children are almost in the same fix we are. I mean waiting. Like us, they're just a little lost, not exactly knowing what to do with themselves. I wish . . ." She stared somewhat dreamily from the open porch at Oakmere.

"You wish what, Annie?"

"That we had the means to put better and bigger swings in the old playground, and those slides the little ones like, and— Oh, it's out of the question. But still I wish . . ."

On the following Sundays, Ben and Henry and their wives noticed a marked change. "You two act like you had a private secret," Carol said. "Don't they look positively smug?" she asked Ben.

"Smug?" Papa grinned. "I don't know what you're talking about."

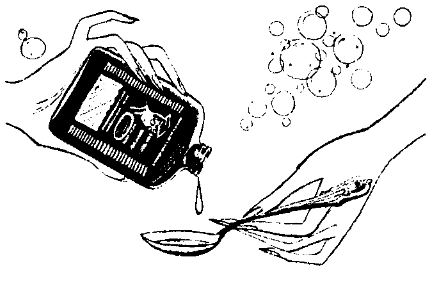
"Like the cat that's just eaten the canary. You *know* you do, Papa Tunbril." Carol was still shaking her head on the way home. "There's something going on between those two. But what?"

"Whatever it is," said Ben, "I'm sure glad to see them looking less peaked and discouraged. I told you they'd adjust in time if—"

Henry still wasn't convinced. "Just the same—"

"Henry," said Ben, "you're a natural-born worrier. Dad and Mother are getting along beautifully."

But beautifully was not precisely the word for it. The following day, a Monday, Mr. Tunbril bought a carrousel. It was on a wagon drawn by a thoroughly resigned horse; it would stop wherever children collected. A very thin, very wizened and wry-looking German man whose name was



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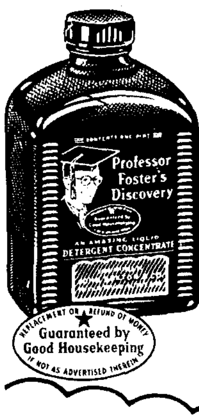
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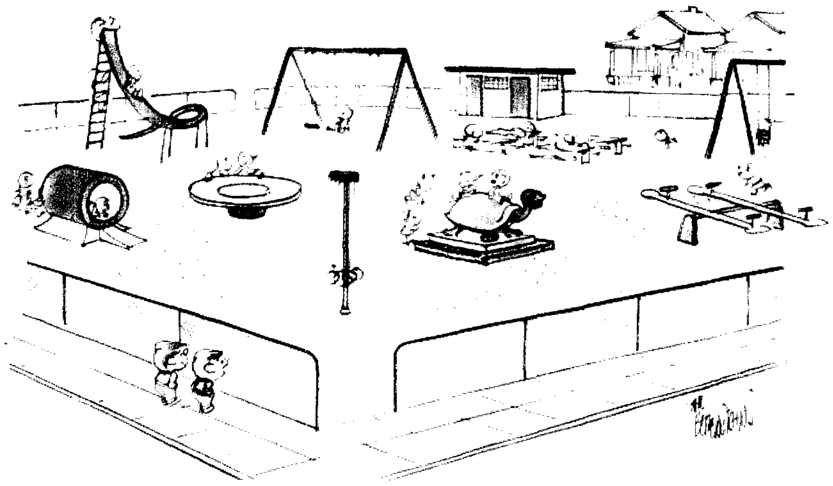


COLLIER'S "I can remember when this was a perfectly good empty lot . . ." STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Rummel would set it up and get the wo-horsepower gas motor going, and he would charge three pennies for one ride, two rides for a nickel.

When the kids ran out of pennies Papa went into his pockets, but Papa's pennies were soon gone too. The children said if Mr. Rummel would wait they'd go home and get more pennies. But Mr. Rummel said no, he had to go on, the merry-go-round profession was a cruel taskmaster. He seemed unhappy in life and had the kind of melancholy that his countrymen call *Weltschmerz*, meaning "world-gloom," and Papa suddenly decided it was bad for a man with world-gloom to own a merry-go-round. So he said, "How much would you take for the merry-go-round, Mr. Rummel?" Mr. Rummel, once convinced of Papa's seriousness, finally named a sum.

The elderly Tunbrils had some small means of their own, but it had been arranged that one or the other son should countersign their checks to prevent any possibility of their being swindled. So Papa couldn't buy the carrousel without the boys' knowing, and they'd say he was too old for such nonsense. Annie readily agreed when he suggested borrowing on his life insurance.

AND now their excitement was intense. Not only were they the sole proprietors of a traveling carrousel, but a glorious idea had sprung complete and full-blown into their minds. Annie had virtually forgotten her coronary lesion: for three nights running, while they were figuring and planning, she slept through without a single stabbing pain. And she paid to Papa, "You know what's happening, don't you?"

"Yes, I know what's happening. We've got an interest in life. I can hardly wait for tomorrow to come."

Annie had the subtler mind. "It's more than an interest, don't you see? Before, we had our own children, and then they grew up and took away our occupation. But now we've got it back, Edward. We're back in the children business. I mean, if we can only do it."

"We'll do it," said Edward confidently. "We'll float stocks. I bet there are any number of folks at Oakmere who'd like to be back in the children business again. It's some business, Annie. We're never going to run out of kids. We'll sell shares in Merryland—that's what we'll name it—and our shareholders will make money." . . .

It was easy getting an option to ease the property of the abandoned choolhouse; the county authorities readily granted it. Papa privately approached some of the better-off guests at Oakmere, and enough funds were forthcoming to start workmen building slides and constructing a pony ride.

Papa said, "When I was a kid I used to like peppermint sticks better than anything in the world. There is just something about a peppermint stick—" And so he ordered Mr. Rummel's carrousel to be painted with red and white stripes, and a little tower built in the shape of a big peppermint stick because children like to look down from heights. He brought in water and made a tiny lake for ducks. He advertised for wooden dwarfs to put about, because dwarfs have a fairy appeal. And Merryland grew, the children came from all over, and it was getting harder and harder to keep this secret from the sons much longer.

Papa said, "I've got the idea that we ought to fix up the old schoolhouse with a kitchen and furniture and so forth, and live there so we can be on the grounds and take care of things."

"But what about the boys?" asked Annie. "They're going to have a fit. I can just hear Dr. Gordon going on about your arteries and my heart condition."

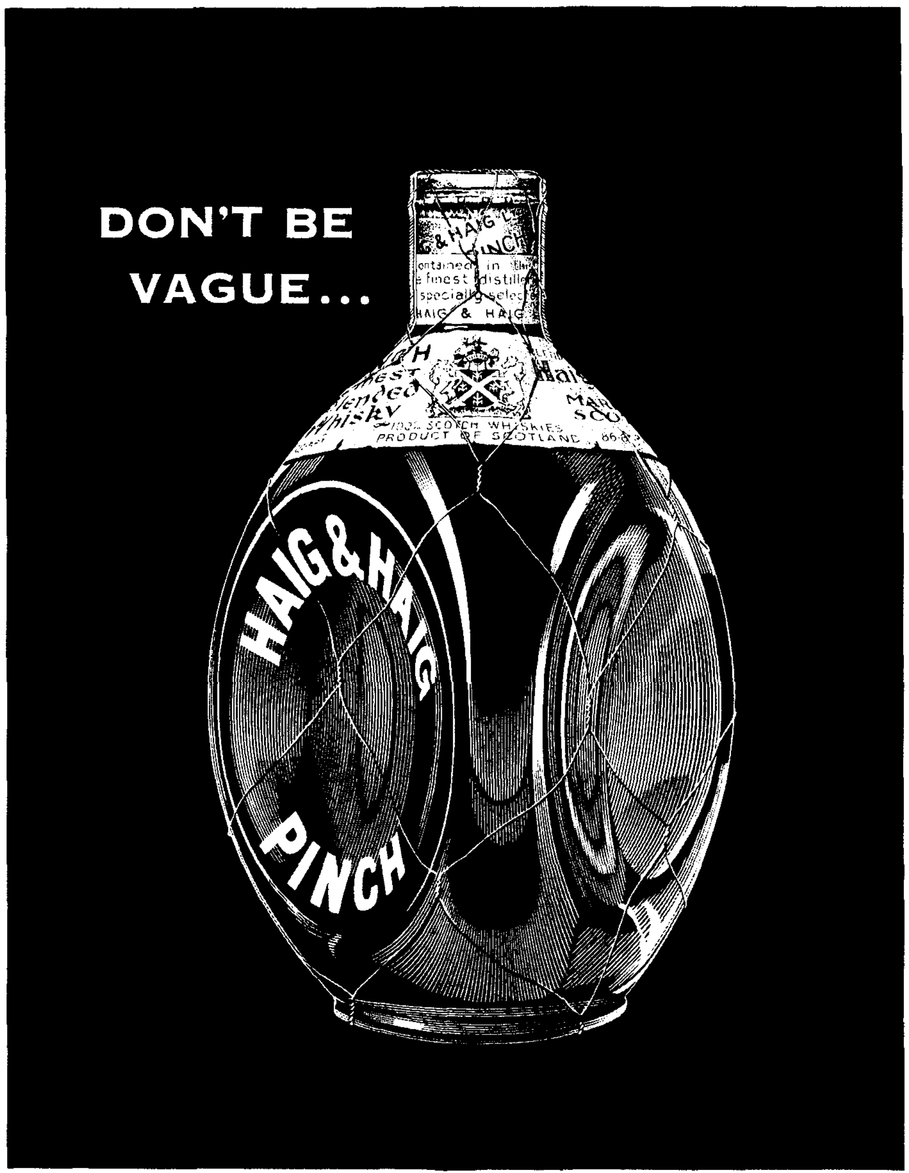
"Twelve dollars and eighty-two cents we took in yesterday, Annie. Not charity, but earnings. It's going to grow. And we'll hire a foreman to look out for the machinery and ponies and slides. But the best thing of all is the kids. I sit there and watch them having such a good time, and the long heavy years seem to roll off my chest. Annie, there's nothing like children to make you feel young again. We're doing the right thing, I know it."

"But what'll the boys say when they catch us? What'll we do if they take Merryland away from us, Edward? It'll be worse then than if we never had it at all."

Mr. Tunbril got a little red in the face. "I'll fight 'em in the law courts! Nobody's ever going to take Merryland away from us. We dreamed it, we worked to make it, and it's ours. They already took our one business away from me. But the child business is public property, and if they try it, I'll go into the courts and fight 'em!"

"Stop talking silly," said Annie. "We'll have to convince them, make them see how Merryland's given us a reason for living."

Edward sighed, shaking his head. "They're solid boys, Ben and Henry. But—well, it's like we were worlds apart in our thinking. They don't really understand us any more, and I guess we don't understand them. Like most



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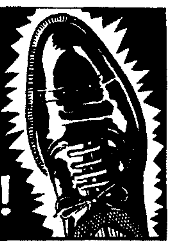
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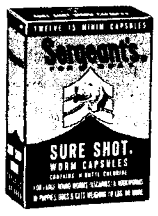

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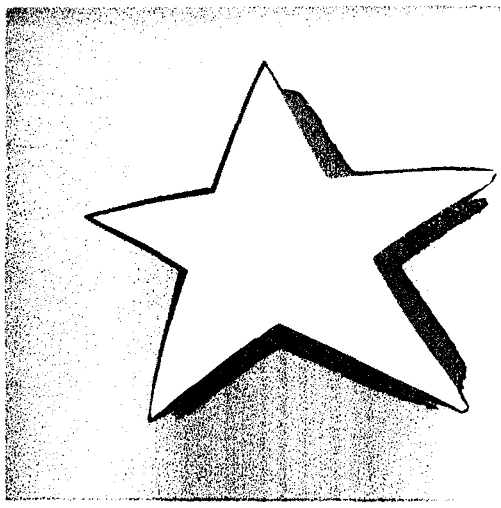
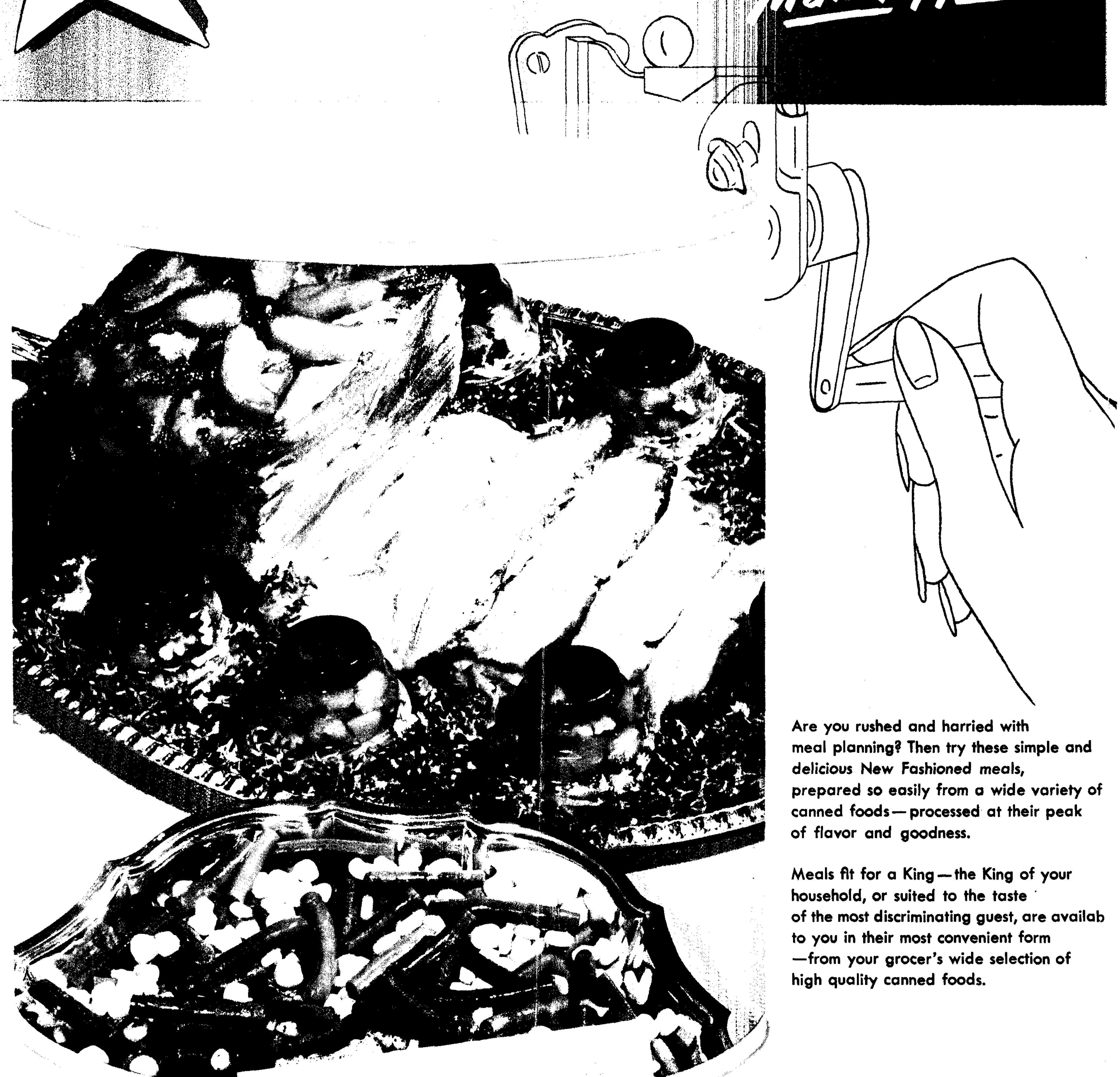


ed Foods

Man Appeal



Are you rushed and harried with meal planning? Then try these simple and delicious New Fashioned meals, prepared so easily from a wide variety of canned foods—processed at their peak of flavor and goodness.

Meals fit for a King—the King of your household, or suited to the taste of the most discriminating guest, are availab to you in their most convenient form—from your grocer's wide selection of high quality canned foods.

KATHERINE R. SMITH
Director of Home Economics
National Canners Association

1 can (16 oz.) fruit cocktail
1 pkg. lime flavored gelatin
1 cup ginger ale
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
⅓ cup coarsely chopped nuts
2 canned pimientos

Drain syrup from fruit cocktail and add water to make 1 cup liquid. Heat to boiling. Add gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool but do not allow to thicken. Add ginger ale and chill until it begins to thicken. Mix drained fruit, cabbage, nuts, and pimiento strips with gelatin mixture. Put into individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp greens. Serve with mayonnaise whipped cream dressing. Eight servings.

Katherine Smith has prepared some of her favorite menu and recipes for you. They can be found in the super markets listed on the opposite page. Try these appetite-stirring menus today.

Visit these stores during April for Katherine Smith's Menu Suggestions

LABAMA
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Champagne's Super Markets
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King's Super Markets
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Big Ben Super Markets
Bull Markets
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OKLAHOMA
Puckett's Food Stores

OREGON
Columbia Markets
Erickson Super Markets

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Acme Super Markets
Bell's Food Stores
Jefferson Markets
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Mohican Stores
Shaffer Stores
Thorofare Markets
Union Supply Stores

RHODE ISLAND
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets

SOUTH CAROLINA
Dixie-Home Stores

TENNESSEE
Hickey Stores
Kroger Stores
Super Dollar Markets

TEXAS
Cabell's
King Cole Markets
Minimax Stores
Parker's Food Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Puckett's Food Stores

VERMONT
New England Food Markets

VIRGINIA
Acme Super Markets
Anderson's Piggly Wiggly
C. J's. Stores
Virginia Markets

WASHINGTON
Hogan's Fine Foods

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A&S Food Stores
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C. J's. Stores
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Thorofare Markets

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Boyd's Super Markets
Red & White Super Markets

people, they think when you're old your life is over. But it's not over, Annie. We have dreams and ambition again, like you said. We have Merryland, and I'll never let them take it away from us, not if I have to go into the courts and—"

THAT Sunday the sons came by themselves. This circumstance was not lost on Edward and Annie, and it soon became plain that something was on the younger men's minds.

"Papa—" Ben began several times, and then stopped.

Finally Edward could no longer stand the suspense. "Now look, boys," he said.

"Yes, Papa?"

Mr. Tunbril took a long, deep breath. "Your mother and I, we're in business. The children business. It's no use pussyfooting around any longer about it. We're in the children business, and we're in it to stay. If I have to, I'll go into the law courts—"

"Law courts, Papa?" said Ben.

"Now I'm going to make out some checks to the lumber companies and the carpenters and a wooden-dwarf company in Chicago and for two Shetland ponies and I don't want any folderol about countersigning them," he declared.

"Papa—" began Henry.

"You shut up, Henry. I don't care if you *have* got some gray hairs, you're my son and I'm doing the talking. I got the county to lease me the property for Merryland, and a certificate of permission to operate it. Now if the authorities are willing to let Annie and me run this playground, if the parents are satisfied to leave their kids in our care, you can be mighty sure neither you nor Dr. Gordon—"

Henry turned to Annie. "Ask him to let us get a word in, Mama."

"Let them get a word in," Annie said.

"Why should I?" said Papa. He was in his glory now. "This is the biggest thing that's ever happened to me in my life, and no one's going to mess it up for me, not even my own flesh and blood. When we came to Oakmere I was ready to die. There was no real reason why your mother and I should go on living. But then something wonderful happened. We found we were able to make a bunch of little kids happy. So we bought a merry-go-round, and now we're in business—the children business. And you just try to take it away from us, because if you do you'll find yourself in the biggest fight you ever had in your life. Now go ahead and get a word in. Go ahead!" A few beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead. "Go ahead," he reiterated. "Get a word in. I'm waiting."

"Papa," said Henry, "we—"

"Stop stammering, Henry. If you've got something to say, say it!"

"Well," said Henry, "the fact is, Ben and I knew about Merryland. Naturally, they called us up when you borrowed on your life insurance—"

"They *what?*"

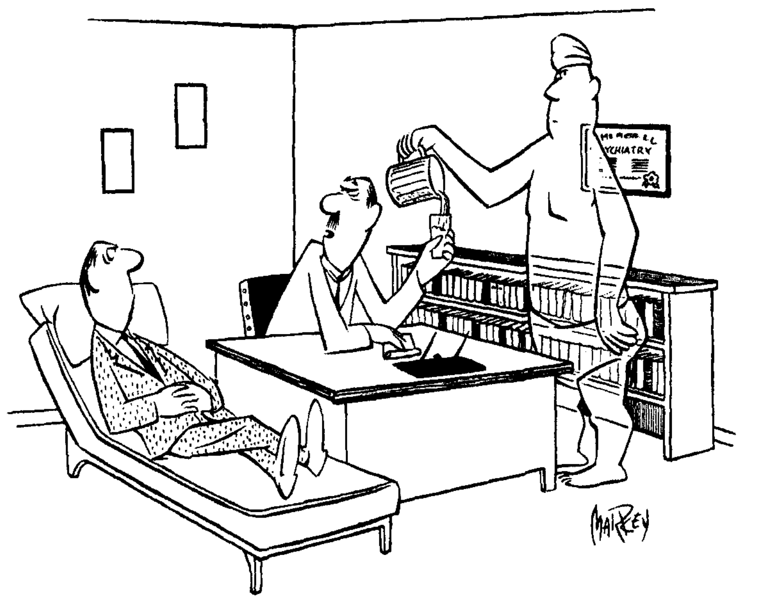
"Now look, Papa. You told me to get a word in, so stop interrupting. And of course the county clerk got in touch with Ben's law office when you applied for the operating license. He asked Ben if we were willing to okay it. Ben came over and we discussed it and we finally agreed. Then the lumber companies asked about your credit, and we told them we'd stand back of it one hundred per cent. We figured if you were out to kill yourselves"—Henry's arm was about his mother's waist now—"then you might as well go ahead and die happy."

The tears had started in Papa's eyes. "And you said we'd lost our children," he admonished Mama, forgetting it was he who'd accused the two generations of not understanding each other.

AND, as a matter of fact, if you go to the right crossroad, outside the right town, you'll see a place called Merryland, with children riding on ponies and sliding down slides and shrieking happily as they careen around on a carrousel painted with big broad peppermint stripes. Spangled horses gallop merrily in their appointed circle under the watchful eyes of a foreman named Mr. Rummel. Real live ducks quack obligingly as they swim about on the tiny lake.

There is a red schoolhouse looking almost like a toy itself, with neat white curtains at its windows. But no classes are ever held there, and this is an irony thoroughly appreciated by the children. It is possible that somewhere in the background you will glimpse an elderly couple viewing these proceedings with quiet satisfaction. And if you peer closely enough you will see that, though advanced in years, they very obviously possess the secret of the young in heart.

—LOUIS PAUL



COLLIER'S

"And just how long have you been seeing this apparition?"

R. M. MARKEY

By WALT KELLY

POGO

©1955 WALT KELLY

A famous swamp dweller (comic-strip variety) visits t

CITY OF WAYCROSS

BERN KEATING

Cartoonist Kelly pilots the good ship City of Waycross past big cypress tree

CARTOONISTS are very much like people in one respect: they often entrap themselves in risky situations of their own devising. So it was that I, the oldest boy cartoonist in the U.S., found myself not long ago on an air transport out of New York winging my way to south Georgia and the Okefenokee Swamp. For five years I had been drawing a comic strip called Pogo (from the possum of the same name), which was based on my own conception of animal life in that very swamp. Firsthand knowledge had nothing to do with this fantasy, and secondhand knowledge, naturally, ran it a close second.

The Pogo strip more or less enlivens 450 newspapers; and 450 editors, at one time or another, had asked the same question: "What? Haven't you *ever* been to the Ofekenoffee?" (Editors, late at night, have as much trouble with pronunciation as anybody.) The answer was usually "No," with an occasional cryptic "Maybe."

Actually, my knowledge of the swamp was as good as most and better than some. A good many people think that Okefenokee and the Everglades are the same thing. That is untrue. The Okefenokee, meaning "the land of the trembling earth," is in Georgia. The Everglades is someplace else.

Friends who are not cartoonists had often said to me: "How can you draw a swamp if you've never been there?" Friends who *are* cartoonists *knew better than to ask. Some people said:* "If you go to the swamp, all your ideas may change. You will not find it the way you picture it and you will be reduced to appearing on TV or going from door to door selling sauerkraut and succotash."

It was while I was pondering the merits of the canned-corn racket that I received a phone call from the amiable Mr. Frank Barfield, general manager of the Waycross, Georgia, Chamber of Commerce. "Walt," he said, "we folks in Waycross would love to have you come and address our annual meeting. I know it's short notice, but the fellow we had booked is took bad with the cowpox and I . . ."

Well, I snapped up the opportunity. As I was about to hang up, Frank added as an afterthought that the town of Waycross is right on the edge of the Okefenokee. I didn't pay much attention because I was already rehearsing my speech. It was not until I was on the plane that it came to me in a flash that here I was on my first visit to the swamp.

Quickly everything I knew about the Okefenokee came to mind. Statistics will prove that the swamp is over 40 miles long and 20 or 30 miles wide, but not I. In the thirties, most of the area had been designated a National Wildlife Refuge. Also, the swamp is the headwaters of one of Stephen Foster's most popular songs. Foster played around with the line Way Down Upon de Pedee Ribber, before he took a firm grip on himself and picked Suwanee off the map.

Somewhat like Mr. Foster (at least, I was also broke at the time), I had picked the Okefenokee, the headwaters of the S'wanee, from a map. Since then, the newspaper swamp and the real swamp have differed in certain particulars. For example, Pogo pals around with porcupines, ground hogs and a few other sprats (including a moose and a tiger) who have become indispensable to Kelly's swamp but which the big real McCoy has been getting along without for years.

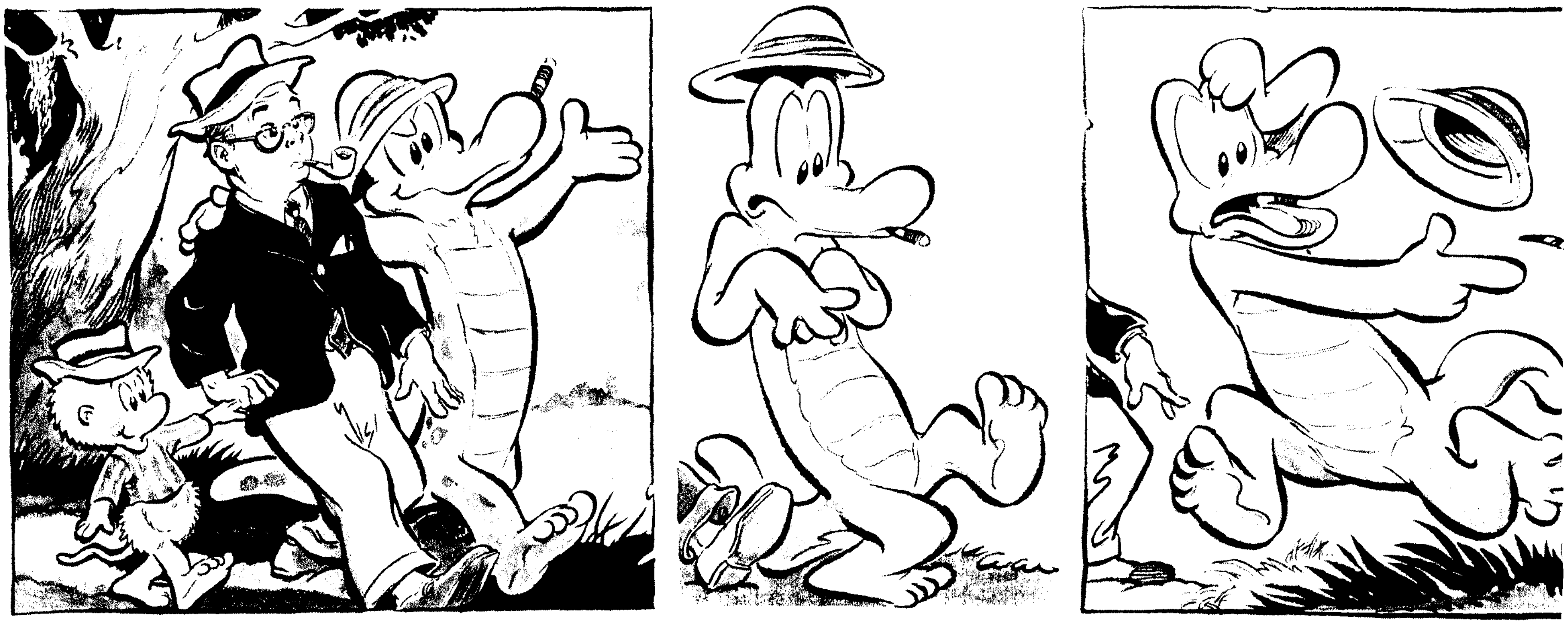
Rumors That the Swamp Is Drying Up

Also, I have always kept my swamp pretty well moistened (about three parts water to one of land), but recently I had heard that the Okefenokee was drying up. The place needed four feet of rain, so it was said. Sitting in the plane, I tried to picture four feet of rain. I decided that the best place from which to view it would be from above.

But then the plane landed in Jacksonville and there were three hearty-looking citizens of Waycross waiting to greet me. Almost immediately I ran head on into a mess of friendly, informal, off-the-cuff, deep-fried American talk. "Looks like rain," I said to Mayor MacGregor Mayo.

"It looks like it," the mayor answered mildly, "but it's not."

We were in the mayor's car headed back into



Most shattering experience of the swamp tour occurred when Kelly, accompanied by brain children Pogo Possum and Albert the Alligator, spot

MEETS A POSSUM

al Okefenokee—and finds it full of wild animals. Here's a report by Pogo's creator

Georgia. The windows were rolled up tight and there were four cigars going. "The weather is worse in here right now," said Chuck Dixon, city manager of Waycross, "than it's been outside for thirteen years."

"Open a window," suggested Hugh Kroell, a local civic leader. "We're across the state line and back in Georgia. Get a few lungfuls of that sovereign, tax-free air."

The mayor puffed and said, "In the old days you'd get a stiff wind out of the swamp"—he waved to the left and I realized we were passing the outskirts of the Okefenokee—"and that air would be just about 110 proof alcohol. Old-timers said it was fermenting vegetation and the best thing to catch it in was a ten-dollar copper boiler."

"A wind like that would be bound to be stiff," said Hugh. "Since the government's had a preserve in there, though, the air hasn't had the same quality. Not so pure. . . . mebbe not more than 86 proof."

"It's too dry," added Chuck. "In fact we haven't had enough rain to wet down the bullfrogs in the past two-three years. There's grown frogs back in there with feet like ostriches. Never will learn how to swim."

For the first time now, off to the west, I could glimpse flat sheets of water and twisted trees rising directly from the pools. Straight, almost orderly, stands of pine contrasted with enormous gnarled cypress stumps. I had a feeling of being beckoned inside . . . just to see what lay behind the next little island. I hummed a bit of Chloe.

We entered the swamp proper at its northeastern corner, on the Waycross side. There is a city-operated natural park there which shares with the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge the responsibility of preserving the swamp in a state as close to its original condition as possible. Liston Elkins, sandy-haired, cheerful and stocky, an ex-newspaperman, is director of this Okefenokee Swamp Park and soon he was greeting us as we pulled into the section known as Cowhouse Island.

The swamp people call an island a "house." Liston pointed around Cowhouse and explained its name: "This is where the Seminoles used to hide the cattle they stole from the settlers."

The Real and the Unreal Okefenokee

At the moment all I could see was the peacefully inviting lagoon that lapped at the foot of the clearing where stood the park entrance. So far the swamp looked like pictures and descriptions I had seen. True, it did not resemble the swamp I carried around in my head, but then that swamp is full of little characters in red and blue jackets borrowing sandwiches from one another.

But it soon became apparent that the real Okefenokee is every bit as unreal as the unreal Okefenokee whose headwaters rise in my skull. We walked down the bank past trees hung with gently swaying Spanish moss. Some of the trees were "out of drawing"—that is I'd have had to redraw them if they'd been in a Sunday page—but they were nice enough props, though quiet types. I could imagine that Pogo Possum and Albert the Alligator were by my side. And then, near a little boat run, we met a blue-jeaned figure—holding by the tail a fat furry creature which I knew to be a possum, though it was hard to believe. I tried to imagine introducing this animal to Pogo. That wasn't easy. It resembled Pogo about as much as it did me (some of those present said the latter resemblance was remarkable).

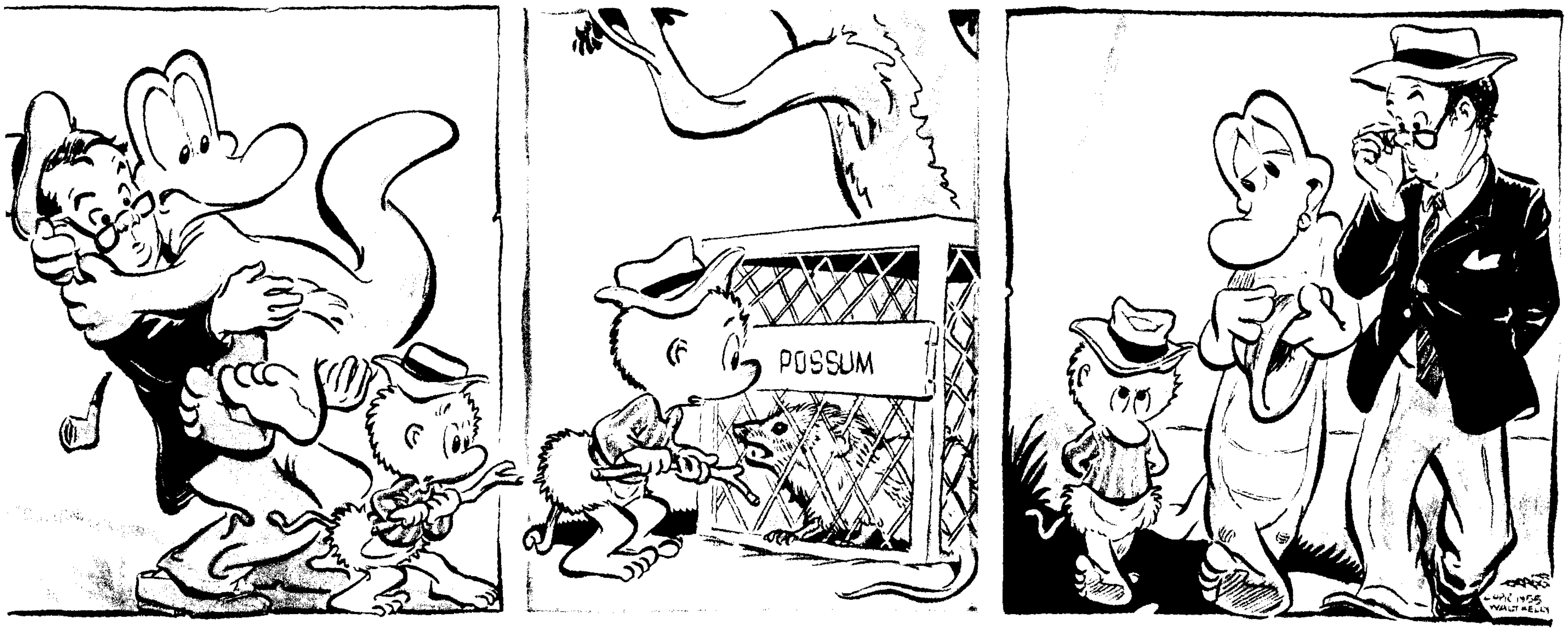
The man holding the possum was Lint Lucas, gamekeeper extraordinary, one of the guides at the swamp park. Lint has a capable, yet gentle, manner that allows him to handle the wildest game without their handling him.

The possum eyed me warily and I gave him look for look. Quickly I resolved that if this cousin of Pogo leaped at me or acted at all unmannerly, I would feign dead. Then if he stopped and left me alone he would be the laughingstock of Okefenokee Swamp Park: the only possum ever taken in by a man playing possum.

In a few minutes Lint had proved to me *that the* possum meant no one any harm and I went so far as to pet the creature on the back of the head. While we had our pictures taken together, the quiet little animal showed the same forbearance that I like to think Pogo would have in the presence of such human nonsense.

As I was thus making like a hero, another tall, weather-beaten man came up and Liston said, "Walt, I want you to meet Will Cox, one of the greatest outdoor or indoor guides in all the world."

Will Cox was wearing the same sort of blue jeans



rmidable creature—which turned out to be an original-type possum. Albert and Kelly were embarrassed, while Pogo *thought* he'd been insulted

"What the world needs is more natural swamps and few

as Lint, the same friendly, wide-as-the-world grin, the same kind of banged-up felt hat—but a different kind of animal. His animal was a bright-eyed, black-masked raccoon, and its tiny dark-skinned hands clung to Will's jacket with a deceptively endearing clutch.

Liston saw me eying the hands. "They're strong enough to open an oyster, without using a knife," he said.

The coon was not as passsive as the possum. Will kept it on a chain, for it was well-fed and wild, and old-timers told me such a creature could lick double its weight and more in anything you can name. I scoffed and named a lively old lady in Bridgeport, but I did not know her weight (it having been a family secret for many years) so the match was not booked.

Left to his own devices, I thought, the coon would have been about as engaging and full of charm as the Rackety Coon Chile of my comic strip. But Liston's poor coon had a publicity man and had to have his picture taken with me. He was said to be sleepy, but his yawn was the fastest I've ever seen and it ended in a click. Of course, I can't entirely blame him. Dressed as I was in New York-cut clothes complete with hat, I must have been an alarming sight to the poor coon. Anyhow, he acted frightened and, not wishing to scare him or me any more than necessary, I kept a polite distance. Will Cox looked up, saying, "Them photographers want to get a picture of you and the little fellow. I'll keep a tight hold of the coon with this chain, but I don't know who's going to hold you."

The two photographers laughed inordinately at this, popping flash bulbs, slapping each other on the back, taking pictures of each other and exchanging autographs. But at last order was restored and we posed for several shots.

The Alligators Had No Cigars

We went to the boats then, for on this first day we hoped to look at the eastern interior and the next day we planned to drive to the western edge. As we walked toward the boat run, we passed a large concrete tank and I gazed in casually—to see a huge wriggling mass of characters which I finally identified as alligators. Not one was smoking a cigar, as is the custom of the boss alligator in Pogo's swamp. Some of these gators were too young for cigars, it is true, being not more than two or three feet long, but there were a few who looked like they could do with a smoke.

"What would happen if I threw a clear Havana in there?" I asked Liston.

"They'd eat it about as quick as any ordinary cigar," he replied. "They're not fussy. They'll eat anything."

I watched them crawling about for a minute and idly wondered where Pogo's friend Albert the Alligator keeps his matches. None of these had pockets.

Once we were in the boats, Will Cox took charge. He explained that gators abound in the swamp and that the low water had concentrated them in a few places where the fishing was still good. Once in a while a gator will pull a dog into the water, he related, but they seem to prefer fish. (I recalled that Albert had once remarked upon the sour taste a dog has, after he had accidentally bitten down on a friend.)

Our way through the swamp was quiet. Once in a while a far-off bird gave a lonely cry and now and then a fish would jump. These sounds seemed to make the peace of the deep woods all the more serene. Around us stretched an unbroken and unspoiled wilderness. There were no picnic tables or policemen; no baby carriages full of brown paper bags and banana skins; no perspiring hikers grunting through the underbrush. Yet everywhere one could sense that living things were at hand. The dark-tunneled corridors of trees, reflecting their grace in the winding waterways, gave promise of hidden, mysterious wonders. Waiting there somewhere, everywhere, were all the delights usually known only to small boys and old men. There was peace and with it excitement. It was as much fun as lying on your stomach on a summer hillside and watching the ants among the grasses.

Supersonic?

Life would be quite a tonic
If in the pubs were found
Juke boxes supersonic,
Past the barrier of sound;
Then you, instead of noises
Of blare and blaze and squawk,
With unraised, pleasant voices
Could hear each other talk.

—OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

"This place," I said to Will Cox, "is as good as any swamp that anybody ever thought of."

"Since you asked me," replied Will, seriously, "I'll tell you why those bushes there are called *hoo*-rah bushes."

"I didn't ask . . ." I started.

Mr. Cox said loudly and firmly, "When the good Lord made the earth and all its adornment He put *hoo*-rah bushes in too, but He gave them a sort of unpopular blossom, which hardly nobody don't like very good. Well, at the outset, all the little bugs were jealous of the bees; when the bees went to work on blossoms there wasn't very much left for the little other bugs. So when the bees came up on the *hoo*-rah bush, they couldn't suck it at all . . . it was terrible. Then, all the little bugs hollered . . ." Will paused, then cried in a great voice: "*HOO*-RAH!"

We jumped. One of the photographers, when he recovered, ventured the opinion that the tangled mass of brush got its name through a resemblance to the fabled Hoorah's Nest. Will looked unconvinced.

Besides the *hoo*-rah bush, I learned about otters before we joined the others at an outdoor swamp supper. As we walked toward the campfires after returning to the Cowhouse, we came upon a tank containing six otters. These fellows, native to the swamp, seem to think they are already in a comic strip. They clown about, showing off, swimming on their backs and doing nip-ups in the water.

I drew some sketches with the thought that I might hire one or two such people for the strip but the sketches now look a little like cave drawings. However, as soon as I find a good picture of an otter, discover a good name for him and work a way out of this present interminable sequence, I shall offer some lucky otter employment and wealth beyond his wildest dreams. (On second thought, perhaps a little care should be exercised; who knows how wild an otter's dreams might be?)

Reminiscent of Pogo's Swamp

In the next couple of hours I was reminded many times of Pogo's swamp. An outdoor table, over which Miz Beaver might have presided, was set in the clearing behind the trees which rimmed the island. Close by, a huge pot, similar to the one into which Deacon Mushrat one time thrust an associate, hung over a glowing bed of pine coals. Duck pilau ("perloo," Pogo's associates call it) simmered within. A shallow pan—large enough to hold the household laundry of a medium-sized family, in, say, Sandusky, Ohio—steamed away over another fire. It held venison stew, and the smell alone contained enough vitamins to nourish a busy pack of cub scouts.

Mrs. Carlie James, a native of the swamp who was in charge of the "fry," blinked two big brown eyes at me and said, "There's a friend of yours over there."

She showed me a pan in which something resembling a roast pig nestled in a ring of yams. It looked good and it smelled good. "That's possum," explained Mrs. James, as softly and as kindly as only a woman can in such circumstances. I swept my hat off and would have stood at attention, except someone came up at that moment and offered me a taste of rattlesnake salad.

The salad proved to be delicious, something the swamp people should box like salt-water taffy for the tourist trade. All of the food disappeared down the throats of 30 or more guests, including me. It came on dark and I wouldn't have known what I was eating, but Mrs. James kept me informed.

The next day, despite threatening weather, we drove 70 miles to the western side of the swamp. There the Suwanee flows out of the vast swampy plateau. It is a picturesque stream, not exactly in the way pictured by Stephen Foster, but streaked with sand bars and with the twisted, corded, armlike roots of gigantic cypress trees lining the banks.

Along it were any number of spots where Pogo and Albert might have tethered a flat-bottomed skiff while they sunned themselves and fished. In fact this whole area had more of the fantastic look a comic strip needs.

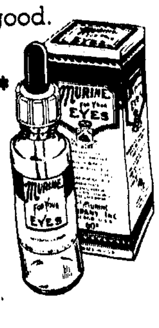
Roy Moore, manager of the Okefenokee Wildlife Refuge, introduced me to one of his guides, Jewett Hall. Jewett, typical of the tanned, soft-spoken, resourceful-looking people of the swamp, told me that we would have to walk along a canal bottom in order to reach the spot where the boats now were tied. "The water's way down," said Jewett. We were walking along a grass-grown canal which seemed as if it had never been anything except slightly muddy. "You mean there's usually water all over this?" I asked.

But

when was the last time you bathed your tired eyes?

Time to "hit the hay" can be a welcome time indeed—but not when your eyes feel so tired you feel restless. Then—just a 2-drop bath of Murine for each eye can ease their discomfort in seconds. Murine is as gentle as a tear, because its seven tested ingredients blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. So you can use it as often as your eyes would like. As a bedtime attention, to comfort tired eyes—to refresh sleepy morning eyes, and weary eyes later on, Murine can be such a help. Used daily and regularly this way, Murine helps promote a clean, healthful condition. Such a pleasant custom! Try it soon. And remember, Murine makes your eyes feel good.

MURINE* for your eyes



*TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ın-ma ıes disguised as civilization"

"Right w u're stepping now," observed Je the water should be about half a leep . . . not half a leg on one of the oasketball players, but half a leg on something more ordinary —say a giraffe."

As the boats chugged through the riffled waters of the lake past innumerable swampy canyons and waterways, all looking mysteriously inviting, Roy and Jewett filled me with the lore of the alligator. Albert's cousins are, strangely enough, not particularly feared by the men in the swamp, who seem to have an affection for them.

"Heard of a man being hurt once up on the Altamaha River by a gator," Jewett related, "but never saw it happen. Usually, you leave the wild things alone and they'll do as much for you. An alligator got mad at a boat one time and bit the side off it, but other than that, they're more good than harm."

"An alligator will eat anything, edible or not," explained Roy, "as long as he gets it into his mouth lengthwise. Wood, soda bottles, big fish, anything."

Knowing what I did of the habits of a certain alligator of my acquaintance I could understand this very well.

Possum Given Credit for Rain

The dark water suddenly showed rain ripples. We headed back to the camp and just got into the cabin when a cloudburst descended. Above the roar of the rain Roy hollered, "They'll erect a monument to your possum now. This is the first heavy rain in a year."

"This looks like a couple of inches coming down," said Jewett, "and not a day too soon. Maybe it'll help us with our fire. Couple months ago a fieldworker made a little brush fire to warm his hands. His mule swung his tail over the blaze, absent-minded-like, and the tassel of the tail caught fire. Off went the mule like a mule with his tail on fire and set a couple of acres of pine ablaze. Before we could get at it we lost thousands of acres. Even now part of it is still burning." If a fire had to be started, that sounded like the most ridiculous way possible; as a comic-strip artist I had to admire it.

"Fire, flood or drought," observed Roy, "we can somehow live through. Our worst trouble in trying to maintain an unspoiled, natural wilderness in all the beauty we have here remains people. Lot of men wanted to drain the swamp, some have logged it, others have tried to dig for minerals . . . now a few want to take it away from the animals and drill for oil."

Looking out toward the rain-swept swamp, I thought it probably was not at its most beautiful and yet there was a proud dignity to it. I hoped it could be kept unspoiled. The gray-white trees were beginning to darken from the wet. In back of the slashes of timber the secret deep of the forest showed black with an occasional bird flash streaking through a sheltered corridor. Somebody was hurrying home to dinner . . .

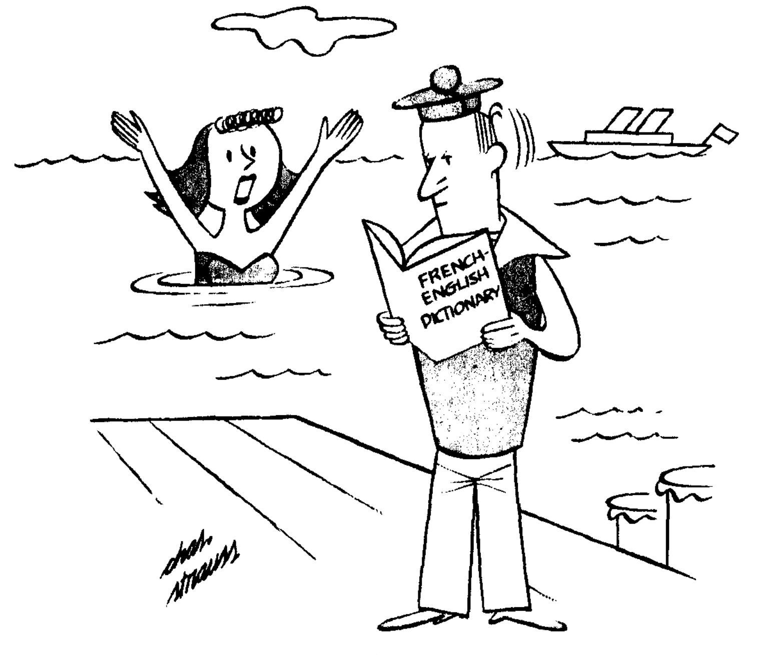
Later, after I had made the speech in Waycross and had spoken my farewells, I hurried to the plane, sad that I had to leave. Liston assured me that the visit had been a success in spite of the speech, for during my stay they had received five inches of rain, the most in two years.

As the plane took off (this time from the Waycross airport) I caught a last glimpse of the tumbled, spreading, silver-laced refuge below. It was true that it did not resemble my imaginary swamp in all details. It lacked hot- and cold-running water. The animals did not have the advantage of Dr. Howland Owl's sage misinformation. No circus bear or high-pressure fox advised them to sink their money in water stocks. There were no railroads being dug through to China. Despite the absence of such modern conveniences, however, the inhabitants all seemed to have a large measure of peace and beauty. It seemed to me that what this world needs is more natural swamps and fewer man-made ones disguised as civilization.

"More swamps in '56," I said to my seat companion. "That's our motto."

"Huh?" he said, and looked at me with a careful eye.

But I was going to sleep and thinking of what the smiling, quiet people of the swamp had said as I left. "Hurry back," they'd said. It sounded like a good idea. Next time I'd take Grundoon, a boy who walks like a ground chunk.



COLLIER'S "Help!" CHARLES STRAUSS

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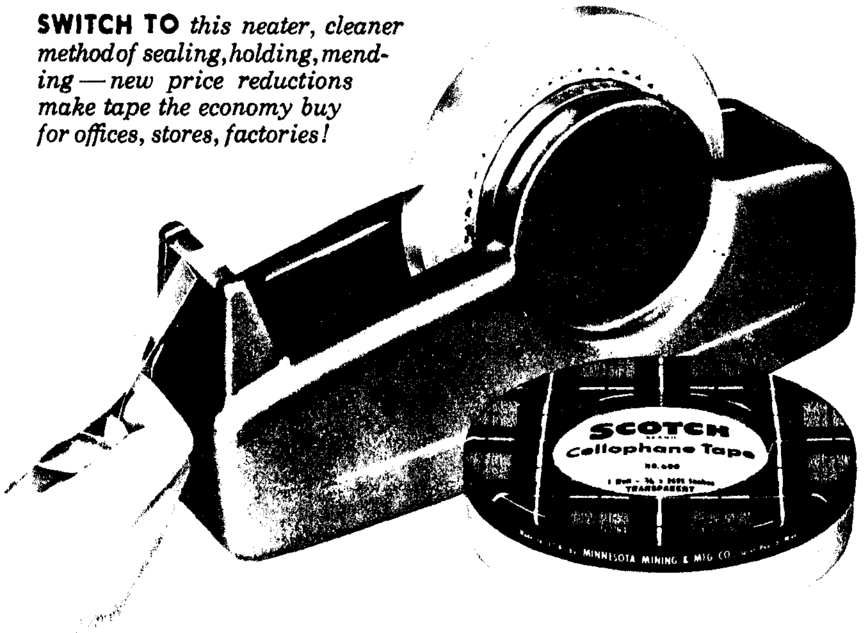

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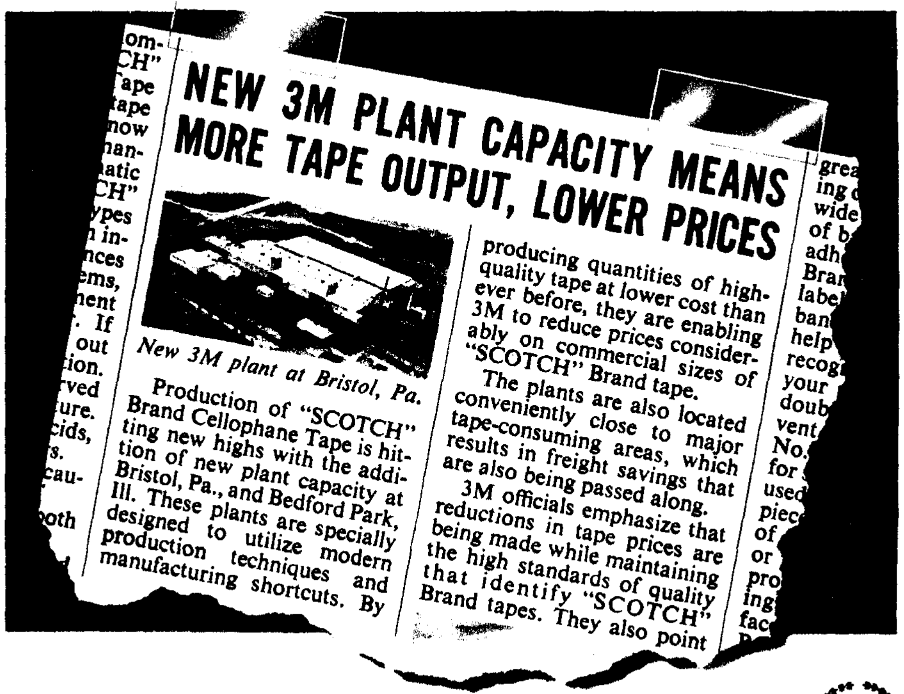

NEW 3M PLANT CAPACITY MEANS MORE TAPE OUTPUT, LOWER PRICES

New 3M plant at Bristol, Pa.

Production of "SCOTCH" Brand Cellophane Tape is hitting new highs with the addition of new plant capacity at Bristol, Pa., and Bedford Park, Ill. These plants are specially designed to utilize modern production techniques and manufacturing shortcuts. By producing quantities of high-quality tape at lower cost than ever before, they are enabling 3M to reduce prices considerably on commercial sizes of "SCOTCH" Brand tape.

The plants are also located conveniently close to major tape-consuming areas, which results in freight savings that are also being passed along.

3M officials emphasize that reductions in tape prices are being made while maintaining the high standards of quality that identify "SCOTCH" Brand tapes. They also point

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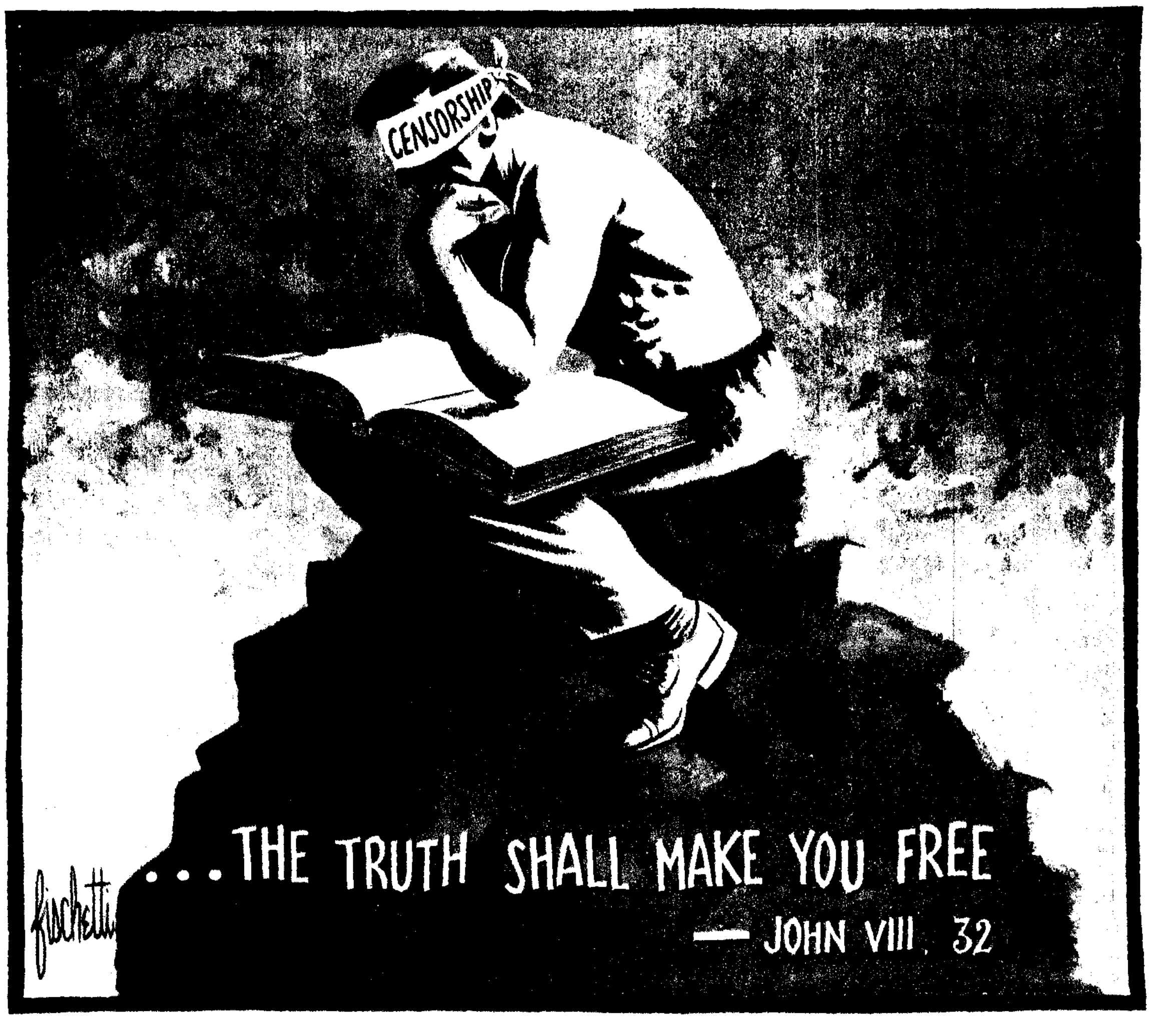

JOHN FISCHETTI

The Right to Know

MR. HARRY A. LEVINSON, of Beverly Hills, California, has lately been involved in a row with the United States government. Because it is not Mr. Levinson's fight alone—because 165,000,000 other Americans are deeply involved along with him—the matter at issue bears examination.

Mr. Levinson protested the Postmaster General's seizure of a volume of Aristophanes' Lysistrata which had been mailed to Mr. Levinson, a dealer in rare books, by the Hammersmith Bookshop in England. The Postmaster General told Mr. Levinson that the volume "contains numerous passages which are plainly obscene, lewd and lascivious in character and which are well calculated to deprave the morals of persons . . . and almost equally certain to arouse libidinous thoughts in the minds of the average, normal reader." After Mr. Levinson went to court to challenge the validity of the law under which the book had been seized, the Post Office Department finally gave it back. But it did so only after receiving "assurance . . . that the book in question is not for general distribution and is intended for delivery to a collector of rare books." In other words, a seasoned rare-book collector might be trusted with it—but not the "average, normal reader."

Lysistrata is certainly a frank-spoken play; whether its passages are "well calculated" to deprave morals depends upon what was in Aristophanes' mind when he wrote it; whether it is "certain to arouse libidinous thoughts in the minds of the average, normal reader" depends upon one's assessment of the character of the average, normal reader. Considering that Lysistrata had its première 2,366 years ago, has since found its way onto the shelves of countless public and private libraries, and has been through a couple of recent Broadway revivals, all without stirring more than a casual raised eyebrow, the Postmaster General would seem to be overstating the case. Indeed, it seems possible that whatever libido-stirring tendencies the play might possess would have escaped public notice indefinitely if the Postmaster General hadn't made, as they say, a federal case of it.

But there is much more involved here than the merits or demerits of the Greek classic.

This is a time when censorship, in general, is enjoying a vigorous revival in this free land. More and more people are telling more and more other people that their tender little minds aren't able to weather the shock of exposure to this or that idea. The solicitude is not confined to the area of ordinary morality. This is a time when, in spite of the fragile quality of world "peace," the American people were for one year denied the vital knowledge that a hydrogen bomb had been exploded which was able to wipe out a whole state. This is a time when, in the face of the most cunning and complicated ideological threat ever raised against freedom, a teacher takes his professional life in his hands if he tries to acquaint his students with the nature of the Communist threat. This is a time when, in the face of an unprecedented need for this democratic people to be informed, the public was banned last year from 41 per cent of Congressional committee sessions where public business of the most critical importance was being transacted. It is a time when a copy of Marx's Das Kapital under a scholar's arm raises fearful suspicions of his loyalty; when the Soviet newspapers Pravda and Izvestia are banned from the mails; when a Midwestern lady can command a scattering of respectful applause by denouncing Robin Hood as a Communistic tract.

Censorship is not new. What is new, and alarming, is its increasingly casual acceptance by a people with a venerable tradition of liberty.

For many centuries men lived and died beholden to self-appointed groups or individuals who did the thinking and the governing for all.

Freedom came to the Western World, and to America, because some men dared to assume that ordinary people had in them the innate stuff to be noble in their own right—the ability to discern, to exercise that restraint and judgment which had until then been considered the exclusive endowments of their "betters."

One of these men, John Milton, declared 300 years ago that "our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise . . .". He wrote that if all judgments were left to the censors, "to be a common, steadfast dunce would be the only pleasant life."

This is no time for America to be breeding a community of common, steadfast dunces. The very format of a free nation, spreading the responsibility for stewardship among all the people, demands the steady, purposeful development of uncommon men with the grasp and the character to make sound decisions in the heat of crisis.

That is the kind of people we have bred in our 180 years of freedom. We have remained free and grown great because we have thrown upon each individual the responsibilities of adult behavior—for making appraisals on the basis of all the facts, and acting upon those appraisals.

How shall we deal with the present crisis?

Not by making a virtue of ignorance. Five hundred million Chinese followed 200,000,000 Russians into the Communist trap because they didn't know it was loaded. They went for bait labeled "security" and "land reform" and "progress" because they lacked the experience and perception to recognize the phoniness of the promises.

This is a time for caution, certainly—for denying the enemy knowledge he could use to attack us, for defending against both spies and cynics bent upon subversion.

But it is no less a time for a democracy to keep firmly in operation those processes which fit free men to exercise their power.

The character, the competence, the ruggedness demanded of our kind of uncommon man are not grown in a hothouse; the facts of life and politics aren't learned in A Child's Garden of Verses. They are developed only by practice in appraising—in sorting right from wrong.

There is far less peril in books—whether plain-spoken classics or claptrap comics—than in the American family's failure to ingrain youth with the sense to discriminate between quality and trash. There is less reason for concern over young people's exposure to Das Kapital than over the chance that they will grow up innocent of the fraud it preaches. There is less ground for worry about any American's contamination by Lysistrata than about his degradation by a clique of censors who believe themselves to be made of some special kind of clay. This is a poor time to tolerate tinkering with the people's right to know, when knowledge is a condition of survival.

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